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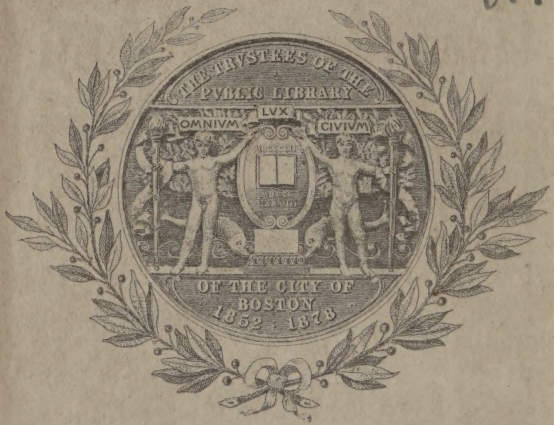
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The Assumption of the Virgin.

Titian, Venice.

(See page 111.)

Old World Memories

By

Edward Lowe Temple

As the Italians say: "Good company in a journey makes the way to seem the shorter." — IZAAK WALTON

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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IN

NOTES

TO THE BOY

WHO MANFULLY STAYED

AT HOME

THOSE fortunate souls who live among the scenes and traditions of great deeds do not always realize their blessings, but if so the loss is their own. Though our own land is still young, she is old enough to have made noble history; and the vicinity of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and of the nation's capital, are historic shrines to the true American. The highest education is derived through the study of literature; and there is no method of teaching geography like the historic method; while present manners and customs, both at home and abroad, find their best interpretation through the life that lies behind them. The day is past when people who lay claim to ordinary intelligence can betray unchallenged their estimate of outland folk in the spirit of the sailor-captain in the South Seas, who contented himself by reporting officially of the natives, "Manners, none — customs, beastly."

The following notes of a summer vacation are meant to appeal to the historic sense, for this, in its broad interpretation, is what magnetizes most of us who have a purpose in going to Europe, unless the fine arts be our lodestone, — and art makes history, or records it. Who realizes

the three great landings on the shores of Britain which have affected all our destinies, as when he stands where Cæsar and Augustine and William of Normandy stood? Who does not find personal contact with the soil whence they sprang to be a powerful aid in comprehending the contending forces, German, French, Dutch, Irish, Scotch, which have contributed to the fusion of American citizenship through endowments, if not by methods, native elsewhere? Where should one go if not to the Severn to realize that it was the Englishman John Cabot, sailing out of Bristol Channel, who first brought us true standards of civilization, political and religious, to be our abiding inheritance in the Western World? The words of Horace were indeed presumably true of the Roman world of his time, but we moderns have scarcely learned our lesson if in some degree we do not change our minds, as well as our sky, when we cross the sea. So let our symbolism stand — long since emblazoned with palmer's staff and scallop-shell on the wall of ancient Cluny, and fit to be inscribed with the quaint lines of Raleigh's loftier aspiration.

E. L. T.

Windyledge,
Rutland, Vermont.
September, 1898.

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Old World Memories

I

ACROSS THE BAR

TO have foreseen that our going abroad was to involve the sketch of travel here set down would doubtless have added a fresh terror to existence. For the spirit of the tour was to forget the past, ignore the future, and seek to extract from the flying hours only such sweets as we could absorb and assimilate. Hasty compilations, jotted down in strange company and at queer times and places, were all the correspondence we permitted ourselves, just enough to assure our dearest that we were still on the trail which was to lead back to them at last. Text indeed we must needs supply for many a future sermon on the engrossing theme, and even this sometimes made almost too great demand. But now we are looking through the reversed end of the telescope, and the dear shores of other lands are

far away and settling into perspective. If the memories so precious in the gathering are to be imprisoned and made of real service to ourselves and others who in turn may go the same round, or still more to those whose travel is all by the fireside, the scattered threads must be drawn together and woven into something of coherence and form.

Before the Old World "swam into our ken" we had been impressed by this thought in Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," and since then have remained the more convinced of its truthful insight. "I believe that the chief delight and advantage of this kind of literature is not for any real information that it supplies to untravelled people, but for reviewing the recollections and reawakening the emotions of persons already acquainted with the scenes described. States of mind produced by interesting and remarkable objects, if truthfully and vividly recorded, may work a genuine effect, and go farther towards representing the actual scene than any direct effort to paint it."

The picture imprisons scenes that the pen cannot adequately portray; the spoken word has a value greater than either; but it is only after the blessing of ocular proof that one

fully realizes the other half that can never be told to those who must stay at home. More than to others the photograph and the etching are eloquent reminders to those who have had indelibly stamped upon their memories the infinitely more beautiful object of which they speak. How difficult is the task of making another full sharer in the vision that has never confronted his own physical retina, it needs no foreign trip to verify. Europe, too, has been written and rewritten into its uttermost corner with such profusion of detail and from points of view so divergent as at times fairly to confuse. So that the personal equation is after all the best justification of this attempt to bring an old-world perfume to those friends who have followed our wanderings, even though the aroma be somewhat dissipated in the process. With others one need have even less desire to be analytical in such a task; it is better, if one may do so, to reproduce in some measure the atmosphere through which shines the light of other days.

Over two of us Europe had cast its potent spell from the days of Bayard Taylor more than a generation ago; and when at last the dream came true, it seemed almost too good

to believe that our trio was completed by the "sole daughter of our house and heart," whose enthusiasm, belonging to the time of life when ours was first enkindled, was, if more youthful, scarcely more vociferous than our own. It is a great blessing to see something of the Old World in youth, when impressions are keen and memory retentive. It seems a mistake that more do not avail themselves of opportunity before insight is dulled by convention or thwarted by habit. We had tried to make such rational mental preparation as befitted what was more than an ordinary pleasure trip. The thoughtful traveller abroad cannot afford to do otherwise. The privilege, common as it is coming to be, is too precious to be treated as if Europe were a watering-place or even the Columbian Exposition. Doubtless multitudes will go to Paris in 1900 to whom no other year would specially appeal, but it is scarcely debatable that the old lands may be seen to greater profit than through their representation in a World's Fair. However, Chicago in 1893 was some preparation for a foreign trip, and so is a good knowledge of one's own country from personal observation. I wonder how widely it is realized that the

earliest "grand tour" was not much more than seventy years ago; and that, as late as the thirties or even the forties, it involved much of hardship and even of danger. It is a hopeful sign that European travel is so rapidly on the increase, and that Americans are realizing that it involves no more expense, consists with superior comfort, and entails a profit infinitely greater than the same time spent at a fashionable summer resort. It is not so hopeful to find so many of them who apparently know not what they came to see; nor, if they did, how to accomplish it with the proper expenditure of nerve force and to the largest advantage.

There is this to be put to the credit of our own countrymen, that it is they who in great part keep up the tourist-life of Europe. Europeans would never do it, — certainly neither the French on the continent nor Englishmen in Great Britain. I suppose the vast extent of our own great heritage has made us easy globe-trotters, even if somewhat superficial ones. Over there, interests and associations are old and deep, though local and circumscribed. The ruts are well-worn, and it is harder to get out of the grooves. It must be

this and not a lack of intelligent or patriotic interest that makes the whole sight-seeing enterprise so largely dependent on American zeal. But fortunately the old shrines are beyond our control, otherwise our tolerably well-developed commercial instinct might shortly obliterate what our contributions now go so far to preserve as a priceless heritage, and so kill the goose that lays many a golden egg. There a shrine once is practically a shrine forever, the passing centuries only enhancing its value and deepening the reverent care which watches over them all.

We did what we could beforehand to realize the true meaning of such a trip, to plan it within our limitations, and yet to make it cover as varied ground as a summer vacation would permit, remembering that after all the first question must be as to what we should eliminate. All Europe cannot profitably be seen in a single season unless one's assimilative powers be those of an archangel. One thing was certain, — no one of us could ever make another *first* venture, and if the full thread of earthly enjoyment be a threefold strand, we took good care to realize that of anticipation to the full. And the first reve-

lation which our preparatory work made known was the loose-jointed character of our geographical knowledge; it needed the concentration which comes of actual experience. Well, we marshalled our ignorance, as best we might, into some form and continuity with the aid of many a book of travel, poetry, and history, from Childe Harold's Pilgrimage to Curtis Guild's and William Winter's. After the itinerary was finally evolved, it was reckoned with as a stable quantity not to be lightly disarranged. Had unlimited time been at our disposal, we might have left more play for moods and tenses; either method has its manifest advantages. One of the clearest preparatory manuals is the "Satchel Guide," but it is rather too little expanded for a main reliance when *en route*, as Hare's charming books are too much so. Grant Allen's Historical Guides are capitally helpful reading, next perhaps to that *vade mecum*, the omniscient Baedeker, — a miracle of patiently accurate detail, as thousands of grateful travellers rejoice to testify.

We took with us one of the latter's little volumes for each country that we visited; one cannot profitably do without them. Our steam-

ship accommodations were arranged early, both for the outward and return passage, and after personal inspection of the state-rooms. This is a wise precaution, as they vary more in size, cost, and desirability than is apparent from the diagrams. And if the tour is to be made in the summer, the North Atlantic lines are likely to be crowded, especially for the westward passage in the early autumn. Besides the needful steamer-trunks, with their deck rugs and wraps (of which there is little danger of taking too many), we took with us no impedimenta but hand-bags, except for Paris and London, where our stay was more extended. Not for a moment did we regret thus burning our bridges behind us. L. and E. had made an exhaustive study of the absolutely needful; and it is surprising to find how small one's belongings may become when fairly reduced to one's lowest terms, and that without discomfort or the need of apology. C., the fourth dear member of the home circle, who must perforce be left behind, was with a great wrench placed in charge of loving relatives, with the safeguard of a duplicate Adams' Cable Code, which happily was never consulted on either side of the Atlantic. But

first we all go to New York together for a night, and in the morning we make him a "wee-bit" partner in our experience through his first sight of an ocean steamship and of our own comfortable quarters therein. Then the last good-byes are said as the train bears its precious freight away from us; our last drive is had in Central Park and on the Cathedral Heights; and, precisely at noon of a brilliant summer day, we three pilgrims stand on the deck of the "Westernland" of the Red Star Line, waving our salutations to friends in the dense crowd upon the pier, and watching the little rift between them and us rapidly widen into the great gulf that separates the New World from the Old.

Expatriation, even when voluntary, produces a choky sensation the first time you try it. I have never been able to read "A Man without a Country" without a lump in my throat; and as the great hull is slowly drawn out of her slip by noisy tugs, as she turns to make her own headway down the glorious harbor, as the majestic Goddess of Liberty sinks in our wake, as Quarantine, the Narrows, and Sandy Hook are passed, and the pilot goes over the side, and, with the mail pouch slung

round his neck, heads his vessel for the shore, severing thereby the last tie with home, even if it be only for a week, the feeling is certainly queer. Every one writes farewells furiously these last moments, most of us strangers to each other now, but animated by a common impulse; and some to form from this brief but close association ties of friendship that perchance may last a lifetime. I may mistake, but it seems to me that a closer intercourse is likely to develop when you are outward than when homeward bound, for aims are more or less common, enthusiasm is at its height, and anticipation is perhaps more demonstrative than retrospect. Be this as it may, we had a rarely interesting and congenial assemblage of young people on board, and with them at least the ice was soon broken.

How hot and sultry it was that July afternoon, and the next day, and how soon it grew cool when the landward influences had ceased and we were past the strength of the Gulf Stream, that shifting river of hot water in a cold ocean! We were on the southerly course, seventy-five miles longer, and at times hundreds of miles south of the other, which is

shunned until July 15th, for fear of icebergs. But it does not take long for the breezes of the North Atlantic to find their way to your vital parts through summer flannels, and an ulster is a very suitable constituent of your steamer wardrobe. Each must have a rug or two for deck use, a snug cap for the head, rubbers or rubber soles for wet decks, and a pillow to fill the yawning gap between the head and the regulation sloping steamer-chair that each hires or owns, and which is comfortable only when you are in a semi-reclining posture. The genii who preside over these and all other deck comforts are the deck steward and his assistants. Ours was cheery, dapper, smiling, assiduous, never out of the way, and never in it, the youngest officer in looks and the oldest in service in the Company's fleet. Twice each day, at eleven and four, he placed before us the bouillon and crackers or other simple dainties, or perchance the champagne and cracked ice which are the first and last refuge of many for the entire voyage. It is surprising how much solid wretchedness is and must be habitually compressed between New York Harbor and the English Channel. Many are never sea-sick;

some are upset by the rolling of the ship; others succumb only to heavy pitching; while a raging tempest is needed to prostrate a few; but the number who are quietly and unostentatiously miserable without any apparent provocation is sufficiently large to awaken pity. Evidently some are born to sea-sickness, some achieve it, and very many have it thrust upon them. If those who go to Europe in spite of qualms is an index of those others who forego it for fear of them, it must be matter of great regret to the steamship companies. I doubt if there is any adequate remedy or specific preventive; a general healthy and normal state of the nervous and digestive organs is the best guaranty, and the very circumstances of the case forbid this in nine cases out of ten.

Some passengers never seem to leave the deck in any sort of decent weather, and you will be wise if you follow their example. It is little less than purgatory in a narrow, close, and artificially lighted state-room to which others perhaps have an equal right, and all cannot have outside rooms and the blessing of a port-hole. Below decks even this blessing disappears in thick weather, when water may

come in faster than air, and he who relies for comfort on the best forced ventilation that the staring, wide-mouthed funnels can provide, as their red cheeks seem to swell out in the teeth of the wind, mistakes a well-intentioned make-shift for the genuine article. If you can live anywhere, you can live best on deck, except at night, and when the weather absolutely forbids; and there (to raise a wider subject) you have the great forces of nature for your companions. Four walls and a roof, and the ordinary pursuits and pettinesses of life may be had almost anywhere; but the elemental powers of the globe, the ever-changing cloud-picture, the boundless horizon, the restless, hungry, smiling, placid, white-capped, storm-tossed seas, the driving moon, the unchanging stars, and all the winds of heaven are possibilities only when on deck, and then you are in their very presence. What an astonishingly delightful provision it is, after all, that we must approach the Old World through the portals of the ocean! The first thing you do, I suppose, if you are normally constituted, is to sleep. Sitting comfortably on the sunny deck, you ignominiously lose consciousness, and quietly, deliciously, in the middle of the sentence you

are reading, you are off in sound slumber. Little by little, as the days go by, this tendency decreases, and with it the weariness of the small cares forever in the background seems to have measurably slipped away, and you approach the other side attuned in a different key. You have, it is true, so far changed your sky more than your mind; but your attitude is already somehow altered, your pulse calmed, your outlook more uplifted toward what you came to see.

We had a delightful outside state-room to port, well ventilated and convenient, because near the foot of the main stairway, far enough forward to escape the heat and noise of the engine-room, but not enough to feel the forward pitch in rough seas. It was just opposite to, and just like the captain's room, which he had parted with, as is common, for a consideration. At table, which was excellent in quality and attendance, we chose the second service, which avoids too early rising and the need of hurry to finish meals, and which brought us near our jovial and burly captain, save when his meals had to be postponed to the exigencies of foggy weather on the bridge. Of this we had a surprising quantity, the con-

densation of more icebergs than usual; and a large gap in the ship's bunkers must have been traceable to the amount of coal transformed into the steam which escaped through the perpetual fog-horn. How little of life is visible in the wide waste of the North Atlantic! A white speck of a sail, too distant for identification except possibly by the argus-eyed lookout, caused quite a little flutter, and to meet or overhaul a passenger steamer within recognizable distance was an event that enlisted the engrossed interest of all except the impassive Belgian crew. A "tramp" steam ship or two, and a passing schooner from Norway to parts unknown, were our only near neighbors, after meeting the "Germanic" bound inward, with swarming decks, just outside of New York Harbor. Not even a stray whale added his company to the few flying fish and the lonely "Mother Carey's chickens." Only great schools of fat and jolly porpoises now and again flashed the gleaming spray from their rounded backs as they leaped their length out of the water, apparently greatly excited at the rapid passage of the monster in which we sailed, and fell behind, hopelessly beaten, in our wake. And what a glorious

sight that wake was, churned by the swift screw under us, that shook the trembling deck, into aquamarine and opalescent curds and cream that trailed off into the sunset towards the land of the free!

We had full range of all the decks except the hurricane deck; and many a long tour did we pace round and round the ship past second cabin and steerage, from the capstan at the bow to the tackle at the stern, whence spun the humming log. It was great fun to watch life in the steerage, the open-air part of which lay before and beneath us as we stood below the bridge. They were a merry lot, all of them long enough in America to have our civilization tone down the uncouthness which makes the swarming and discordant masses that come the other way (to promote our country's peace) seem scarcely human by comparison. They were the only purely unconventional people on board, and the only constituency that seemed persistently bent on having a good time according to their own lights. Some of the poor wretches were always ill like other people, but the good-natured practical joker, the accordion and violin player (their only music), the boisterous round dances, the group at cards, the

crowd around the realistic story-teller, were generally in evidence; and the queer mingling of nationalities, the odd hints of personality, and of the causes that prompted an emigration eastward were fruitful topics for discussion. Over the white figure-head all day and all night long stands the lookout (two or three of them, when in dense fog), — *listen-outs*, they are as well, — and I believe their sharpness of vision might ultimately be trained to reach the axis of the planet. Miles before any object in the thick haze greets a landsman's optics, one blast of the little horn which is always at their side warns the sailing officers on the bridge of a sail to port, two blasts of one to starboard, and three of one amidships; and if there is any voice more suggestive than the musical cry of "all 's well," with its rising and falling inflection, over the waste of waters, when the ship's bell has struck "eight bells" at the close of a four hours' watch, I have not heard it.

At noon of every day the ship's position and progress for the past twenty-four hours is sent down by the captain, outlined on a chart framed at the head of the main stairway; and the ripple of interest which we all feel as we preface luncheon by duly writing up our pri-

vate log becomes a whirlwind of excitement as the voyage draws to its close, and especially in the pool-room, where time is killed according to approved methods which appear to be the sole survival of the life on shore, except, indeed, the conventional evenings in the saloon. The venerable games of ring-toss with hempen rings, and shovel-board with circular flat disks shoved with long-handled pushers into a table chalked with different values on the deck, still seem to hold their own. Through the kindness of our admirable chief steward, we made a "descensus Averni" at the change of watch one evening in the engine-room, and stood by the brawny, half-naked, panting stokers as, far down below the water-line, they fed, almost without intermission, the fiery monsters that drove the restless screw. In reply to an inquiry which we shouted into the chief-engineer's ear as to the poor fellows' welfare, "Well, they don't last long," was all he said.

The passenger list revealed the presence of an eminent American composer, and of the founder of the American Church of the Holy Trinity in Paris, as our fellow-passengers. When Sunday came, the former was asked to play the piano at the service which the latter was to conduct; but

he declining, E. took that duty upon herself; and, gathered in the saloon, all joined in the hallowed worship of the Book of Common Prayer, with the inclusive petitions for "Thy servant, the King of Belgium," and for deliverance from peril at sea, the very lessons harmonizing with the spirit of the occasion. A night or two before, the vessel had slowed up at midnight, and, quietly, by the light of the ship's lanterns, in the presence of the captain and a few passengers, and with a hurried prayer, all that was mortal of a poor woman from the second cabin who embarked with us was committed to the great deep, and the ship's company was less by one. A part of this microcosmos was a band of forty Roman Catholic pilgrims, among them half-a-dozen priests, bound for Lourdes and Rome. If their geography were as far out as their general information, I should have supposed that little short of a fresh miracle would be needed to guide them to their destination; and perhaps this was true, for members of their party bobbed up serenely, and met us in various European capitals remote from the direct course to either goal.

The last enterprise of our young people was

to rig up a kite of rather flimsy construction, and fly it from the stern in a head wind. To our surprise, it was a great success, and paper messengers were sent up its long string with a whirr, till we left it tied to a halyard at the top of the mizzenmast. There it proudly followed our course for forty-eight hours, sweeping the English Channel like old Van Tromp's broom, and remained in evidence till with our slackened speed it broke away over the shores of Belgium. We had spent nine happy days on shipboard in a slow vessel,— days whose earliest and latest glimpse revealed nothing but a waste of waters, and us a feeble concrete atom crawling across it. It is an every-day and all-day experience for hundreds of people; but he must be unimpressionable whose admiration is not thereby tenfold enhanced for Christopher Columbus, the first man across, and that in the teeth of a mutiny. And now we were ourselves nearly over, for the captain had promised us that out of this trackless waste the blessed land should arise before nightfall. In the morning we had caught through the glass a far distant glimpse of seven great British war-vessels of the Channel squadron bound for Portsmouth, and after lunch many of us

THE OUTERMOST GUARDIAN OF ENGLAND'S SHORE.

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crowded forward as near the lookout as possible, eagerly straining our eyes, in a stiff breeze dead ahead that swept all fog out of the English Channel, for the first glimpse of the promised land. With a glad thrill, it came when off the port bow there faintly trembled into sight a white pencil of light like a pale chalk crayon, which was "the Bishop" lighthouse, erected on a bare rock (the outermost of the Scilly Isles that straggle southwestward from the Land's End), and which meant to us the Old World of our dreams.

It was an hour before we reached it, and another before our flags signalled the Lizard light, whence the cable flashed under the Atlantic the news that we had passed inward. Between the two lights is the shadowy land of Lyonesse, and beyond lies "King Arthur's Country," the stern and rock-bound coast of Cornwall, the home of Guinevere and Launcelot, and the oldest of English duchies, from whose prolific mines of tin, in which Phœnicians traded ages ago, the Prince of Wales derives sufficient yearly royalty for a king's ransom. Bideford lies not far to the northward, and Ilfracombe and all the haunts of "Westward Ho," and so does Clovelly, the northern artis-

tic rival of Amalfi, whose quaint charms have been caught by Dickens in his "Message from the Sea." Lovely white-breasted sea-gulls had flown out to meet us, and circled about our heads with their powerful wings. It was an ideal approach. Ere bed-time we were opposite Devon and Plymouth harbor, whence bold Franky Drake, after he had leisurely finished his game of bowls, put forth to meet the Spanish Armada; and whence, a generation later, the Mayflower sailed for another Plymouth in the New World. The great light of the Eddystone flashed out upon us as we turned in, and all night we were cruising by the land of Lorna Doone, till the early morning found us abreast of Bonchurch, where lie John Sterling and the author of the "Shadow of the Cross" on the lovely Isle of Wight. We were bound for Antwerp direct; and all day in a soft but bracing air we sailed the length of the Channel, thronged with the craft of every nation, protected by numberless lighthouses, and fortified as is no other equal stretch of peaceful shore. Here at frequent intervals are the small, cylindrical stone Martello towers, manned by a single long-range gun, which England prepared to meet the expected invasion of the first

Napoleon in 1805. Guernsey and the other Channel Islands, the scenes of the "Toilers of the Sea," were too far to our right to be discerned; but Brighton (the English Saratoga, or one of them), Newhaven, and Eastbourne smiled their seductive welcome; and the bold, chalk headland of Beachy Head, and all the white cliffs of Sussex and Kent that succeeded it, were a surprising revelation of the glorious coast-line that gave to England the name of Albion. Then came Hastings, immortalized by William the Norman's invasion, the last that ever befell Britain, though the battle of Senlac itself was really fought nine miles inland; Battle Abbey standing on the very spot where Harold, the last of the English, fell more than eight centuries ago. By mid-afternoon we had passed Dungeness and Hythe and Folkestone, crossing the track of voyagers from Boulogne and Calais, who that day at least had a quiet passage, and Dover Castle and pier were before us; while the white line, equidistant on the eastern horizon, was France. Then out past the North and South Foreland, and the Downs that lies between them, and past Margate and Ramsgate, — a Coney Island rendezvous which

George Eliot calls "a strip of London come out for an airing." And as many a square mile of yellow water reveals on our port-side the shallows that have made the famous Goodwin Sands to be a veritable ocean graveyard to the innumerable craft plying hitherward since London was a city, we sweep into the rough and gray North Sea, across which the fair-haired, truculent Hengist and Horsa sailed a millennium and a half ago, and bear away toward Belgium.

II

BELGIUM — THE RHINE

THE first lights of the continent were those of Ostend, beautiful as they shone across the sea and mingled with the rays of the young moon, scarcely older than when we left America. It is a great watering-place and a great seaport as well, and is the summer home of the King of Belgium. Vlissingen (*anglicé* Flushing) is in Holland on an island at the mouth of the river Scheldt, sixty miles up whose broad but tortuous and shifting channel lies Antwerp. Just before midnight, attracted by our fiery signal, a Dutch pilot came off in a rowboat, whose companions bore away our letters for home to catch an early steamer. A sturdy, compact figure, as he clambered up the side by lantern light, in his sea-clothes and tasselled cap he looked like Santa Claus; and this queer figure, whose speech was a conundrum, was our first point of contact with Europe. Ere long he had us anchored to wait for morning light, when very early our

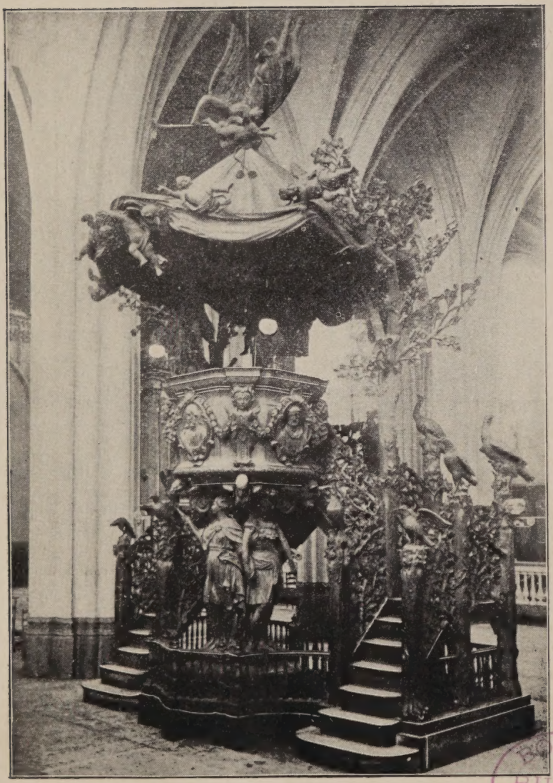
capital stewardess, whose home is in Antwerp, but who has sailed half the seas of the globe, and whose promising son is a student of electricity in Schenectady, aroused us for the last time. Beyond the salt-water baths, which are a part of all transatlantic voyages, the ladies had had little special need for her services; but we said good-bye to her with real regret. It was Sunday morning; and a lovelier morning never dawned than that on which we stood at the bow over the piled-up baggage, and watched the landscape (or perhaps better the sea-scape) of Holland and Belgium. This was a *new* world to us, — a world whose first impressions were, as we had wished to have them, as remote as could be from those at home: where the language of the natives was for the most part an unknown quantity; where the river, walled in by miles of green dykes, flows higher than the level of the still greener meadows, into which you look past great flapping sails of windmills and over red-tiled, low stone houses with their prim and formal shrubbery, looking for all the world like the highly-colored toy trees and white-blinded dwellings that, with their equally impossible, but now fully realized men and women, used to be an

accompaniment to the Noah's arks of our childhood; where, as we twisted about toward all the points of the compass, distant shipping seemed to climb the trees that intervened, and the lofty spire of Antwerp cathedral (the finest Gothic church in the Netherlands) played hide-and-seek with us for an hour before we caught up with it, until we drew alongside the spacious pier of one of the greatest seaports of Europe, once the successful rival of London and Venice, and the gang-plank was down, and our long voyage of thirty-three hundred and fifty miles was ended.

It was nine o'clock — at home it was scarcely dawn — and the ninety-nine sweet bells of the cathedral chimes, at whose christening Charles V. stood godfather, and which ring every quarter of an hour by day and night, were dropping their soft carillon, like the notes of a great celestial music-box, over the city. The Hôtel des Flandres, whither we went, is directly beneath the spire, and, with the St. Antoine (a better hotel), is on the Place Verte, once the churchyard, but now the chief square, having for its centrepiece a fine bold statue of Rubens, who may well stand as the patron saint of Antwerp. This morning was the

flower market there, and scores of bare-headed, cleanly, wooden-clogged peasants, in characteristic costume and wreathed in smiles, beguiled stray francs from crowds of worshippers on their way to the cathedral, where the archbishop was to say high mass that day. The tiny sidewalks in front of the cafés were monopolized by the overflowing chairs and tables whereat phlegmatic idlers sat taking their comfort, while two-wheeled carts full of milk-cans were driven past by buxom lasses, bare-headed and with braided hair, with a donkey between the traces and a huge dog on the seat beside the fair driver.

It was not long before we joined the throng that passed into the south transept and were before the great masterpieces, — the Descent from, and the Elevation to, the Cross, which hang there and in the opposite transept facing the nave. They are both pictures with wings at either side, containing kindred subjects by the same hand, and are magnificent in form, grouping, and color, but above all in the matchless anatomical drawing which has so largely made Rubens's fame. His work is everywhere in Antwerp (the high altarpiece here is his superb "Assumption"), and after you have seen



THE PULPIT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

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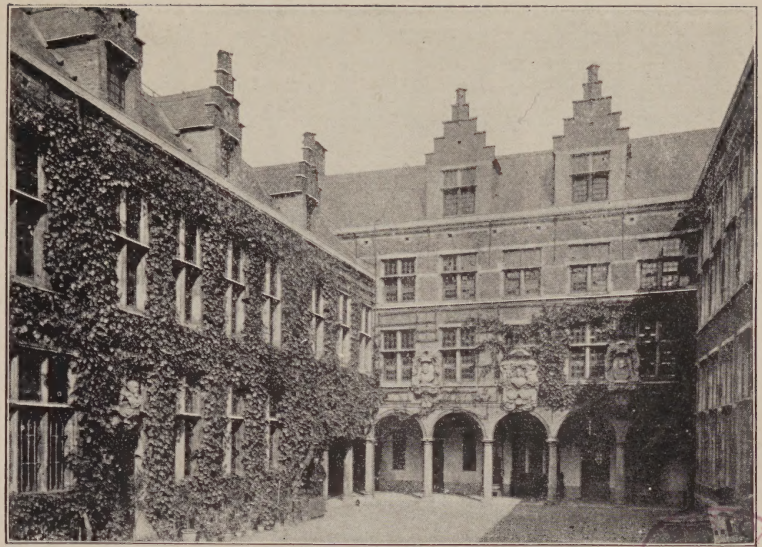
the scores and hundreds of noble paintings by him in other European capitals, you wonder what sort of stuff those men were made of that we hopelessly call the "Old Masters." The one completed tower of the cathedral was likened by Napoleon to a piece of Mechlin lace, and Charles V. said it ought to be put under glass. Like many continental cathedrals, it cannot be seen for the houses that cluster close about it, and only from the front of the Hôtel de Ville (or City Hall) can anything like a satisfactory view be had of its lovely Gothic façade. The nave, save for its exquisitely carved pulpit depicting the wonders of creation, is plain to barrenness, and has no good glass worth mentioning; but the vista of its six great aisles is impressive, crowded as they were that day with devout, if superstitious, worshippers, to whose petitions we willingly added our own thanksgiving; and the music from a great choir in the organ loft at the west end, sustained by a fine full orchestra, was noble. In the afternoon, the streets were filled by one of those gorgeous ecclesiastical processions, not uncommon abroad, heralded by fine music and dancing children, who strewed the way with colored papers, with

priests and acolytes bearing banners, and ranged in order of precedence, till the archbishop himself, in full pontificals under a moving canopy, closed the long array, and, surrounded by innumerable enormously-long and abominably-dripping candles, officiated at a temporary wooden altar in the market-place.

St. Paul's is older than the cathedral, and has a most interesting monastic Calvary in its precincts, this being a long out-door array of life-size statues of patriarchs, prophets, and saints, leading up to a most realistic rock-representation of the Entombment, all carved by poor, lonely old monks who had little else to do (and in truth they might have been much worse employed). In St. Jacques' lies Rubens's body, and his lordly mansion, designed by himself, stands next to the royal palace, to which, on the outside at least, it is not inferior. His favorite pupil Van Dyck is only less honored in galleries and by statue; and so with Teniers, and Quintin Massys, the great blacksmith-painter. The museum gallery is rich in the work of early and late painters of the Flemish school. But, after the cathedral, the most interesting sight in Antwerp is the Plantin-Moretus Museum. Moretus married the



A GREAT PRINTER'S PARADISE.

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daughter of the famous Flemish patrician printer Plantin, the close successor of Gutenberg; and their great house, with unassuming exterior, but full of riches within, is a unique specimen of a mediæval dwelling and business premises adjoining, occupied as a vast printing establishment from 1579 till 1875. Then it was bought by the city, with all its glorious antique furniture, domestic articles, sumptuous tapestries, and paintings, — ninety of them portraits, and fourteen of these by Rubens, who was a close friend of the old family, now extinct. Every conceivable detail of the mechanical craft of letters is here, from the type matrix to the finished book; and no nineteenth-century work can surpass in delicate beauty the thousands of wonderful tomes that make up this sixteenth-century library. These Plantins were gentlefolk too, as well as wise and opulent; and their memory is as mellow as the juices of the great vine, as thick as one's arm, that, planted by the founder Christopher, still vigorously mantles all the walls of the paved quadrangle round which the mansion is built.

The late Gothic flesh market and the quaint old guild-houses give dignity to their humbler surroundings, and stand for all that Antwerp

continued to be, as the ancient metropolis of the Netherlands and the fortress of the Dutch republic, till shorn of its glories by the infamous Duke of Alva, under the tyrannous and bloody spoliation of that Spanish inquisitorial rule that has blighted whatever it touched. Napoleon built the great basins of its quay, and widened the whole harbor; and it is still one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, but far more Dutch than Belgian or French in its characteristics. It was once one of the sixteen towns of the Hanseatic League, and derives its name from "hand" and "werpen" (to throw); and from a mythical giant who had the cheerful habit of amputating and throwing into the river that member of any wight who poached on his preserves, till the usual hero came along and performed the like office for him.

Belgium has in King Leopold a most enlightened ruler, and is throughout a closely-tilled garden, with alternating squares of brilliant verdure and yellow grain,—the women, alas! working sometimes in the fields with the men. One of its vast meadows is the field of Waterloo, where Nemesis at last overtook the great Captain. We did not see it; Victor

Hugo's word painting of it is more vivid than the present reality. We had a glimpse of Brussels, a smaller Paris, with the finest Hôtel de Ville in Europe, and the new Palais de Justice, said to cover more ground than any building in the world. We passed through Vilvorde, where Tyndale, the translator of the English Bible, was strangled and burned; through Mechlin with its lace-makers, and the immortality that Browning has given it in his "How they brought the good news from Ghent;" through Liège, captured by Charles the Bold, and again by Marlborough, and a haunt of the "Wild Boar of Ardennes" in "Quentin Durward;" through Verviers, where Napoleon the Little was a prisoner after Sedan; through Aix-la-Chapelle, where Charlemagne, an earlier warrior than all, was crowned and reigned over the Holy Roman Empire and now lies buried: all these in a single rapid stretch of little Belgium and on its border. There is history enough in Luxembourg alone to spread thickly over our whole Atlantic seaboard. And this is the first feeling which stirs the blood with a tingling thrill, that, in this small tract called Europe, humanity has been born and lived and loved, suffered, fiercely fought, and died since

Julius Cæsar conquered Gaul — nay, since Æneas fled from the wiles of Dido.

Continental railway trains were about as we had pictured them, — short, light, four-wheeled carriages of three or four compartments each, with cylindrical buffers having their ends meeting in flat disks, and drawn by little, ugly, screaming engines. The speed is good, and the roads better ballasted than ours; but the lightness of the cars causes jolting, at least on the shorter trains. You enter the carriages at the side, as in a stage-coach, and find two seats *vis-à-vis*, each holding five, one half the passengers always riding backward. Of course the earlier comers seize the four window-places, and the hand-baggage goes overhead. The nondescript character of their voluminous parcels is appalling, — everything goes up unblushingly, from a sausage roll to a small feather-bed. Every one carries travelling rugs, and, where heating is unknown, the wonder is that all do not habitually carry foot-stoves. You are seldom locked in; but the doors are carefully closed with a double turn by the conductor before starting, and opened by him on arrival, — any communication with him meantime being had through the door as he

perambulates the train on a step outside the carriages, having his own little private den in a sort of hooded sentry-box "up one flight" at the end of a carriage. Announcements of stations are made on the platforms thereof (often with a statement of the number of minutes of stoppage), and the conductor signals the engineer by a shrill whistle.

An idea is beginning to filter through the minds of a few managers that there is really something in the American railway system, but not sufficiently as yet to be much of a leaven; old-world customs die hard. The carriages are of a solid, unrelieved, uniform color, with no name of the line upon them, and little else except the Roman numerals I., II., III., in close juxtaposition, to designate the classes. We habitually rode second-class, which is considerably cheaper, and in every respect equally comfortable. There is a proverb that nobody but princes, fools, and Americans ride first-class. We used Cook's circular railway tickets, bought in America, over a pre-arranged route, which generally need no *visé* and are good for a long period, and so saved a good deal of money and bother. These are put together in little books on thin paper, printed on both

sides, and, like most other directions, both in English and in the language of the country traversed, and sometimes in a third, and with enough on them to furnish quite a moderate supply of light reading. I can cheerfully recommend them to all who know their route definitely; and the same is to be said for Gaze's circular tickets in Great Britain, the latter being as evidently his best field, as Cook's is on the Continent. Each also provides hotel coupons at a fixed and reduced price, good for the meals and lodging named at many of the best hotels in either region. I fancy these are used mostly by inexperienced travellers, and I do not recommend them, as I think that, though the hotel itself may be well-chosen, the apartments assigned and the service which they command may often be quite inferior. The unfailing Baedeker, the true product of the German mind, is, on the Continent, an accurate guide as to quality and price. I ought to mention here that the checks of the American Express Company, purchased for a fixed amount of from ten to one hundred dollars each, which is expressed on the face, and redeemed in its exact equivalent in the moneys of all European countries,

without discount, question, delay, or identification beyond your own duplicate signature, are better than a letter of credit, and are accepted at hotels, and even by merchants, as well as bankers. We took only French gold from home, as being generally current on the continent. The franc (20 cts. silver) is the unit, and twenty of them make a napoleon, value $4. It is astonishingly easy to mistake one for a British sovereign, worth nominally $5. The German unit is the mark (24 cts.), subdivided into hundredths, called pfennigs, as is the franc into centimes, twenty-five of which make a sou (5 cts.). German money passes current in Austria and (but not as readily) in Italy. Austrian money should be used in Austria alone; and the small silver of the Netherlands and of Italy should be diligently spent or exchanged before crossing their frontiers.

Even subordinate railway officials generally wear a uniform, and military salutes from one to the other are nearly as common as in the army. For that matter, habit and breeding everywhere put America to shame in the exercise of a popular courtesy and deference to the foreigner that is worth all it may cost

him. Smoking, however, is generally allowed, and practised in any compartment not otherwise designated, without regard to ladies; but it is always possible to choose one bearing the cabalistic signs of the different countries, "Nicht raucher," "E vietate di fumare," "Defense de fumer," etc. Moreover, a small party, by the exercise of a judicious wink, and a douceur of moderate dimensions, can often secure to themselves a whole compartment on a long journey. I think the best trains average more frequent stops and changes than ours, and I am very certain that those do which are second-best. Such a thing as boarding a train at the last second (American fashion) is a thing unknown, and to do so when it is in motion would very likely result in arrest at the next station, if not in dismemberment on the spot. We learned to be prompt, after finding others had the best seats before us. But the luggage! Heaven help the poor wretch who has to superintend its fortunes in and out of Europe, without the benefit of our checking system. It is said that there is such a thing as a paper baggage check in Germany and elsewhere — indeed, I had one given me from Paris to London; but I doubt their

general reliability. Our large baggage went from Antwerp to Paris by freight, and from London by the same method to the return steamer. You must reach the station from a quarter to a half hour before starting, have all but your hand-baggage weighed with great deliberation by an official, pay roundly for all over about fifty pounds, have it registered, wait for a written receipt (all transactions close some minutes before the time of starting), and so *da capo*, hunting up your pieces at every change — and they come surprisingly often. It will not take long to relieve you of your superfluous nerve-force by this series of operations, and you are fortunate if it does not cost you the amount of another fare.

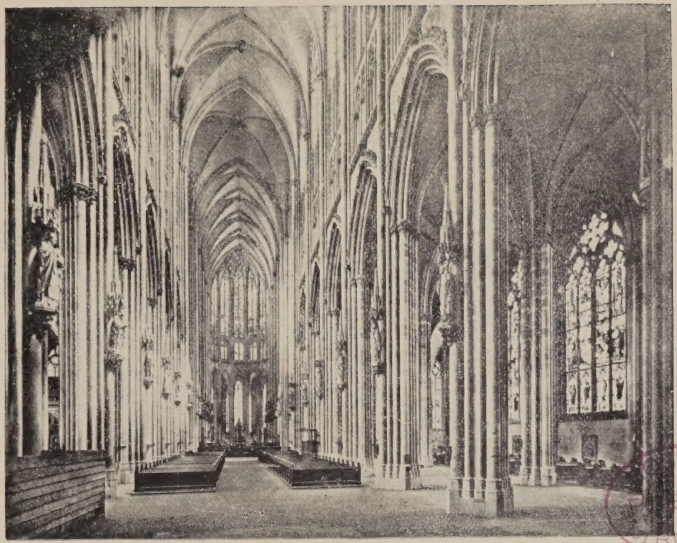
We passed our first customs at Herbesthal, and set forward our watches an hour for mid-Europe time, which governs all trains as far as Turkey. The military aspect would have of itself announced that we were in Germany. Passports are scarcely a necessity this side the Orient, unless in passing direct between Germany and France, when off the main lines; but they may often prove a great convenience for purposes of identification, as in claiming a registered letter, or in the procuring of some

official favor. We afterwards crossed the Austrian, Italian, Swiss, French, and English frontiers, and found the customs everywhere the same vexatious, tedious, pretentious, formal, perfunctory, and utterly useless humbug, — the train absolutely cleared of every scrap of luggage, its fuming occupants marshalled into an empty room with benches, where a stupid or a pompous gendarme (always a lazy one) thrusts a finger between the jaws of your grip and chalks thereon a nondescript sign that nobody looks at again.

The country grows beautifully rolling, and even mountainous, with frequent tunnels as you approach the Rhine, and at Cologne — called Köln by the natives, the *o* having the same sound as in colonel — you are whirled into a superb station close to the cathedral. We were all three tolerably well loaded with hand-baggage; but a speechless, muscular figure, with a face like a graven image, one of many in flat caps and blue blouses who approached us on alighting (and the like of whom, save as to apparel, we gratefully met everywhere), speedily had it all slung on his shoulders by a leathern thong, and marched

stolidly away with it to the new and admirable Dom Hotel for a few pfennigs, say ten or fifteen cents of our money. Between station and hotel soar the great twin cathedral spires, the loftiest pair on earth. As you gaze up and up, till the need is apparent for a hinge in the back of your neck, it is as if a huge mountain cliff of solid stone had been quarried into carven flowers of wondrous and massive beauty. The stone is cold and gray, and the style a pure and consistent Gothic, enlivened by a wilderness of turrets, exterior galleries, gargoyles, and flying buttresses. Behind the church lie scores of colossal fragments fallen in the process of constant restoration and religiously preserved, even to the training over them of lovely vines. We climbed the winding stone stairs of the southeastern tower to lofty coignes of vantage, whence the lovely panorama of the city and the "wide and winding Rhine" lay before us, and till L. and E. could climb no more. We were then on the level of the great twenty-five ton "Kaiserglocke," or Emperor's bell, rung by twenty-eight men, and only on his Majesty's birthday and the three great ecclesiastical festivals. It must have sounded sweet to the grim old warrior-kaiser when, in

October, 1880, its deep and booming tone told of conquered France, from whose guns it was cast, as it rang for the first time for the completion of these glorious spires. In one of them had hung for four hundred years the unsightly building crane that had become the landmark of Cologne; and the French, in 1796, had used the unfinished interior of the cathedral for a hay magazine. We traversed the great stone gallery that encircles the whole vast interior, nave and choir and sanctuary, whence the total effect is singularly impressive, from the kings of Judah in the exquisite fourteenth-century glass of the choir, past prophets, apostles, and martyrs, down the long nave which has the tremendous height of two hundred feet, to the great arches of the western portal. The appointments of chancel and altar are incommensurate with the dignity of the building. Seven fine chapels cluster round them, in one of which lies the heart of Marie de Médicis, the widow of Henry of Navarre, who died here in exile and misery; and in the treasury are shown the fabled bones of the three Wise Men, brought by the Empress Helena to Constantinople, and by Barbarossa hither from Milan. If these anatomical remnants do not sate the curiosity,



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THE NAVE OF THE GREAT TEUTONIC CATHEDRAL.

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there are those of Saint Ursula and her eleven thousand virgin attendants, which are to be seen in cases cheerfully disposed round the church of her name not far away. My own zeal for climbing was gratified by mounting further innumerable stone steps, with each year's progress of the work recorded by carved dates, till I stood in the south octagonal spire itself, where the open carving begins, at four hundred feet of height, and looked across at its gigantic twin brother. I know no such sight elsewhere; but my ambition was satisfied, and our resolution to remain nearer the earth was thereafter tolerably well adhered to.

There is really little in Cologne to see, except the great Dom itself; but all the world sees that, and the tourists, surnamed "cookies," who indeed see Europe praiseworthily, but under difficulties, are of the number. We saw our first party of them in the market-place, immensely exercised as to the exact rank of these great spires among the monuments of the world. That day we met them on the Rhine, patiently listening as their conductor gave erroneous labels to several of the castles that line that lordly river, — a matter to many of them of apparently no importance. No doubt

they did well to come abroad at all, but the conditions that hedge about the personally-conducted are an awful price even for seeing Europe. Every one in the city sells (and, judging by the signs, manufactures) Johann Maria Farina's original essence of Cologne. The manifold odors that Coleridge detected there are no longer flagrant, though many of the streets are narrow and dirty. We were more surprised to discover that the poet perhaps referred to the color, rather than to the smell of its waters, when he asked, "What power divine can ever wash the river Rhine?" No one had told us that it was a turbid stream, but we found it the color of amber and often of clay. Like the Inn, the Rhone, the Adige, the Po, and even the Danube in its upper courses, rising as they all do in glacial regions and rapidly descending, it loses its sediment with difficulty, and, for all I know, carries it to the ocean. A bridge of boats, and a more permanent structure with a bronze emperor at either end, spans it here; and on the upper side of the bridges we went aboard the fair-weather express boat, "Deutscher Kaiser," with its queer steering apparatus revolving horizontally amidships, for the twelve hours

passage up the Rhine, the descent of which is made in not much more than one-half the time.

The Hudson is often compared with the Rhine, but there is not very much of likeness between them, I think. The upper course of the navigable Hudson is flat and unattractive; it is the lower course of the Rhine below Cologne that is so. The Hudson is wider and has less current, and its waters are far more clear; but the environment makes all the difference. Virgin woods fringe much of the lower part of the Hudson, and where civilization impinges in settlements, it reveals its newness by the unsubstantial character of the buildings, and the straggling and untidy shoreline. Both rivers are bordered by noble mountains; but an ancient tillage has clothed the Rhenish hills with the verdure of crowded and clustered vineyards, often to their very summits. Its banks, sometimes walled in for miles, have the orderly neatness that comes of constant occupancy, in the homelikeness of low-walled houses and tile and thatch and greenery, watched over by their denizens for many a long-past age. As everywhere in Europe, there is something in the air, the mysterious and indestructible tie with half-forgotten history, with

Cæsar and his bridges of boats, with Charlemagne and his paladins, with the vivid imaginary mediæval journeyings of the "Cloister and the Hearth," with the campaigns of Frederick the Great and Gustavus Adolphus, with Electors of Brandenburg and Moravian zealots and Knights Templar, with Franciscan friars and Luther the reformer, and with all the great shadows of a mighty past, from Barbarossa to Bismarck. The river is one of the great highways of history, and it is not spoiled even by a railway on either shore, some of whose passing cars we discerned to be of the American pattern. A paternal government has placed milestones along its banks, from Bâle, where it becomes a German river, to the sea, and has erected façades to all the railway tunnels, which are here not mere unsightly holes, but in harmony with the lovely scenery of which they are a part.

In this narrow street of Bonn, with its old gray walls of stone straggling down to the river, Beethoven was born, near the spot where Queen Victoria has dedicated his monument; and not far away in the village cemetery lie Schumann the composer and Niebuhr the historian. Over the ruins of Castle Lahneck

Goethe composed his "Spirit's Greeting," and in Stolzenfels are statues and frescos and ancient armor, left by the warlike Archbishops of Trèves, enough to stock a museum, which indeed it now is; while — strange juxtaposition — an English company manufactures from springs hard by, named from an old bishop-saint of Ravenna, the Apollinaris waters of the world. The "castled crag of Drachenfels," whence came the stone that built Cologne, is but one of numberless robber-strongholds which once frowned on the luckless passer-by. Each has a history, veracious or apocryphal; but in spite of all their deeds of prowess the world is better now that they have become story, and that, like giants Pope and Pagan in the Pilgrim's Progress, they only look forth and gnash their ancient teeth upon the tourist. We lived all day in an exquisite air upon the deck, where a part of our ship's company who had joined us at Cologne made merry. Where the lovely Moselle, the bride of the Rhine, joins his greater waters, Coblentz lies with its bridge of boats opening to let us through, and opposite is Ehrenbreitstein, the broad stone of honor, the German Gibraltar, whose garrison were firing their mid-day salute

as we passed. At Neuwied on the river bank is the Germania foundry of Herr Krupp, a modern warrior baron whose monster guns have done their part in revolutionizing warfare — the little town all aflame with the national tricolor for a local Sangerfest.

From this point the beauty and interest of the river grow in intensity. The

> "hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
> And fields which promise corn and wine,
> And scatter'd cities crowning these
> Whose far, white walls along them shine,"

do not need the poetic license of a Byron to accentuate their beauty. In too rapid succession we shot by Rheinfels and Stahleck, and, on each side of lovely St. Goar, the other strongholds once named derisively by their fierce occupants the Mouse and the Cat. Over the long-buried treasure of the Niebelungen we sailed, through the rapids beneath the enchanted rocks of the Lurlei, into whose waters the nymph of Heine's ballad lured sailors and fishermen to their destruction. A little beyond, on a ledge in mid-stream, rises the quaint old pentagonal tower of the Pfalz, on which the lion of the Palatinate still bears the graven escutcheon of the lords of the

THE STORIED HIGHWAY OF THE RHINE.

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castle, and with it a tablet which commemorates the day when the grim old Prussian commander Blücher here crossed the river with the troops which Wellington was so anxiously to await at evening on the fateful field of Waterloo. From the lofty ramparts of Rheinstein on its eyry, the fair cliff-dwellers who now inhabit it waved their salutations as we passed, and for the moment we were troubadours all. The furry hills round Rudesheim looked like a crazy-quilt, as they spread their crops around the venerable Clement's Chapel, where the soul's peace which they so much needed was once besought for the many marauding knights whom Rudolf of Hapsburg slew or hanged. From here to Johannisberg and beyond is the far-famed Rheingau, the vineyard district where the vines grow whence some of the most costly wines of the world are made, — vines some of them descendants of that parent stock which Charlemagne transplanted hither from Botzen in the distant Tyrol, as he saw, from his own palace at Ingelheim opposite, how the snow first melted in the Niederwald, which looks out southward toward Bingen on the Rhine and the dear old Mouse-tower of wicked Archbishop Hatto. Eyes

were busy as we passed the latter close on our right in mid-channel, and recited the lines of "A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers" that have made the little village of Bingen famous. Just here, in a sense, is the chosen centre of the German fatherland, for on the noble heights of the Niederwald, rising where our course upstream makes its last sharp turn eastward, looms the majestic National Monument that commemorates the founding of the new German Empire of 1870. The colossal female figure, visible far and wide, with imperial crown and sword wreathed in laurel, is that of Germania; and the great bas-relief on the pedestal towards the river is the symbol of the "Wacht am Rhein." We sat on deck in the gathering twilight and ate our evening meal *al fresco*, and watched the quiet beauty of the landscape fade, till the clustered lights on the other bank and the great bridge before us proclaimed that we had reached Mayence and the end of our glorious day.

In Mayence (the purely German *Mainz* is better) we fully felt the dominant impress of the militarism that sets its iron heel on this country. Squads of infantry, marching by the Rheinischerhof, lulled us to sleep by their heavy

tread, and a flashing troop of crested cavalry trotted past ere we were awake. Here one of our shipmates, to whom we now bade farewell, a young German engineer educated in Chicago, told us he had come back to take his enforced military service for a year under the flag and the emperor to whom he still owed allegiance. At Antwerp a fair-haired, sweet-faced American girl whose destination was Bavaria, and whose friendship E. had won on ship-board, had gone her divergent way; and on the boat we had parted with other friends bound for Switzerland, one of them a delightful young theologue who was summering at Zermatt; and still another, a fine young German, so like her favorite nephew that L. adopted and mothered him on the spot, had continued with us to Cologne, whence he too left us to make a home for his mother and take up a chemist's work near Frankfort-on-the-Main. The river Main (pronounced as if long *i*) here enters the Rhine, and Mainz ranks as a fortress with Cologne and Strasburg. Files of children, like our little C. at home, we saw marching unwillingly to school, two by two across the public square, with now and then a sly curvet, having their books

and slates in little knapsacks on their backs, and headed by a grown-up monitor, — the true seed of an undying Cesarism. Here printing was first done with movable types by dignified old Gutenberg, whose statue stands in the market-place not far from one of Schiller. Its very interesting Romanesque cathedral is seven hundred years old, full of warm and harmonious color, the floor being reached, after some search behind abutting old houses, down a flight of steps some feet below the level of the street that time has filled up about it. Agricola founded a Roman camp here before the Christian era; and when in the thirteenth century it became the leader in the League of a hundred Rhenish towns, it was known as the Goldene Mainz, so great was its prosperity. It is shorn of these glories now, and of the electoral palace which once it had; but it possesses the largest modern hall in all Germany. In Mainz, Becker found the Shakespeare death-mask once owned by the Kesselstadt family; and in Darmstadt, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse, through which we passed to Heidelberg, it is still held at a price which makes its purchase prohibitory.

III

HEIDELBERG—MUNICH

OUR route lay through the beautiful wooded district of the Odenwald, where, in the Golden Legend, Prince Henry reads to Elsie the lovely vision of the monk Felix, till we left the Rhine plain abruptly for the valley of the Neckar, which is almost a ravine. Nature and history combine to make Heidelberg attractive. The old part of the town lies along the river bank, and can hardly climb the steep mountain called the King's Seat that rises close over it, on a spur of which stands the great Schloss, whose vast ivy-clad walls almost overhang the queer, ancient Cornmarket, where old women carry great bundles of fagots on their heads and break stone on the highway. From our windows in the Prinz Carl Hotel we looked straight up at the castle, which is perhaps the most imposing ruin in Europe, if we except the Coliseum and the Parthenon. The steepest of wire railways draws you up, and you enter by an ancient, moss-grown drawbridge

and under a portcullis nearly devoured with the rust of generations of peace. To narrate the exciting events that made it famous would be to recite long chapters of European history. Its exterior walls of yellow stone are of enormous strength, and stern and forbidding till the soft ivy came and mantled them. But on the inner façades towards the castle yard, and the palatial apartments that lay behind them, one great Elector after another lavished his wealth. Especially splendid is the Bau (or building) of Otto Heinrich, who had Melanchthon for his councillor, and of Friedrich IV., whose son married the daughter of James I. of England. Otto was the friend of the Continental Reformation, and was an enlightened lover of art as well. These twin façades of the early and late German Renaissance, once attributed to Michael Angelo, combine Ionic and Corinthian styles, and in structure, and yet more in superb ornamentation, they are called by Lübke the finest of their class that remain, though now in gentle and guarded decay. Beginning in the lower story with Samson and Hercules as symbols of strength and courage, the front is covered with allegories of the princely virtues, and of the higher powers who rule them, and

THE COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE.

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fairly flowers out into the sculptured history of Rome and Germany. From the quaint chapel, we pass to the great terrace, so familiar in the pictures, whence the castle and the wide landscape blend into a scene of surpassing loveliness. And thence, to restore the balance of a too romantic preoccupation, we follow our buxom guide to the vaults below, where the effigy of the dwarf Perkeo, the court jester, "small of stature but large of thirst," stands opposite the great Tun, one hundred feet in girth, on whose broad top cotillion parties have been held, which has been thrice filled since 1752 to its capacity of forty thousand gallons, and which the dwarf doubtless did his full share towards emptying. Many a king has been a guest in these halls and noted the time of day by the ancient sun-dial which still hangs vertically on the chapel wall in the courtyard. But Louis XIV., the Most Christian King of France, cast an envious eye on these fair possessions, and began the cruel war which rent in twain by gunpowder one of its great towers. A huge fragment still lies in the fosse below in a solid mass of masonry, destroyed by the power that finally involved the whole Palatinate in a common ruin.

But the true glory of Heidelberg is its University, and not the mouldering memorials of the past. There is none older in Northern Europe, except those of Prague and Vienna. For more than five hundred years it has been the cradle of learning in Southern Germany. Its exterior, which only goes back for the matter of a couple of centuries, is a mere range of barracks, and within there is little to see except the handsome Aula, where degrees are conferred; but happily learning, though properly enshrined in noble architecture, is itself impalpable. A thousand students are here in winter, and still more in summer; for its terms, like Tennyson's brook, go on forever. A company of some thirty of them sat next us in the dining-room of the Prinz Carl, at a fête dinner given to one of their number. Scarcely a boyish face there which did not bear the scar of a sword cut, a trophy highly prized in their innumerable duels; and one military figure of a professor, whom each profoundly saluted on entering, was surmounted by a face that looked like the intricate map of a hard-fought field. Both Bismarck and the present Emperor are strong defenders of the custom, as tending to strengthen the military spirit; and the former

is said to have fought a score on his own account when here a student. In the Hirschgasse across the Neckar is a large hall which is the scene of their Mensurs, or encounters with the naked steel. It appears to be quite the best patronized hall in Heidelberg. Some scrimmage or other is always on, and the genial doctor who presides over these festivities in a butcher's apron is said to have attended professionally about ten thousand of them, and has thus doubtless broken the record. Fatal results almost never follow, nor even the loss of such trifles as an ear or an eye; and I suppose we need not begrudge the young gentlemen their peculiar taste in facial decoration. The worthy couple who provide for the restaurant in the same building, where the students regale themselves after their labors, scarcely pause in their regular avocation to take note of the savagery that is going on before their eyes. It is a most curious survival of joust and tourney. That their diversions are not all of so grim a nature is indicated by the venerable Carcer, or students' prison, where refractory youth are in-carcer-ated to expiate their offences on bread and water. The word does not suggest its appearance, for

the cells are literally covered, floor, walls, and ceiling, with caricatures and burlesque drawings in candle-smoke and charcoal (often work of a high order) of the unpopular characters who have sent them there, with doggerel to match. One of the names thus self-inscribed, as much to the fore here as elsewhere, is that of Otto von Bismarck.

We crossed the ancient bridge with statues at either end, under an arch having a room over it reached by stairways in the towers, like that whereto King David betook himself when mourning for Absalom; we visited the antique statue-bedecked Inn zum Ritter; but still more we enjoyed the Heilig-Geistkirche, or Holy-Ghost Church, with its high-pitched roof, as old as the University, which still contains evidence of the wall of partition which once fenced off the Protestants in the nave from the Roman Catholics in the choir. Against this old church, which has the street on all its sides and no pavement worth mentioning, cling closely, filling all the space between its buttresses, shabby little hucksters' shops, much the shape and not greatly larger, except vertically, than a coffin, where every humble article is sold and where the dealer (and even his

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THE ELIZABETH GATE IN THE CASTLE GROUNDS.

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family!) appear in some cases to reside. For as we passed during a shower, and sought shelter beneath the ragged awnings, the paterfamilias left the table where a meal was in progress and offered L. his stool.

Nothing strikes a traveller more strangely than the fantastic tiled roofs and chimney-pots of many a foreign city; and in this respect Heidelberg scarcely yields the palm to Munich or Nuremberg. We looked down on them one moonlight evening in all their picturesque variety, as we regained terra-firma after a Schloss-Concert by the local Liederkranz. The lovely grounds behind the ivy-covered castle-moat are clothed with dainty little linden-trees, under which, in the light of countless Chinese lanterns and Bengal lights, a thousand people sat and drank their beer and smoked their pipes at little tables, while a delightful chorus of unaccompanied men's voices in unison, and a fine orchestra filled the soft summer air with melody. It was nothing unusual, twice or thrice a week such rational recreation goes on all over music-loving Germany, — as we arrived at Mainz we had heard the like; but to a starved New England digestion it was a delicious revelation. This

was our last evening with our good friend the New York lawyer, who had travelled with us for a fortnight, and with whom we now most reluctantly parted — he to Paris and we to Italy. It was the last visible tie with America. Heidelberg is tourist-ridden, and I suppose a majority of them go thence directly south to Switzerland by Baden through Strasburg, or through the Black Forest and Schaffhausen. We were bound eastward, in search of that greater variety of experience which is a constant spring and stimulus to the traveller, and to make the approach to Italy by the valley of the Austrian Tyrol. In default of letters to answer (our home mail had not yet overtaken us), we despatched a little flight of the delightful local *post-karte*, or postal cards, which, with their appropriately delicate, or humorous legends, generally leaving little space to say anything longer than "Wie geht es?" we found everywhere, and whose introduction ought to be procured by legal compulsion in America; and then we took up our carriages for Stuttgart, passing Bretten, the birthplace of Melanchthon. We bore no malice to Heidelberg, though fame, represented by the entry in the Fremdenblatte (or strangers' journal) had given us a

gratuitous one-line advertisement as "Tempel u. fam. Russland," strongly hinting at our bondage to an effete despotism.

Stuttgart is a fine city of more than a hundred thousand people, having perhaps the finest site among German capitals. It is one of the few stops of the Orient express, the crack continental train *de luxe*, on which you embark at Paris and from which you disembark at Constantinople, a journey of some fifteen hundred miles. Surely it was quite unnecessary to inquire if there were a railway refreshment-room here. But we had reckoned without our host, or rather without our provisions, for none were to be had, though the station is large, and there is every provocation to furnish what in America would be a necessity. Such needs do not, however, seem to exist in the minds of Central Europe, and so our dinner was on the way and at leisure, and consisted of a bottle of wine and the fruit which never failed us, at least until we saw the last of field strawberries in Switzerland, well into August. Blessings on the wine of the country, which was our constant stand-by, unless beer took its place. Its delicious purity is a better guarantee against intemperance than all the prohibitory laws that

ever were framed, and in no single instance abroad, save in the persons of two jovial British soldiers on the Strand in London, did we see the slightest drunkenness. As for water, the natives seemed generally to have no use for it save in their ablutions. We had often to explain at table that it was needed for drinking and not in a finger-bowl, and even then that it must be cold, and not hot for coffee or tea. The schedule was rapid, we had a whole compartment to ourselves, and all the long afternoon we raced eastward. It is a long pull and a strong pull over the watershed between the Neckar and the Danube. Our train (and we saw many like it afterwards) was, as Granther Hill would say, "longer than a brook," and signalmen by the track gravely saluted it as we passed. Two heavily laboring engines drew us up the ascent, and ere we reached the summit we discerned a third powerfully bringing up the rear. They got us over at last, and down we swept through splendid mountain-passes, highly cultivated to their summits, past the great Protestant Minster, one of the finest Gothic cathedrals in Germany, and second in size only to Cologne, into the Bahnhof (or station) at Ulm. It was by Ulm that Napoleon

marched to Austerlitz on his way from Boulogne after brave Nelson had spoiled his plans at Trafalgar, and near by that General Mack and thirty thousand Austrians were surrounded by the French, and surrendered prisoners of war, after the battle in which the great Marshal Ney won his title of Duc d'Elchingen.

After alighting to send a telegram, and reaching the office by a subterranean passage and a climb of two flights at the far end of the station, I discovered, in returning, the loss of my pocket-book; and, when I had reached my point of departure, that I had apparently lost my train and family as well. The phlegmatic use of a German dialect by a railway official at last discovered for me the train, which now stood elsewhere, and with it the pocket-book in L.'s charge, which had in it all our hopes of Europe; but not before she (on the somewhat incoherent testimony of E.) had fruitlessly appealed in broken English to another sympathetic but helpless veteran official, setting forth frantically their desolation as the carriage they were in drew out of the station, and for a few moments was apparently on its swift way to parts unknown. So great is the uniformity of

foreign railway carriages that without due diligence you will at your re-entrance, on selecting an open door which looks exactly like all the others, most likely find yourself in the wrong pew. Our state of mind allayed, and with several minutes to spare, we also, like Napoleon before us, crossed the Danube (which is here neither beautiful nor blue) at its head of navigation, and were in Bavaria. The country grows flat through Schwabia, and we reach Augsburg, the scene of the presentation of the famous Confession framed by Melanchthon to the diet of Charles V.; once like Ulm a free imperial city, and the great centre of traffic between Northern Europe and Italy. The great Fugger family, that were the Rothschilds of their age, lived here, ennobled like them, and like them replenishing imperial coffers. Though the streets recall its ancient magnificence, the overland route to the East has passed it by and left it, though still a large town, only the shadow of its former self. Here we are not far from Oberammergau; but the next Passion Play is four years hence, and we turn to the last stretch of sterile plain, of moor and bog, where peasants are painfully laboring in gathering peat, and where the architecture

grows Romanesque and southern, till the thickening twilight finds us at Munich the magnificent, the metropolis of Southern Germany, the rival of modern Dresden in art, and, in some sense, of Berlin in association with royalty, the ancient capital of the Kingdom of Bavaria. Its fascinating name at home is München (with *i* understood as a middle syllable), and through it and the high plain on which it lies flows the historic Iser, here as elsewhere "rolling rapidly."

Arrived at the excellent Englischerhof, or (interchangeably) the Hôtel d'Angleterre, — hotel names and bills are often rendered in French even in Germany, — we found the same cheery greeting as is everywhere usual on the Continent. The manager himself, sometimes with a good number of his assistants, and often in a dress coat and even a silk hat, comes out to meet you on the sidewalk with a smile of welcome, and you seem to feel that you have indeed found your long-lost brother. How they all knew we were coming was a mystery, till one day at Lausanne I detected a bell-boy, who was permanently stationed at the door to watch for carriages, spring to the gong, to whose summons the whole establishment in-

continently responded, *vi et armis*. There is no lordly and all-sufficient clerk, as with us, shut up in a gorgeous office, but a hidden accountant somewhere who simply makes out your bill, as to which you would better have a very distinct understanding at the start, and not allow it to run long before settlement, lest your loose coin run away with it also. You do not generally register in a book, but more often a boy follows you to your room with a scrap of paper on which you furnish the desired information, "not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith." Apparently in a foreign hotel one is known by the number of his room, and often by that alone, though our delightful Munich bill ran against "Mistr. and Miss Temple and Tochter." A bed is a certain price, and they are generally single over there (at least outside of England); and as you go up in the stories, mostly without an elevator, the prices go down. On each German bed is a thick quilt filled with eider-down, like a grown-up pillow, which covers the whole bed and keeps you warm as toast without being burdensome; unless indeed it parts company with you altogether in the night watches. The furniture has a solidity

such as pertains to that now stored in your grandmother's garret (only rather more so), and such things as locks and hinges look as if they would resist a bombardment. Rooms communicating as well as adjoining can be had everywhere on the Continent, but appear to be the exception in Great Britain. A huge, three-storied, cylindrical, white or colored porcelain stove, sometimes really of great beauty, stands in the corner and appears to be a part of the real estate. A white-capped, gentle-voiced mädchen brings you the bed-room candles, dropping a courtesy and a soft "gute nacht," and you never meet an employee of the hotel who does not greet you respectfully, removing his uniformed cap meanwhile, though he may have done it a dozen times in the same interview. Candles are generally the only chamber light, and they cannot be said to be dazzling. If you do not order a meat breakfast overnight, you may, if you are an American, be tempted at first to stay your hunger with the candles; for a continental breakfast is a slight affair of coffee or tea, rolls and marmalade. The rolls (you will scarcely see a loaf) will be twisted into fantastic shapes and hard as a rock, but sweet as honey. The butter too is sweet, in

thin disks and never salted; but you grow to like it as you do the whole breakfast idea. When you get home, if you are sensible you will adopt it, or if not you will at least learn to dispense with a heavy morning meal that takes from the elasticity of the whole day. This feature of solidity is reserved for the dinner at night. The midday lunch or *déjeuner à la fourchette* is a substantial meal enough, but the *pièce de résistance* is the table d'hôte, where the continuous meat courses, delightfully cooked and smothered in delicious gravies, and relieved only by a course of cheese alone and exceedingly scant vegetables, soon come to be a burden equal to the too plentiful supply of quails to the greedy Israelities in the wilderness. Each meal has its fixed price, unless you make a special order outside of it, when each article assumes a separate value; and coffee and tea, except at the first breakfast, are always extras. Laundering can generally be done within twenty-four hours. There is invariably a charge in the bill for "attendance," which now seems to cover the venerable swindle of a specific charge for candles, — at least we never met the latter. This fact, if you are sensible, relieves you of any moral responsibility toward

the kellner (waiter), the chambermaid, or the bell-boy, who sometimes have a transparently purposeful habit of placing themselves in evidence as you are about to depart.

The bugbear of the feeing system is largely one of the traveller's own creation. If you firmly confine yourself to compensation for a service actually rendered, you need have no trouble. The one officer in a foreign hotel whom you should fee is the portier (not a porter, but), an incessantly active person, often in a gorgeous livery, who lives in a little den of his own near the main entrance, and with whom, as was once said of a pedant, "omniscience is his foible." The portier's omniscience is purely local, but usually exceedingly valuable to his guests. He invariably speaks good English, and is often the only hotel functionary who does so, though the best shopkeepers have little difficulty in understanding your wants in that language. The hardest pinch to one who is not a polyglot is with the railway officials, who know no language but their own, and sometimes not too much of that. But if you have at hand a small vocabulary of words (not necessarily sentences) to express your thought, and a generous command of

facial expression and gesticulation, you will get on even there. A cheap phrase-book and the somewhat costly article of patience will stand you in good stead with the well-intentioned official, whose face is sometimes as inscrutable as the sphinx. What the portier does not know about time-tables, drives and cabmen, amusements, shopping, the best hotel in the next town, etc., is not worth knowing, and between him and Baedeker of Leipsic, you need have no fear of shipwreck in your plans. Our mail was never addressed to a hotel (an utterly unreliable course), nor to a banker, for we had none, but generally to the care of Cook or Gaze, one or other of whom has an agent in nearly every large foreign city, and who are open for long hours; and with them we unfailingly and promptly found it or had it forwarded on schedule time. Their railway guides in English, too, are the best to use, especially on the Continent. Bradshaw, particularly in England, is a hydra-headed monster of information with which, I should think, even railway officials would fear to grapple, and which would seem to call for a special professorial chair to master it.

Munich is a singular combination of old and

new. Much of it is modern and splendid. The Promenadeplatz, the Brenner-, Ludwig-, and Maximilians-Strasse, and the other magnificent avenues and squares that make up the art-districts, with the noble English Garden laid out by the celebrated Count Rumford, long a resident here, the Maximilianeum and its superb approaches, and the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, where art students have the finest building for instruction in the world, are the creation of recent times. But there are parts of Munich which are incredibly curious, and which rank with Salzburg and Nuremberg in this regard. It is an ancient home of royalty first of all, and royalty is very dear to it. It is amusing to look over their printed lists of attractions for tourists, and notice how frequently the magical word "Königlich" (royal) heads the title. And it is by no means the royalty of the Hohenzollerns which is meant either. I have no doubt of Munich's loyalty to the reigning dynasty, but devotion to the traditions of the past, and to its living representatives in the Bavarian succession which the great Empire has absorbed, are strongly entrenched still. Their own King Otto is, or ought to be, in a mad-house, — at any rate he

never comes to Munich, but lives in the chase and builds lordly castles in the mountains. A regent administers the royal affairs *in petto*, and a court of its own still makes life a high formality in the palace; but the pomp and circumstance that hedge a live king visibly languish, and the good Bavarians wish it were otherwise. For Bavaria has had a noble history of her own, judged by old-world standards. It is singular to see the frequency with which the resounding cognomen Maximilian crops up everywhere; from the old Elector, the first of the name, who must have quite fully appreciated his own importance, to Max Emmanuel and his successors — he who conquered the hated Turk in 1688, and hung up in the cathedral, where still it floats, the white flag of the Crescent that recalls the alliterative lines:

> "An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
> Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;
> Cossack commanders cannonading come,
> Dealing destruction's devastating doom."

The apotheosis of the old kingdom is expressed in the colossal bronze statue of Bavaria, seventy feet in height, designed by her favorite sculptor Schwanthaler, and not unlike her sister goddess who presides so well in New

THE STATUE OF BAVARIA, AND THE HALL OF FAME

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York Harbor. It is a majestic female figure, holding out a wreath and with a gigantic lion at her feet, having the pure Doric colonnade known as the Rühmeshalle, or Hall of Fame, as her most effective background, recalling the still vaster Valhalla near Ratisbon; and it found its completion under still another Maximilian, the last of the name, in our own day.

We drove a good deal in Munich, for it is a city of distances, and nowhere that I know can so much be accomplished in this way for a few marks. The droschke, or one-horse open vehicle for three, is driven by the most impassive of Jehus, and if there be one better accentuated as to ponderosity of costume than he, with voluminous capes crowned by a huge, shiny, glazed, and bell-crowned hat, I have not met him. Many of the modern public buildings are accurate copies of older and classical ones elsewhere; the Feldherrnhalle, or Hall of the Generals, in the Odeonplatz, is a close imitation of Orcagna's beautiful Loggia at Florence, and the Royal Palace is partially modelled after the Pitti Palace in the same city. Fine statues and fountains and noble avenues are everywhere; and the Siegesthor, or Gate of Victory, is a copy of the Triumphal Arch

of Constantine, surmounted by a quadriga of lions that recalls our own exquisite Peristyle at the Columbian Exposition.

Munich ought to be dear to the female mind, for it is an admirable place to shop, its cheapness being perhaps due to its remoteness from the great flood of American tourists. Beautiful needlework and popularized art abound in the stores, and classical music has its share in manifold suggestions of Baireuth, and of the cycles of Parsifal and the Wagnerian Trilogy which were there running their course. But the home of Wagner levies a heavy monetary tribute, and it lay far north of our course, so we negatived its appeal. We were, unfortunately, just too soon for the season of Wagner opera at the Court or National Theatre, which opens August 1st, in Munich, as travellers begin to find their way back from Switzerland. But no concert in our experience ever excelled an evening spent with the music of Wagner and Liszt, interpreted in a resonant hall by fifty instruments in faultless time, harmony, and expression. How the lithe, nervous conductor quivered to his finger-tips at every pulsating chord, and how silent was the great audience till they burst into wild applause

over Walter's Prize Song, or the Tannhäuser Overture, or the Huldigungsmarsch, shouting aloud the leader's name and demanding more, till tired nerves fairly refused to respond! This was no extra treat for the high-priests of music, but a popular concert which, from the announcements, occurred several times a week, and which, including the price of programmes, cost our party of three an expenditure of sixty-eight cents for a three hours' enchantment! No seat could be had except at little tables where beer at least must be consumed; but these in many cases were well-laden with entire meals of generous sausage, corned beef, and sauerkraut with all the trimmings, around which families were cosily grouped, and cheered lustily.

Our rooms looked across a narrow street, which one might almost bestride, and directly into the apartment of an old priest in skull-cap and cassock, who fascinated us every morning early by reciting his breviary aloud, pacing to and fro meanwhile in an abstraction that nothing could disturb. Our freshest hours were given to the glorious art of which Munich is full. The New Pinakothek (or gallery of paintings) is devoted to modern works and deco-

rated on the exterior with Kaulbach's frescos; but the Old Pinakothek is glorious with old masters, on many of which even the Louvre may well look with envy. The Glyptothek is a fine sculpture gallery of antique and modern marbles which lies opposite the Exposition building, the latter for the work of Munich artists only. These two are in a fine square into which you enter through a great gateway called the Propylea, which, like the buildings, is pure Greek, and together they are most true and impressive specimens of Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian architecture. The King of Greece was here in 1862 to witness the inauguration of the Propylea, which is adorned with scenes from the Greek War of Independence. The Old Pinakothek suggests the Vatican in its own Renaissance architecture, as well as in its treasures, and has a grand Loggia in twenty-five sections, frescoed with the history of painting in the Middle Ages. Twelve large saloons and twice that number of outlying cabinets enshrine its more than fifteen hundred pictures, arranged chronologically and by schools; and it would be but a suggestion to give a partial list of them or of their authors. Correggio, Velasquez, Ribera, Claude Lorrain, Salvator

Rosa, Fra Angelico, Bellini, Carlo Dolce, Domenichino, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Andrea del Sarto, Van Eyck, Teniers, Poussin, Tiarini's "Rinaldo in the Enchanted Forest," Holbein's "Saint Sebastian," Murillo's "Beggar Boys," Rembrandt's "Descent from the Cross," Dürer's "Four Apostles," Guido Reni's "Ascension," Titian's "Crowning with Thorns," Raphael's "Madonna of the Tempi," Van Dyck's portraits, and a whole superb gallery of Rubens, ninety in number, are here in a wealth that not only beggars but baffles description, and I shall attempt none. Equally futile would be the effort to describe the magnificent series of frescos of the Niebelungen legends, which perhaps have no equal of their kind, that occupy the ground floor of the Königsbau in the Royal Palace. They adorn the last of the splendid series of rooms which begins with the Hercules Saloon, and over which we were shown, through the Halls of Charlemagne, Barbarossa, and Hapsburg, and the yet more regal Throne Room, till we found our taste in palaces attuned to a pitch that it required a Fontainebleau to rival. And lastly we saw the Allerheiligen Hofkirche, or Court Chapel, all in polished marbles within, with light most deftly

brought in from above without betraying windows; and had our first visible proof that at church royalty sits in its own private box over the sanctuary, with princes of the blood and courtiers in the connected galleries, and the common run of mortals below, if at all.

What grand soldiers these Germans make, and how superb their unyielding discipline! As we passed them on the streets marching, off duty, or relieving the guard which always patrols a palace gateway, their very cheeks shook with the rigor of their tread, and they seemed, like the horse in the book of Job, to swallow the ground in their fierceness and rage. The name by which the palace is known, where these helmeted, spurred, and tightly begirt warriors stand sentry within and without, is the Alten Residenz, but a far older residence is the Altenhof, which Ludwig the Strong built in 1255, but which, standing about an ill-kept courtyard (now a common roadway), pathetically reveals the baser uses to which it has fallen. But the strangeness of it, and of the ancient and labyrinthine arcades, crowded with hucksters of every trade, that burrow through to the old Council-house in the Marienplatz; the queer old Romanesque gates where now there is no

THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY.

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wall to pierce; the queer gabled house-fronts, covered with archaic frescos in color; the queer old church of something-or-other in the market-place, long since secularized and converted into a granary, with the enormous monastery hard by; the queer old lofty, brick Frauenkirche, or Church of Our Lady, which is Munich's cathedral, with its two absurd copper-turbaned towers, and the catafalque of Lewis the Bavarian inside with the four knightly guardians kneeling round it!

But I beg pardon for so long refraining from making prominent the corner-stone of dear old München's prosperity, whose substratum, underpinning, I had almost said superstructure, is *beer!* The queerest place in all the capital, when we were there, was the old Hofbrauhaus, or court brewery, whose slippery floors and steaming atmosphere have fairly oozed with its rich juices from time immemorial. Here the true Volksleben, the comradery of the people, had its best illustration, especially on Sundays, for it had long been no exclusive court brewery, though still owned by the government. The paved courtyard, where jolly groups sat on great casks instead of tables, led to the low-ceiled, smoke-begrimed interior,

where there was no kellner, but you seized a mug from the rack yourself, and passed it to the fat drawer. A few pfennigs added cabbage, sausages, and black bread to your foaming mug, and the crowd of rubicund Bavarians whom you dimly discerned through the thickness of smoke and talk completed the symposium. Alas! progress has overtaken it since then, and the government has consigned all these antique premises to oblivion. Elsewhere in Munich, as you rise in the scale of beer, you will meet a bare-armed and buxom waitress, and something less fragrant to go with the beverage. When you visit the great Löwenbrauerei, or Lion Brewery, which is Munich's pride, you will find a fine brass and string band that plays daily in summer, open-air tables, and a well-dressed crowd, with brimming tankards before them, and every sign of healthy satisfaction. When we first met the cheerful tankard in Antwerp, it was made of glass; in Heidelberg, it was of china, and taller; here they are of solid stone, fair and portly, with the queerest of knitted worsted effigies of popular characters attached to them as markers for identification, and more like pitchers than mugs, with lids to lie back against the handles

while you drink. Do not set them down uncovered, however, for this is the signal to replenish, and the lynx-eyed kellner may give you a fresh supply that you must pay for if you cannot drink. Smooth as oil, the amber liquid is as nourishing and harmless as it is invigorating; it is the fine flower of the hop, the acme of malt, the *ne plus ultra* of the brewer's art.

IV

THE TYROL—VENICE

THE longer one stays in Munich the more he will come to realize its indefinable charm. We had not been there an hour before we felt at home, and when we tore ourselves away, like Oliver Twist, we wanted more. The main transcontinental line to Vienna and the heart of the great conglomerate empire of which it is the capital — Oesterreich, or the eastern kingdom, once the head of United Germany — soon diverged to the left from our more southerly route to the Tyrol. We should have turned away with greater regret had we not reached Rosenheim ere day was gone, and there had our first revelation of the Eastern Alps in the tender sunset glow. How exquisite it was, and how it banished all thought of anything else! Lower than the Alps of Switzerland, to which they are a noble prelude, they are not snow-capped through the year, though traces of

ice and snow remain in sheltered spots. Their sharp and jagged limestone formation makes a glorious escarpment against the brilliant sky, and their beetling crags and precipices assume the most fantastic shapes, as they sharply enclose the narrow and perpetually winding valleys of the Inn and the Adige that water the picturesque district of the Tyrol from Bavaria to the Italian lakes. As we drew toward countries more distinctively Roman in religion, we began to meet wayside shrines, the rude crucifix with its majestic Figure, in a little pent-house structure reared on a pole at a road-crossing or in the fields, or often in the kitchen garden or on the house-wall. If this be indeed the fruit of ancient superstition, yet who that lives among the sordid and vulgarizing surroundings that hedge about so many of the insignia of Western civilization can find it in his heart to condemn this simple-hearted, if ignorant, peasantry of the East?

At Kufstein we crossed the Austrian frontier. Had there been no customs to call attention, the decline in the soldierly spirit would have declared the fact. With the change in uniform came a relaxation in discipline, and

a slovenly, listless, down-at-the-heel aspect among the soldiery. The trains became at once less well-appointed and well-managed than in Germany, and the conductor's signal became a horn instead of a whistle. How bracing and delicious was the evening air as we followed closely the wandering Inn in the twilight, great heights towering over us, and the wild and chalky river roaring below! Salt-works made their frequent appearance, and broad, low chalets, ballasted heavily with stone to keep the roof on in the gales which suck through these narrow defiles in winter, began to dot the mountain sides down which the cattle leisurely straggled. There was just light enough to see the steep fortress of Kufstein, whose walls its defiant Bavarian commandant swept with brooms in allusion to the supposed impotence of old Maximilian's cannon. But heavier ordnance beat it down, nevertheless, and now it is but a barracks, up whose white sides provisions are drawn by a windlass.

The Tyrolese capital, Innsbruck (bridge over the Inn), is something over a hundred miles from Munich, and by moonrise we entered it. Summer hotels extend along one side of the square at the station, and ours was

the Victoria, where we were made exceedingly comfortable. The Tyrol is intensely Austrian, and its brave mountaineers are full of the spirit of Andreas Hofer the patriot innkeeper, who, in his simple, manly fashion repeatedly defeated the Bavarians till he was finally betrayed to the French, taken prisoner to Mantua in Italy, and there infamously shot to death by order of Napoleon in 1810. In the old Franciscan Church, or Hofkirche, he lies, and over him against the wall is an impressive marble monument erected by the Austrian Emperor Francis I.; while on the Berg Isel, a bold wooded hill to the south, whence he repeatedly recaptured the town, is another of bronze even finer. In sharpest contrast to these is the great tomb in the same Renaissance church to the Emperor Maximilian the First of Germany, who is buried near Vienna, and whose sumptuous monument in the very centre of the nave, planned by himself, has made of it a very Tyrolese Westminster. He must have been in his own eyes a very Jove, for the work is that of generations, and represents him on a magnificent sarcophagus covered with twenty-four reliefs in marble, under glass, depicting the chief events of his

life. There is a world of beautiful detail in them, and Thorwaldsen pronounced them the finest of their kind. He kneels towards the altar, in crown and royal robes, and around him are the four cardinal virtues! A superb railing encloses the monument; but what has been told is only a part, and perhaps the least interesting. On its three sides, enclosing a good share of the entire church, in the guise of mourners and torch-bearers, stand twenty-eight splendid bronze statues of his heroic ancestors, male and female, among them Clovis and Godfrey of Bouillon, all of whom have a real or fanciful tie with the house of Hapsburg. All are in complete armor or court-dress, minutely accurate in detail and exquisite in execution, each one being a portrait and character study, and among them it is difficult to assign the palm of merit. The great Peter Vischer of Nuremberg took part in the work, and doubtless the figures of King Arthur of England and of Theodoric the Goth, attributed to him, are the finest. Since the erection of the Albert Memorial, this can no longer be deemed the most superb monument in Europe; but Lübke styles it the grandest of German Renaissance tombs. And

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THE WATCHERS OVER MAXIMILIAN'S TOMB.

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THE STREET OF MARIA THERESA.

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what a contrast to the plain and modest countryman by his side is this "last knight of chivalry," who occupied a pivotal point between the mediæval and the modern!

Near to the Inn bridge is the hotel Goldner Adler, or Golden Eagle, whose roof has sheltered emperors, and which has been made still more famous by visits from Goethe and Heinrich Heine. Here too is a statue to the minnesinger Walther von der Vogelweide, a native of the Tyrol, and also the Goldne Dachl, a gilded copper roof over a high balcony in front of a palace, which was built by Count Frederick of the "empty pockets" to refute the unwelcome title. At one end of the Maria Theresa Street is a triumphal arch (at that time incomplete) under which the great empress and her husband Francis I. rode, one side of it later turned to mourning emblems for the latter's sudden death. I doubt if the world contains such another street, from whose busy market-place, thronged with bargainers, one can look directly up to glorious mountain-tops that pierce the clouds and are apparently but a few hand-breadths away.

The Church of England maintains chapels in many of the European capitals, and her

daughter church in America has followed her example in half-a-dozen centres; and these are a great blessing to the English-speaking traveller, far from his native land when Sunday dawns. In Innsbruck the English Chapel occupies a large secular room on the ground-floor of a leading street, and amid familiar ecclesiastical appointments the venerable and handsome face of Francis Joseph, the reigning monarch, looked down upon us from a bust on the wall. At the service, we met two delightful and devoted souls who became our travelling companions for a time. They were a clergyman of the Church of England and his wife, missionaries for many years in the Levant, formerly in Jerusalem, and now in Egypt near Cairo, who were returning thither from their sojourn for rest at Lake Constance. Such lives as theirs, abandoning all that makes life attractive to us for work among the fanatical Moslems, shame our missionary zeal.

The dress of the Tyrolese peasantry is not generally distinctive, except for the cock's feather stuck in the back of their soft hats, and the alpenstock which is apt to be found in their hands. I judge them not to be a race large of stature, though there are very robust

specimens among them. The women are attractive; and we were fortunate in seeing the sexes in characteristic combination at what was ambitiously called an International Exposition then going on in the town, where the national songs were delightfully sung, some of them by a sextette of men and women in their full picturesque national costume. With their bright, black eyes, broad good humor, and great vivacity of expression, they brought out with thrilling effect the patriotic folk-songs of their race, accompanied by a woman on what resembled a zither, and by another in the fascinating "yodel" that in the American college glee club would be called the "warble." In respect to pictorial effect in action and costume we saw nothing more truly foreign. The surroundings of Innsbruck are very beautiful, and the attractions for the tourist are manifold. Schloss Amras, three miles away, now belonging to the Emperor, and occupied no longer as a castle but as a museum of art, was built in the thirteenth century, and is renowned as the former residence of the Archduke Ferdinand, Regent of the Tyrol. But the ancient capital of the Tyrol is at Meran, farther south, and off our

course, which lay direct by Franzensfeste and Botzen to Venetia.

On this route we found our first corridor train, with a covered passage along one side, out of which compartments open, which made a very agreeable variety, and afforded us and our friends from Egypt a charming view. We followed up the valley of the Inn, which runs northward into the Danube, to the very mountain lake out of which it flows on the summit of the old Brenner Pass, the watershed between the Black Sea and the Adriatic, over which is the oldest of all Alpine roads, once used for the passage of Roman chariots. This is the lowest of all the passes above the sea-level, and the shortest cut from Italy to Central Germany. Here is the highway, firm and massive as then, over which Drusus and his legions marched to subdue the barbarians of Rhaetia. And what a revelation are these highways of the Old World! Great, white, broad, smooth, gleaming tracks over mountain, valley, and stream, overcoming every obstruction, clean from every pollution, watched over with sedulous care, the peasant's luxury, the patrician's comfort, fit any day for the passage of an army-train, — if they be one

of the notes of a true civilization, what a long lesson in fundamentals has our New World yet to learn!

Down the valley of the Adige we swept, as it flows south to join the Adriatic, past great fortified posts and Capuchin and Franciscan monasteries; past the white dome-spires of an Eastern architecture, and Botzen, once the depot of traffic between Venice and the North; past Trent, the Latin Tridentum, founded by Etruscans, in one of whose churches sat the famous Roman Council of Trent, which lasted eighteen years, and adopted the creed of Pope Pius IV.; past the landslip at San Marco which Dante describes in the Inferno. And all the way the fresh Alpine air grew warmer, and the huge dolomite crags grew higher and more terrible, and the vegetation more southern, till at Ala we passed the Italian customs, and the *visé* of our tickets which Italian railroads exact; and then we threaded the awful gorge, Chiesa di Verona, enfiladed by huge mountains of limestone that almost meet overhead, and were ushered grandly forth into the plains of sunny Italy. Close at hand rise the heights of Rivoli, stormed by Marshal Massena, and giving its name to a great avenue

in the Parisian capital, and before us lies Verona. From here we turn towards Venice, where lie awaiting us the longed-for first letters from home. Dark-eyed and dark-skinned Italians fill the station; shabby blue Italian uniforms jostle each other in the crowd; dirty, shaven, cowled monks shuffle by bare-footed or in sandals, in saffron-colored robes begirt with rope, — and confusion reigns supreme. Then eastward for the last time (with a sallow, tragic, southern woman in our carriage who might have been the inexorable Atropos herself), to Vicenza, the home of Palladio, and Padua with its ancient university; while the land grows broad and flat and horizonless, till slowly at sunset across the lagoons begin to gleam the distant domes and spires of Venice, beautiful as Venus, and like her rising from the sea.

To Ruskin and Hillard and Howells, what can one hope to add concerning Venice, beyond the slender contribution of personal experience and impression? Even this seems presumptuous regarding this land of the Arabian Nights. Other cities have charms which she has not; but the present character-

istics of Venice, in combination with the glories of her prime and the pathos of her decadence, are not only dissimilar to anything else, but appeal to a different set of emotions which can never be stirred elsewhere in quite the same manner. She cannot be catalogued with other capitals. She was the mother of Marco Polo, the presenter of Boccaccio to Petrarch, the shrine of Tasso and Montaigne. Her appeal is to Orient and Occident alike. To both of them she seems to belong, in both of them she has had her history, and her streets are still their meeting-place. Her atmosphere is steeped in the romance of a distant past, and the singularities of her construction and surroundings keep her enshrined in a niche all her own. It can scarcely be supposed that degeneration will overtake her to the loss of her intense individuality; still, twentieth-century influences are potent and militate against her charm. The modern steam launch puffs up and down the Grand Canal; the modern poster desecrates to some extent even the Rialto; and he who can see Venice the sooner will lose the less of an other-world flavor that cannot be tasted elsewhere. How long an ordinary mortal could successfully live there without for-

getting everything else and turning lotus-eater, or possibly joining the lazzaroni with which she is infested, I do not know; but in the retrospect of a brief visit, in spite of plentiful reminders that Haroun al Raschid is not a modern caliph and never lived in Venice, this is indeed "the land where it is always afternoon."

Unless you come by sea, and enter the sheltered Laguna Viva from the Adriatic, by way of the Lido with its baths, cafés, and open-air theatre, the approach must be made by rail over a long causeway of more than two hundred arches which is in effect a sea avenue. Here is the perfected model of a city of lake-dwellers, cut off from the land, with its thousands of houses and palaces built upon piles, forming by their contiguity more than a hundred small islands, separated by as many canals, and connected again by thrice as many bridges, each more picturesque than the other. The buildings rise directly out of the water, being rarely bordered on the water side by anything more commodious than a footpath. But do not imagine there are no thoroughfares save those of water. A wilderness of tortuous, narrow paved lanes (or calles), miscalled streets, intersect the houses; and often they

are mere "cracks" deep and exiguous between lofty stone walls on either hand, from whose dark shadows at night it is not in the least unnatural to fancy you see the flash of a stiletto meant for your own ribs. Swarms of foot-passengers "out of every nation under heaven" throng these queer thoroughfares, but never a horse and never a carriage, and — anomaly indeed! — so far as we observed, never a bicycle! Their sounds are only those produced by human beings. You climb by steps over all the arched stone foot-bridges; and the Rialto, once of wood, is a series of stone stairways rising from either end and meeting at the top; a broad flight in the centre, then a heterogeneous row of booths on either side, arched and roofed, and so forming part of the architecture of this famous market-place, and outside of these another flight, but narrower, next the water on each hand. It is so-called because for centuries the only bridge over the Rivo Alto (deep river); but the Rialto of Antonio and Shylock was the Exchange of the merchants, on the main island. Only two other bridges at either end, one near the station and one at the Academy, and these modern and of iron, span the Canale Grande

in its entire length; and it trails through this nest of islands and lesser canals like a huge inverted *S*, from the station at one extremity, till it debouches into the lagoon again at the other, between the Dogana, or custom-house, and the gardens of the royal palace behind the Piazza San Marco. The Arsenal and its public garden look eastward from the clustered archipelago, and the cemetery is an island all alone, detached and walled in, to the northward. Of other parks and gardens there are almost none.

The hotels are in the vicinity of the Piazza, as it is called par excellence, — the smaller squares being known as *campos*. Do not content yourself with a hotel that does not face the Grand Canal, nor with a room which has not at least one side opening thereon. You will enjoy the luxury of fleas and mosquitoes at any rate, enough to last in memory for the rest of your natural life, but you need not add to them the abomination of the various smells, each more penetrating than the other, which are likely to steal into your chamber in the silent watches of the night from the little canals in your rear. Nevertheless, these watery lanes are more various in their interest than the

A WATERY BY-WAY.

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THE EXTERIOR OF SALUTE'S DOME.

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Grand Canal itself. The latter is lined on either hand with impressive and noble buildings, very many of them once palaces, some beautiful in their restoration to the perfection of their prime, but most of them even more so in the pathos of slow decay. To the eye of the imagination, this grand highway must once have been the most noble on earth; and nothing like it can be seen to-day in its decadence. But its size, and the crowds which sail upon it, the comparative regularity of its sweeping lines, and the almost entire absence of bridges and of abutting churches deprive it of a certain charm which the lesser ones supply. In the latter you are nearer to the people on the bank, and your course is a successive series of shocks of pleasure as you glide past moldering church-wall or under the shade of some ancient bridge, each one and each human being near it a picture study by itself. The Church of Santa Maria della Salute (Our Lady of Health), built to commemorate the plague of 1630, and containing Tintoret's "Marriage in Cana," is directly opposite our Hôtel di Roma, and a lovely object its dome is in every light. How many hoary churches Venice has, like San Moisé, that we passed every day,

I do not know; their charm never wearies, and was to us as great as its paintings. But paintings and churches are here found together, and the façades and interiors of the latter are alike splendid with sculpture and carving. Gothic and Renaissance architecture are exquisitely blended; lofty vaults reveal loftier domes upheld by clustered columns; and glorious old mural monuments rival in magnificence the splendor of the high altars. The Church of St. John and St. Paul contains the superb burial vaults of the Doges, and fragments of most noble carvings in its Chapel of the Rosary, built to commemorate the battle of Lepanto. The high altar of the Jesuits' has ten spiral columns of incrusted mosaic, enclosing one of the curious and infrequent pictorial representations of the Father with the Son. As you enter the nave of the Frari, the sumptuous marble tombs of Titian and Canova are on either hand, the latter being from the great sculptor's own design made for the great painter. A tablet marks the house of Tintoretto, not far from the Madonna dell' Orto, where he lies buried. The tomb of Paolo Veronese is in the Church of St. Sebastian, — and so I might go on forever, but *cui bono?*

The art of Venice is indescribable and inexhaustible, and the critics of final appeal have fairly spent themselves upon it.

Our gondolier was Giovanni Bonomo, and he did not belie his "good name," for a truer gentleman never stepped. As I write, the photograph of his simple, manly figure comes to us from over seas, and at once the spirit of *dolce far niente* is upon us. Once more we watch the coming of his gondola, his lithe and graceful figure, clad in spotless white and broad sombrero, high poised on the stern and swaying forward on one foot with every impulse of the long oar, till the carpeted steps of his cushioned cabin, hung with loose curtains in fair weather, or covered with the black and windowed *felze* in the rain, float level with our landing, and, unbonneted, his bended elbow proffers respectful support for L. and E. Once more we pursue our silent way past moss-grown bulkhead or laden barge in channels where surely no room exists to pass, but which he threads with deft skill and never a jar, shouting his musical cry, "*premi*," "*stai*," ere he reaches a blind corner, to warn of passage to right or left. Once more we make our pilgrimage through the Ghetto Vecchio, or old

Jews' quarter; and he, kneeling behind the cabin window as is his wont, points out in excellent French the reputed house of Shylock and Jessica, while swarming urchins of every age, clad in breech-clout only, leap merrily into the water by our side and splash about, and fathers and mothers, with great white teeth and eyes black as sloes, hold mere infants in leash from the stone embankment, and drag their little mouths out of the water with a cord placed beneath their armpits, as they flounder on a floating barrel stave. Or we are on the Grand Canal in the afternoon, and passing scores of other craft exactly like our own, with heavy halberd-shaped iron prows, bound for the Academy, or the Piazza, or merely floating dreamily by like ourselves, intent on nothing but the charm of the passing moment.

Or it is morning, and we are drawing alongside the Scuola San Rocco (where Tintoret's great "Crucifixion" hangs, "beyond all analysis and above all praise," as Ruskin says), and here as elsewhere some lean and withered old paralytic totters out from a corner and with boat-hook or cane renders us a perfectly useless but by no means disinterested service;

while ragged, bronzed young rascals insist on turning picturesque cartwheels and handsprings on the pavement for our benefit, but much to Giovanni's disgust, and then grin beseechingly for a soldo, till we shut the door in their faces. Or night has fallen, and we are off the Piazzetta, and Giovanni is telling us of his little family in the Calle Falieri, and of his grown-up son who is a gondolier also. The Riva is a blaze of lights that makes the Palace of the Doges look more a creation of fancy than ever, while in the harbor the moored Trieste steamer burns her signals, and the band plays in front of the Hôtel Danieli, and we wonder if this is not really "such stuff as dreams are made of." Or we are identifying the lordly façades that stretch away from the Rialto on either hand up and down the Canal, and Giovanni is telling us that this is the once gilded exterior of the Cà d'Oro; and this other dainty Gothic front is where the gentle Desdemona was wooed by her brave warrior Othello; and this the Palazzo Manin, where the last Doge lived, who surrendered name and office when Napoleon approached; that here again is the modest home of the great Doge Dandolo; and that the armorial bearings on this incrusted wall are

those of Caterina Cornaro and her husband, King Lusignan of Cyprus; that in one of this group of houses Lord Byron lived and wrote "Marino Faliero;" and that not far away, in the Palazzo Calergi with its enclosure of shrubbery, Richard Wagner died; that in the angle where the Canal turns to the east stands, as you guessed from the familiar pictures, the fifteenth-century palace of the great Foscari family; and that near by is the splendid Palazzo Rezzonigo, where Robert Browning and his gifted wife fitly spent happy years together, in the home still owned by the family, full of priceless memorials of their great twin careers.

But "the Place of St. Mark is the heart of Venice, and from this beats new life in every direction." In the Merceria, which, though a mere lane, is the chief business street, and leads by devious ways from the Clock Tower, where bronze giants strike the hours upon a bell, to the Rialto, you will have no trouble in finding shopkeepers willing to sell you the lovely glass-ware that you saw made at Salviati's on the Grand Canal or at Murano for ten times its cost. But if you want to feel the genuine heart-beat of Venetian covetousness, you must

A VISTA ON THE CANALE GRANDE.

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come to the corridors of the Piazza. The gullibility of tourists contrives to keep up the temperature unabated from year to year, and you will have to visit Paris and the Rue de la Paix or the Palais Royal to match the swindle. Here are miles of corridors and passages through which the unwary walk amid pit-falls which the cunningest of shopkeepers lay for them, and their progress toward impoverishment is hedged about with more "articles of bigotry and virtue" than would stock half the palaces of Europe. There are no photographs such as fill the plate-glass windows on three sides of this great square, or at least it seems so to you in this bewildering environment; and you had better walk rapidly on, unless you have left your purse at home, or have already ruined your credit. On three sides the Piazza is enclosed by what seems one enormous marble palace on which time and fate have worked their will, but not to the lessening of its beauty. The long south side, now a Royal Palace of the Italian Kingdom, of which Venice is but a province, was once part of the residence of the nine Procurators who, with the Doge, ruled her in the days of her pride, when she was the oldest of republics and the strongest power in

Europe. The east side is closed by the glowing façades of the Church of St. Mark and of the Ducal Palace, which latter extends southerly beyond the Square proper to the Lagoon, with the Piazzetta, or little square, between it and the old library of Sansovino (little, however, only by comparison). If you enter for the first time under the western arches of the Place, as we did on a soft summer evening, elbowing the gay and idle crowds that, bare-headed like ourselves, throng the corridors or swarm across the great marble-flagged area, and then, pausing before the simple, strong lines of the lofty, square, angel-crowned Campanile, which is better seen thus than by day, regard the vague outlines of the domes and turrets of St. Mark's, full even in this light of tender color, and pursue your course to the right, past the white wonder of the arcades of the Doges, until, at the matchless corner next the sea, where the winged lion of St. Mark and St. Theodore on his crocodile have stood on their lofty granite columns for near six hundred years, you look upon the Adriatic and behold the full moon rising straight out of its waters to the left of S. Giorgio Maggiore, — you will wonder, as we did, whether you have not

strayed unbidden into the special domain of Aladdin and his genii. He who has not sat at Florian's café in the evening, and sipped ices and watched the world go by, or stooped to feed out of his hand the dainty, saucy, confiding pigeons as they flutter down in the afternoon from the arches and oriels overhead, has, as the reader is doing now, to take the tale at poor second-hand, and to miss an experience that cannot be equalled this side of the Galata Bridge at Constantinople.

Before the Church of San Marco, the shrine of the Evangelist whose bones were brought hither from Alexandria before the Crusades, whose Byzantine domes of marvellous grace cover a structure which is erected on a great Greek cross in costly marbles, adorned with five hundred columns in lavish magnificence, and incrusted with mosaics and gilding almost beyond belief, you are in the atmosphere of the gorgeous Orient. The true note of the Basilica is color, and it seems fairly to burst through its glowing walls and effloresce on the façade. Its low, broad, Romanesque construction, to which Gothic details nobly contribute but are everywhere subordinate, both of them enhanced by all sorts of exuberant accessories,

speaks of the sensuous in religious art. The pride and pomp of barbaric worship is here resplendent, and the tawny lion is its fitting emblem. Gold, glass, alabaster, and jewels are everywhere, weaved by patient fingers into glorious imagery on wall and vaulted roof. A wilderness of carving immortalizes the skill of the artificers of a past perhaps otherwise forgotten; and the worn and broken pavement, twisted, it may be, by earthquake and trodden into grooves like the waves of the sea, attests the devotion which has made this temple its own. Three red slabs of that pavement are the lasting remembrance of one of the feet of Pope Alexander III., who here, in 1177, "published peace" by placing that member on the prostrate neck of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. So absorbed were we before the canopied high altar, and the sculptured choir-screen bearing apostles and evangelists that have looked calmly down the storied nave for six centuries, that we laid down unheeded all that we carried, to find presently that our possessions had disappeared; and we rescued them only after a long chase and the loss of many soldi. The story of St. Mark is told in glowing marbles over the great bronze portals

THE INTERIOR OF SAN MARCO.

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outside; and above the central one before the Last Judgment in mosaic, stand the four famous gilded-bronze horses, the only example left of an ancient quadriga. Their airy grace is now motionless, but these splendid chargers have travelled far. The infamous Nero and the just Trajan each had them to grace his triumphal arch in Rome, if indeed it were not Lysippus the Greek who first moulded their sinews. Constantine took them from Rome to Constantinople, and the old Doge Dandolo captured them there and brought them hither, and then they had another long holiday. Napoleon, though he made St. Mark's a cathedral in place of the older San Pietro di Castello, swept away these figures, as he swept so much of Southern and Eastern art, to Paris; and there they pranced before the fickle French for a brief space on the Arc du Carrousel in the gardens of the Tuileries, till justice, in the person of the Austrian Emperor Francis, again reared them where they are, after the Allies had dethroned the Little Corporal. They are not the only memorials here of far Eastern association, for at the southwest corner of the Basilica are Greek pilasters and most curious reliefs in porphyry which came

from ancient Ptolemais, and whose identity is quite unknown.

The Palazzo Ducale is the embodiment of Venetian power, and here its Doges descended to the Bucentaur galley that bore them to their marriage with the Adriatic. To Ruskin it is the noblest bit of architecture that the world has to show. Five times destroyed, it has risen more beautiful than ever. From before the entrance to its court, and next to St. Mark's, the decrees of the great Republic were promulgated, and between two columns of red marble in its upper arcade of glorious white pillars her death-sentences were proclaimed. From its unfinished courtyard, the staircase of the Giants leads up to a noble colonnade, whence, by the stairway of Gold, once accessible only to the "Nobile" in the Golden Book, you reach the upper floors whose history is the history of Venice. Here is what Ruskin calls "the most precious thing that Venice possesses," Tintoretto's "Paradise," the largest oil-painting in the world, with I know not how many hundred figures, covering the entire end of the enormous Hall of the Great Council of the nobility. The walls are lined with the celebrated library of

St. Mark, and the enlargement of the chamber accounts for the bold irregularity in the window lines of the façade next the Riva. Near by is the Hall of the Senate, that of the dreaded Council of Ten, and of its still more dreaded Three, all splendidly decorated with magnificent paintings, mostly by the Venetian masters, though with here and there one transplanted from elsewhere to take the place of such as the French invader had carried off. But for the fire of 1577, the best of all Venetian art in its highest prime would still be here, always provided that Napoleon had so willed it. Paul Veronese dominates the Hall of the Council with his "Triumph of Venice," and Titian, Bassano, Vecellio, and Tintoretto (especially the latter) are everywhere. An easily aroused sentiment will respond to the rather doubtful appeal of the "lion's mouth" (a mere slit in the wall) into which private indictments against citizens of the Republic were thrust to reach the eye of the Council. Across the beautiful Bridge of Sighs we did not and could not pass, though the canal below is a thoroughfare, and we often traversed it; the passage here is now blocked up, and Byron appears to be responsible for what Howells

calls a "pathetic swindle." But be the former entrance to them what and where it may, dungeons enough are shown, and suggestions of inquisitorial and satanic cruelty are sufficiently in evidence to people many a chamber of horrors. Like lofty ascents which we generally gave the go-by, we here drew the line at torture-chambers, in the interest of a trip intended for pleasure.

Glorious paintings are sometimes seen to great disadvantage when hung in unfavorable lights in ancient palaces or churches. This is often the case in Venice, and notably in the Scuola San Rocco; but at the Academy of Fine Arts such conditions do not exist. Sassoferrato, Bellini, Carpaccio's "Presentation in the Temple," Tintoretto's finest work "St. Mark freeing a Slave," Paul Veronese's masterpiece, "The Supper in the House of Levi" (full of contemporaneous likenesses of the great of his own day), original drawings of Leonardo and Raphael, and Titian's last picture, "The Entombment," make the walls glow and burn with the unapproachable coloring of the Venetian school. But above all, enshrined behind an archway of its own, a long approach leads up to one of the transcendent paintings of the

world, Titian's "Assumption," wherein art could no further go in the depiction of the joyous innocence of the heavenly company welcoming the apparition of the Virgin, as she rises transfigured with a heavenly gladness that her reverent humility hardly allows her to appropriate. In the face of this majestic creation Michael Angelo and Raphael must admit a third to share their supreme company.

All things come to an end, and our stay in Venice among them. For the last time we had pressed the hands of our Egyptian friends (a brief but unforgotten friendship), when they went aboard the Trieste steamship to return to the sterile field of their labors. For the last time we had listened from our windows to the vociferous maledictions of wrangling boatmen, whose taste in objurgation was as picturesque as their costumes and as harmless, or had watched their graceful figures as here and there one lay buried in sleep in the bottom of his boat at mid-night, with nothing between him and the sky. For the last time the full moon (it must be that the moon is always full in Venice) had flooded our rooms with silvery splendor, while the strained and strident voices of "singing men and singing women" became

tempered across the water on which they floated by in some gayly bedecked *barca*, whose occupants presently accentuated the purpose of their fascinating serenade by the levy of a contribution. For the last time we had flown as our colors on the bow of our gondola C.'s dainty silken flag, that had hung in our cabin on the sea and carried our country with us wherever we went. And now through a devious cut (too short by half) Giovanni rowed us to the railway station, and bent low with bared head as he kissed the hands of L. and E. at parting, with the inborn grace of a cavalier. Venice had left her last impress upon us in perfect harmony with the rest of our memorable experience.

V

VERONA — MILAN

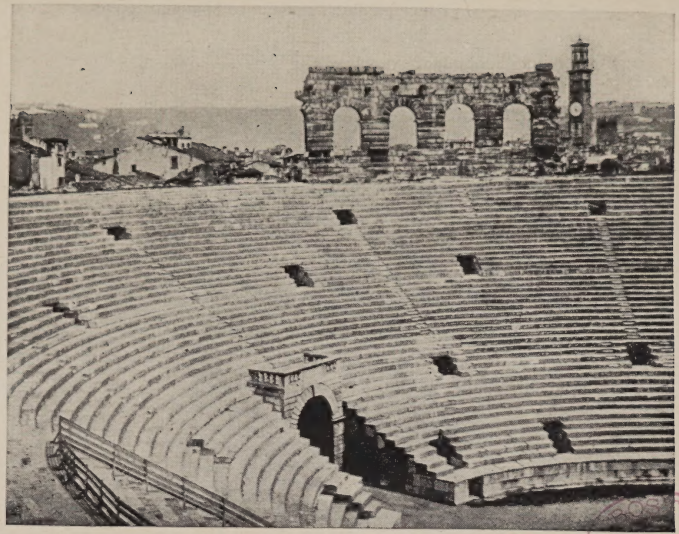
SHAKESPEARE has placed most of his Italian situations in Venetia. We had not left behind us for an hour the home of the Merchant and the Moor, till Padua spoke to us of the Shrew whom Petruchio here incontinently tamed. And when we reached Verona, this time to pass within its ramparts which once sheltered Paolo Veronese, and where his statue stands, the shades of its Two Gentlemen, and yet more of the hapless lovers whose woes immortalize the obscure strifes of Guelf and Ghibelline, are not less real than his. The Capulet house is identified by a tablet; but garden and balcony, if such there be, are not visible from the street. Juliet's reputed tomb is as grotesque a humbug as the wit of Yankeeland itself could devise. Fancy a long drive to the outskirts, a blind door in the wall which a toothless crone, far less inter-

esting than Juliet's nurse, opened for a consideration, after the ringing of a bell that certain young ragamuffins manipulated in hope of another; then a walk through a vine-covered alley to the outside of a tumble-down chapel, to look with amazement into an open oblong stone basin, once possibly a mediæval sarcophagus, but now a disreputable-looking horse-trough, piled half full of dirty visiting-cards from every clime under heaven, while scores if not hundreds more cover the wall behind it, and meantime the custodians impatiently wait for the payment of consideration number three! What greatly appeals to intelligent interest, however, is the walled cemetery on the Porto Vittoria, with its fine cypress avenue, beneath whose hot sands, destitute as they are even of shade, one would rather think that fair Juliet lies. Like the more famous, but I am sure not more interesting, Campo Santo at Genoa, it speaks of passionate southern characteristics in its extravagant personal memorials, even to life-size photographs inserted in the tombstones, on which fond endearment unstintedly lavishes all the virtues in the calendar. The fine enclosing Doric colonnade is divided

mathematically on each of its four sides into fifty equal compartments under uniform rows of columns, each with a family name and number upon the frieze, and many of them sheltering statues and carvings of great beauty. Having occasion for a medicinal remedy, we betook ourselves next to the Piazza Signori; and behold, before we knew it, under the very shadow of Dante's statue in the market-place, L. was bargaining for "that mortal drug," arsenicum, with a veritable apothecary of Verona, if not of Mantua, Sacchiero by name, — alas, not the lean and hungry atomy of Shakespeare's tragedy, "with famine in his cheeks," but fair, rotund, jolly, almost Falstaffian.

Dante is a name to conjure with in Verona, for here, with the great Scaliger family, whose lofty and war-like tombs stand in a neighboring square, he first found refuge after Florence had banished him from her gates. He was an honored guest, too, of Can Francesco, or the "Can Grande," as he is known, the successor of Prince Escalus of the play, and the greatest of this illustrious house. Between the broad Corso Cavour and the foaming Adige, spanned here by a noble old

fourteenth-century bridge of stone, is the Castel Vecchio, the old castle of the family. Beyond it stands S. Zeno Maggiore, lately restored and deemed the grandest Romanesque church in Northern Italy, far surpassing the Cathedral. S. Zeno, like his apostolic predecessors, was a fisherman before, and possibly after, he became the Bishop of Verona. This old church of the twelfth century is a fit representative of the beautiful colonnaded and frescoed shrines of early Italian ecclesiastical art. But more interesting than its sculptured crypt, or its great porphyry font three yards in diameter, was the gentle sacristan in whose family, by father and grandfather before him, this office had been held for one hundred and eighty-three years. Ruskin used to come here when for some months he lived in Verona, and greatly admired the exquisite composition of the double-columned cloisters, as they contrast with the greensward beneath and the brown-yellow pile beside them. Near the Piazza Erbe, the ancient forum and one of the most characteristic squares in Italy, is the Loggia, or old Town Hall, the statues over whose doorway remind us that the younger Pliny, Catullus, Vitruvius,



CÆSAR'S BOX IN THE AMPHITHEATRE.

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and Cornelius Nepos were, long years ago, townsmen of Verona.

But little later than their day is the famous Roman Amphitheatre of Diocletian, whose forty tiers or more of gray limestone steps have been preserved from the ravages of time more perfectly than any other like ruin known. Sixty thousand spectators could to-day sit in such comfort as uncompromising stone can furnish, and look into its vast arena, which was sometimes used even for naval combats. Doubtless the staircases of its many *vomitoria* have often emptied it of the crowds that had looked on unpitying when Christians went from the subterranean passages to the lions; and we were informed that a few years ago the modern gladiator, "Buffalo Bill," charged with his horde of shouting red men around this venerable enclosure, — so does history repeat itself. We bribed our voluble guide to let us wander alone under its damp and tomb-like corridors whence wild beasts sprang to their prey, and ended by taking an improvised lunch, with reflections appropriate to the place if not to the occasion, in the private box of Cæsar himself, which, like that of the Roman Senate directly opposite, sur-

mounts the interior of one of the two great entrances. Our incongruous contribution to the memories of the place was the empty jam-pot that we left on the parapet. Only a fragment of its great four-story outer wall remains, with two ruined Roman gateways near by; and the restorations made by Napoleon, who visited it in 1805, are commemorated by an inscription. Altogether this link with the far-off pagan past is one of our most precious recollections; but all Verona, sunny, dusty, and shadeless, yellow and semi-tropical in its architecture, and possessed with an omni-present drowsiness on that hot July day when we counted five prostrate sleepers on the paved courtyard of the Hôtel Colombe d'Oro where we rested, is a captivating memory.

As we went westward we caught distant glimpses of beautiful Lake Garda, with its exquisite background of Tyrolean Alps, and near it we passed over the field of Solferino, where Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon III. won their victory over Austria. Verona is one of the modern fortresses which comprise the famous Quadrilateral, and the fertile fields of Lombardy have been the scene of many a hard-fought fight since Rome first fastened

her grasp upon them. Beautiful beyond expression now are those fields, unravaged by the horrors of war, clad in every varying hue of richest vegetation, cultivated to the last rood of fertile and highly irrigated soil, and covered with orchards of olive and fig and orange and chestnut, with rich vineyards and mulberry groves and corn basking in the golden sunshine. Fruit and nut trees are so planted as to mark off the fields into sections, like private gardens or dainty parks, and rows of stiff Lombardy poplars are much in evidence. Fortunate that some of the crops fall easily into the mouths of the cultivators, for the poor agriculturist of sunny Italy earns perhaps a pitiful franc a day! That this series of lovely impressions is the abiding residuum of that day's ride is one of the felicities of memory, which sloughs off the discomforts but keeps its hold on the delights of travel; for, jostled about by the speed of our train, made worse by the inferior construction of Italian railways, we were often in fear of utter dislocation. It was nineteen-and-a-half o'clock (or 7.30 P.M.) by the absurdly sensible Italian system of railway computation, whose time-tables are reckoned from one to twenty-

four, when we thankfully reached Milan, and were driven to the Hôtel Francia in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele.

Milan "the grand" is second in size only to Naples among Italian cities, and the chief financial centre of the kingdom. It was an imperial residence in the fourth century, and the see of the saintly archbishop Ambrose; and Frederick Barbarossa nearly destroyed it as far back as 1162. But in spite of this, it has the air of a modern town, with its stately streets and gardens. King Humbert's home is at the Quirinal in Rome, but the noblest memorials of his far greater father, Victor Emmanuel, are here. In the great Plaza before the cathedral is the latter's magnificent equestrian statue; and a more heroic figure it would be hard to imagine. But his name is even better perpetuated by the most interesting and impressive structure of its kind in Europe. At this point, opposite the palaces of king and archbishop, the Piazza del Duomo is connected with the Piazza della Scala by an enormous and palatial Galleria, or arcaded gallery, a fifth of a mile long, and in the shape of a Latin cross, which bears the name of the first king of United Italy.

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THE STATUE OF LEONARDO.

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Of immense height, roofed with glass, crowded with frescos, and adorned with noble statues of the great names in Italian history from Savonarola and Columbus to Cavour, it shelters a hundred fine shops, and is the free meeting-ground of Milan's prosperous citizens. At its farther end it opens on the square on which is the Scala Theatre, that has made and unmade the fame of many a great Italian singer, and is second in size only to the San Carlo at Naples. Before the theatre, in Carrara marble stands the calm and thoughtful figure of Leonardo da Vinci, who governed here under Louis XII. of France, looking down on four of his pupils, and serene in his imperishable fame. From hence to the public gardens runs the Via Alessandro Manzoni, named for Milan's great novelist and dramatist. In the Cenacolo, or refectory, of the monastery of Our Lady of Grace, painted in oils on the side-wall is Leonardo's now well-nigh ruined "Last Supper," which, though he painted but few pictures, would alone have made any artist immortal. Not far away, built on the site of a temple of Bacchus, and preserved amid the wreck of the twelfth century, is the church of St. Ambrose, whose venerable portals were

closed by its founder in 389 A. D. against even the Emperor Theodosius himself until he did penance for the cruel massacre of Thessalonica. With this church legend also associates the joint improvisation of the Te Deum by Saint Ambrose and Saint Augustine, at the latter's baptism. The ancient iron crown of Lombardy, containing (it is said) a nail of the true cross, was here placed on the brows of her kings and of German emperors; and the pillar at which they took the oath is still under the lime-trees. Charles V. and Napoleon the Great were crowned with it; but since Barbarossa's day it has been laid up in the neighboring cathedral at Monza, the old Lombard capital, and the home of Theodoric the Goth, who is known in German folk-lore as Dietrich of Bern.

We did not see the great Ambrosian library, and our time was all too short to examine the art of Milan, which has rapidly risen to high rank even for Italy. The Brera gallery enshrines, among many painters, the work of Mantegna, Giotto, and of two out of Italy's three grand old men, Leonardo and Titian, besides Raphael's far-famed painting, the "Nuptials of the Virgin." We had to choose between

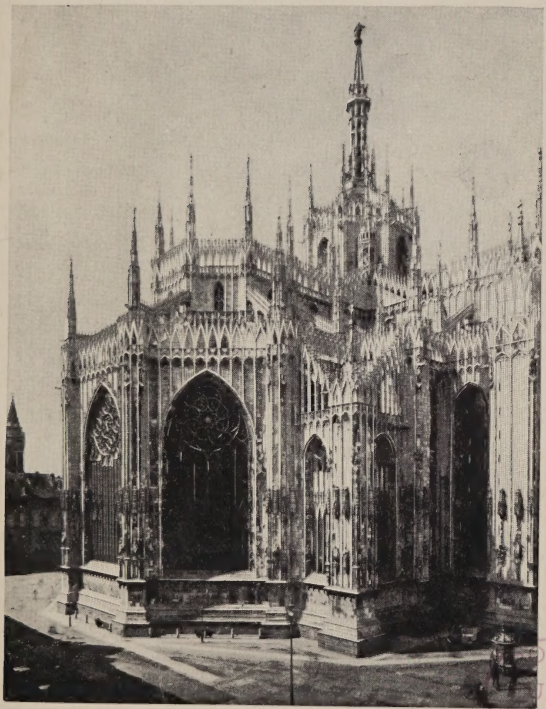
these and the art ecclesiastical, and were not as long in making the choice and in getting to the cathedral as has appeared in this recital. We were quartered in the busy street which abuts directly upon the east end of the Duomo, and from the stone balcony, not unlike Juliet's, on which our rooms opened, we watched by moonrise the silvery "light that never was on sea or land," as it gleamed on the hundred turrets of "the eighth wonder of the world." There are but two of earth's temples more vast, — St. Peter's, Rome, and the Cathedral of Seville. It lacks a trifle of the length of Cologne, but has much greater breadth, and the vast height of its soaring nave is greater by more than one-half than that of Westminster, the loftiest church in England. The five stained-glass windows of its choir are the largest known, and nothing can be imagined more beautiful than the coloring on the older of them. Fifty-two enormous fluted columns, each nearly forty feet in girth, whose capitals are composed of groups of gigantic human figures canopied in clustered niches, uphold a vault that shelters forty thousand worshippers. The walls are lined with magnificent monuments and sarcophagi, among them that

of the great brothers Medici, erected by their greater brother, Pope Pius IV. Two huge granite monoliths stand inside by the west portal, and near them the thin band of brass inserted in the pavement and running athwart the edifice indicates the line of the local meridian, on which the sun's rays exactly fall at noon through a crevice in the roof. Before the altar of the north transept stands a bronze candelabrum, tree-shaped, and studded with jewels, almost as high as a house, with a wealth of biblical carving upon it that would be the despair of any but a mediæval artist. In the transept opposite stands one of those curious conceits which obtain less freely, I think, in the art of the South than elsewhere, — Saint Bartholomew grimly represented as flayed alive, in most accurate anatomical garb of pure muscle and tendon, with his entire skin jauntily thrown together in a long roll over his left shoulder, after the fashion of a marshal's sash — a triumph of realism.

I cannot hope to speak of Milan Cathedral in terms that do not savor of extravagance, yet little need be feared when subjects praised are supreme of their kind. It is not that there are not defects here, but they are subordinate.

The crypt is the blazing shrine of the consecrator, the canonized Carlo Borromeo, inventor of Sunday-schools, and is fairly encrusted with gold, silver, and precious stones, the votive offerings of kings and queens; but it is a divergence in style from the harmony of what lies above it. The vault of the nave is not (as it seems) open carving, but skilfully painted to secure the perforated effect. The western façade, beautiful in itself, is Grecian in character, and quite out of keeping with the soaring Gothic of the nave, which is imputed to Bramante. Completed by Napoleon after earlier designs, the front is soon to be reconstructed by a Milanese architect, and harmonized into a more perfect vision of beauty. It is not size alone that here bows the will and strikes the beholder dumb. It is the overpowering sense of richness, proportion, purity, and grace, as the walls, one mass of daintiest arabesque and carving, reveal the unstinted devotion of ages; the intensified feeling of religious awe and mystery which the dusky nave's soaring height impresses, as you look upward and far on to the lofty shining cross that inspires, uplifts, and dominates the whole majestic fane. And then you climb to the

marble pavements, hung high in air, of a roof that has no rival nor even a competitor. Here it is as if a petrified forest had been carven aloft into exquisite forms of beauty, to stand like stalagmites or inverted icicles with pure and imperishable gleam. No less than three thousand white marble statues crowd the sacred building, two-thirds of them above the roof. Countless flying buttresses, so airy in construction that they lose the suggestion of stone and seem endowed with life, and indeed to be rather wings than supports, are loaded with form and face of saint and martyr, warrior, confessor, and evangelist. Hundreds of lovely creations, no two alike, are set where only a diligent search can identify them, and on many of them no eye but that of the Almighty can ever look. Each lofty pinnacle terminates in a standing figure, one of which in Roman garb is that of Napoleon, placed there by himself. I have seen the Duomo's architecture criticised as showing a wavering and uncertain sky-line. Strictly speaking, it has indeed, like many continental cathedrals, neither tower nor spire, — only a soaring lantern-dome amid a wilderness of needle-tracery. But as well might the canons of art decry the frost-



THE CHANCEL EXTERIOR OF THE DUOMO.

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work on the window-pane. It could not have been conceived by the colder and more impassive spirit of Northern Europe which produced Cologne, but rather embodies the fine, the consummate flower of Christian architecture as evolved by the finely-tempered races of Southern lineage.

Here on roof and external wall the cheerful gargoyle has his fixed home and makes the most of it. I have heard of gargoyles on modern structures, and of their being employed only for their grotesquery. But your true ancient gargoyle has his constant use as well — to conduct the surplus water off the roofs to the pavement. And how merrily they were performing that duty as, with our exceedingly voluble French guide, we reached the upper gallery of the central tower in a drenching thunder-storm! We lost the distant panorama of the Swiss Alps, which is here said to be so fine; but it was made good by the thrilling thunder-peals that crashed about the slender pinnacles. How soon the impetuous southern shower filled every valley and gutter with rushing water, and how fiercely it was spouted to the ground by the gnarled and twisted stone figures of man or bird or beast,

— evil spirits who, denied admission to the church, expiate their deeds by clinging protectingly, though with gnashing teeth and diabolical frown, to its outside! But the umbrella which some Austrian miscreant had appropriated from our possessions in the Franciscan Church at Innsbruck had been replaced here by another, so we were unharmed.

Where the great Simplon Road enters the city stands the Arch of Peace, begun by Napoleon to celebrate his completion of what was then, except the Brenner Pass, the only practicable carriage-way over the Alps. Across the great mountains that were Rome's immemorial defence against the Northern barbarians, there are still but three railway routes leading from Italy to Northern Europe, — the Brenner, the Mont Cenis, and the St. Gothard. The first has been described; the second leads by Turin and Piedmont to Geneva and France, through the great tunnel of that name; and the third goes straight north from Milan to Lucerne. Venice had been our *ultima thule*, and the home-cord had already begun to relax its tension. Strange as it seemed, we, in this sunny clime, were still to the north of our New England home. As we stood in the handsome station,

COMO, LOVELIEST OF ITALIAN LAKES.

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decorated with sculpture and frescos, and reflected that Florence and Ravenna were near at hand, but that we were now to turn our backs on "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," it was hard to say good-bye to Italy. But it could not be helped; and so, in a pouring rain that gave little promise of scenery, we took up our journey, and soon found, as the storm cleared away, that none of the romancers, from Virgil in his Georgics to Bulwer in his "Lady of Lyons," has overpraised Lake Como. Lugano, too, and Maggiore, — how supremely beautiful they are, — in all the loveliness that ambient air, and blue-eyed water, and clustering, clambering villas and vineyards can add to vale and hill. It seems a pity that so many tours end southerly with Switzerland, and exclude any part of Italy. The three states, Piedmont, Lombardy, and Venetia, that comprise the latter's northern tier are really part and parcel of the Alpine environment. Their lakes have their source close by in the Swiss mountains; their rivers are fed from Alpine glaciers; much of their history is tinged by the influences of Northern Europe. And both Italy and Switzerland gain prodigiously in interest as foils and supplements

to one another. For ourselves, foregoing as we did the sunnier lands that demand winter for their visitation, we had nothing to regret, even on grounds of temperature, in drawing the line of our wanderings above the northern Apennines instead of at Mont Blanc. Yet we had but a glimpse, after all, of the Italian lakes, where Medicean and Borromean princes were wont to hold high carnival in chateaux that are still most exquisite pictures. At Chiasso we set foot on Swiss soil and passed the customs; at Bellinzona's station we had a refreshing meal, with a bottle of wine whose memory will not soon be forgotten (for we afterward enjoyed its fine quality in Scotland); and then, for once in a first-class corridor train, for the advantage of an observation car, we started on the long climb northward into the heart of Helvetia.

VI

SWITZERLAND

TO enter Switzerland from the south is to pass at a bound from history to nature, from the grandest works of man to the grander works of God, — from cathedrals made by hands to temples rough hewn by the avalanche. Our route was largely the well-beaten round familiar to travellers, and I shall tell nothing of experiences with Alpine guides and glacier climbing. It is true that the noblest scenery is often eliminated when travelling by railway, but not always; and of all the railways over the rugged face of the world, not by the St. Gothard. If this undertaking were the sole achievement that French engineering had to show, it would suffice to stamp it with superlative excellence. Science, and engineering as one of its highest branches, often challenges admiration by its manifest skill and utility alone. But here every extreme difficulty overcome, every superhuman display of

technical knowledge and lofty courage shown, is coupled with astounding revelations of sublimity in nature, which without it must largely remain a sealed book to all but the hardy and adventurous. How we toiled for half a day up the international highway (which the guide-books ambitiously compare for importance to the Canal of Suez!), until we reached Airolo, the entrance to the great tunnel, where Italian ceases to be spoken. The tunnel is perfectly straight, nearly ten miles long, with a double track, and is threaded in darkness in twenty minutes under a mountain mass piled above it a mile high and more. It is common now to speak of miracles of constructive skill, and this is one of its shining examples. But corkscrew or spiral tunnels of great length in the solid mountain ranges on either approach to it are of frequent occurrence, and still more entitled to the term. One can often look from the car-window far down upon the last "hole of the pit," whence he has just been digged through the bowels of the earth, and at the same time high overhead may discern (if his glance be swift enough ere he is again swallowed up), a third black aperture into which it is presently his lot to be hurled, like a boom-

erang from a catapult, as he upward winds his tortuous course. Bridges of solidest masonry over yawning chasms, overhung by jagged precipices covered with perpetual snow, with chalets clinging to their face and little toy villages beneath where the wild torrent rushes by, are the welcome foil that constantly relieves this stupendous series of subterranean experiences, and you are alternately in the inferno or the paradiso. If some supply of faith appear not altogether superfluous to the passive voyager, that he be finally rescued alive and intact at the end of his seemingly perilous journey, what stock of that comforting attribute must not the engineer have needed who first stood face to face with his herculean problem?

At the great tunnel's northern mouth at Göschenen are fortifications, and you begin to climb down again from Ticino into Uri. The Engadine has been left far behind at the right, and to the left is the deep valley of the river Rhone which rises, glacier fed, beside the precipitous Furca Pass, and drains, as it flows westward, the supreme ranges of the Alps of Valais and Savoy, the very backbone of Europe. Below, northward, lies the Vierwaldstättersee, or Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, around whose

borders clusters nearly all the historic interest of the Swiss people. Shut up in their inaccessible fastnesses these hardy mountaineers have contributed but little toward changing the map of Europe; but their struggles for the preservation of their own freedom possess a fascination that crystallizes legend into fact. At Fluelen our iron steed had accomplished his long descent, and on Lake Lucerne (as is the shorter designation of that cold and treacherous mountain reservoir), when eyes and brain could hold no more, we welcomed the change from railway to steamboat. So rough are winds wont to make the lake's cliff-surrounded surface that tradition does not record its freezing entirely over. About its devious shores are grouped the cantons of Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, and Lucerne. In 1291 was formed the first mutual league for defence against the tyranny of the House of Hapsburg, and sixteen years later, on a lofty plateau opposite Brunnen, thirty-three confederates, from the three states first named, took at midnight the solemn oath of Rütli to drive the oppressors from their soil. The name of Schiller, the "bard of Tell," is writ large on a huge boulder below these crags; for near by at Altdorf the

Swiss patriot lived, and the scene of his marvellous skill with the bow is indicated by a statue of him in the market-place. The steamer touches at Tellsplatte, and a pretty chapel stands where the liberator sprang ashore from the tyrant Gessler's boat; while overhead the romantic highway of the Axenstrasse pierces by an open gallery the solid mountain-side. Back from the southern shore lies Stanz, the birthplace of Arnold von Winkelried; and Sempach, where he fell with a sheaf of Austrian spears gathered in his noble breast, and thus "made way for liberty," is but a few miles to the north of Lucerne, and on the spot a lion-surmounted column keeps his memory green. Another lion of far grander proportions is carven in the solid cliff that overhangs a deep embowered grotto in the outskirts of Lucerne itself. A broken spear has pierced that lion's heart, but with dying grasp he holds inviolate the lily-bedecked escutcheon of the Bourbons and the cross of Helvetia. It is the famous work of Thorwaldsen, more majestic than the pictures reveal, and perpetuates the remembrance of the frightful destruction of the brave Swiss Guard of Marie Antoinette, who perished almost to a man in the defence of

the Tuileries at the outbreak of the French Revolution.

Close at hand are enormous pot-holes in the rock, the work of an ancient glacier which receded centuries ago, but left here its object-lesson; and the "glacier-garden" which has been constructed around them contains many relics of the prehistoric lake-dwellers who once inhabited the Swiss lakes, and especially lakes Zurich and Neuchâtel. The outlet of Lake Lucerne is the rushing river Reuss, which bisects the town under many bridges, as it flows north to join the Rhine. Two of these bridges, with the quaint old water-tower once a prison which is built directly in its rapid torrent, are mediæval, and the river is full of swans and half-tamed water-fowl. Each of the two bridges is of timber and roofed; but the Kapellbrücke, or chapel bridge, is a century the older, and is nearing its sixth centenary. Time was when Lucerne was all built of wood like these bridges; but wood has long been the exceedingly rare exception in Europe for constructive purposes, and he who brings hither his new-world standards to bear on domestic architecture will speedily find them overthrown, or rather solidified, for

stone and brick are here "your only wear." We in America are tolerably familiarized with contributions to the education of the community, in the bedizenment of interiors of bridges, and often of exteriors as well, with flaming and ephemeral circus-posters or other less bewildering advertisements. But here are two bridges whose rambling and diagonal courses are made permanently jocund by long series of paintings, filling the triangular spaces over-head at every string-course. In the Kapellbrücke you walk beneath a hundred and fifty decidedly rococo scenes taken from Swiss history and the lives of saints; in the Mühlenbrücke your progress is made cheerful by the sight of grotesque variations on Holbein's "Dance of Death," the latter bridge being made use of by Longfellow in the "Golden Legend." Just here our way was blocked by the passage through the bridge of a body of Swiss troops dressed in their cadet-blue uniforms, sprightly, active figures of hardly medium stature, like most of the Swiss nation, but with no such resounding tread as their stalwart Germanic neighbors. Much of the old town lies almost in the river, but a range of fine hotels, with plentiful shops, where

dainty carved work and jewelry make tempting show, fronts the handsome quay that leads from the old Council House in the Corn-market to the historic Hofkirche. The latter's noble and noted organ discourses sweet music daily; but this and its great brother at Fribourg we had to forego.

The windows of our Hôtel du Rigi swept the grand stretch of the lake eastward, with the Rigi and Pilatus as rocky sentinels to left and right. Both of these mountains had a fit of the sulks during most of our stay, and the mists and downpour followed us out through the Brunig pass that one must cross on the way to Interlaken. Frowning Pilatus the weather-breeder is rich in folk-lore; but its terrors, like those of the Rigi, have long been harnessed to the powers of steam, and climbing is made easy on both their slopes. Cog-wheeled railways in Switzerland are not restricted to mountains that one ascends only for the view; and for many a slow mile, up to Brunig and over its saddle, and down again to Meiringen on the Aare, we toiled along by this method, always with the panting engine below us, and with smiling landscapes far beneath that were made even more winsome

by suggestion only, through alternate cloud-rift and sunlight gleam. But before we reached Brienz, and there again took boat across its small lake, the shrouding clouds rolled up and stowed themselves aloft, and there remained during the rest of our Swiss sojourn. How we pitied friends who had been long waiting at expensive hotels for a closer communion with the spirits of the mountains, and others as well who after our departure had come and gone in despair, forced to make imagination do halting duty for the actual vision of what they came weary miles to see! Not all are blessed with what was our undeserved good fortune; and they who come to Alpine lands would do well, failing patience and ducats, to get on the blind side of the clerk of the weather, with whom, as well as with him of the hotel, they will inevitably have to reckon. On the wooded southern shore of Lake Brienz the famed Giesbach fall tumbles spouting into it, beautiful that day like many another mountain torrent, but, like the Staubbach whose delicate spray dissolves in mist over the vale of Lauterbrunnen, its wide repute owes more, I fancy, to coming early into the field of discovery than to actual supe-

riority over others of their kind. At evening we drew near Interlaken, and on the heights about us through the darkness gleamed brilliant watch-fires, electric lights, and fireworks, for the country was that day *en fête* to commemorate the earliest formation of a Helvetic Confederation six centuries before.

Interlaken, as its name indicates, "between the lakes" (Brienz and Thun), must be the paradise of summer hotels, of which there are said to be more than a thousand in little Switzerland. A regiment of the ever-present genus omnibus confronted us at the pier; and we had our choice between one of them and a train of two-story passenger-cars that plies across the short portage, for transportation to our hotel, — the National, fronting on the open park around which the *caravansérais* lie. Here, beneath the shadow of the Jungfrau, the water cuts no such figure in the landscape as at Lucerne, and the mountains are supreme. The sun was drinking up the heavy mists that had settled in the deep mountain-girdled bowl in which Interlaken lies, when we were awakened on E.'s birthday by fine sacred music from a band across the square, for it was Sunday morning. Our morning meal as usual we

took on the broad verandah, trimmed with brilliant bunting and covered with small tables, and with great satisfaction in that bracing air. The English chapel lies at the end of the walnut-lined Höheweg, in what was once the choir of the monastery founded in 1130. Amazed monks would they be who should awake to find their refuge, and the old nunnery alongside it, appropriated not only thus, and to Roman Catholic worship, but as well for a prison, and by French Protestant and Scottish Presbyterian congregations, to say nothing of the Saratoga-like environment of inns!

Distant glimpses through the trees of the peerless "young wife," the bride of Mont Blanc, brilliantly gleaming between nearer green hills, only whetted our desire for a nearer view; and after the service we betook ourselves to the ascent of the Schönigeplatte, an Alpine spur quite near, to climb which we used the most recent of the rack-and-pinion railways which had then been built. The mountain abruptly overhangs the deep and narrow valleys of Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald that meet at its foot, into which the sun's rays penetrate with difficulty. Up we

went, clinging to the mountain-side like flies sticking to the wall, and down we fluttered afterwards like birds with tired wing, while below us the fair and fertile fields spread out like squares of a chess-board on which their pygmy cultivators moved about like pawns. Its summit is the Iselten Alp, and thence, far finer and much nearer to the glorious range of the Bernese Alps than Rigi or Pilatus, stretches away at short focal distance one of the most magnificent views in the Bernese Oberland. The Wetterhorn, Schreckhorn, Finsteraarhorn, and the two glaciers of Grindelwald are sparkling from every sharp ridge that separates the wild fissures with which their sides are scarred. "Horns" they are in truth of every twisted shape; the Silberhorn most beautiful of all save the Jungfrau herself, whose perpetual snows make her to shine in the western sun, radiant "as a bride adorned for her husband." Surely there are no mountains like these in any land, whose crags and icy precipices shut out heaven with ramparts fit to frame a sky-line for the walls of the celestial city. Small wonder at the nostalgia that haunts the simple dwellers who here sound the Ranz des Vaches, when

THE JUNGFRAU, FROM INTERLAKEN.

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they are transplanted to alien shores. Our point of view was itself higher than Mount Washington, with snow in August by the roadside in patches, and the edelweiss and other Alpine flowers blooming in great abundance. Chamois fed quietly or scrambled from rock to rock within a long stone's throw, and close below, in a green sheltered inglenook, fed a great herd of Alpine cattle, the constant tinkle, tinkle of whose bells made the whole hillside softly musical.

From Interlaken there is no passage save on foot or by mule-back across the dangerous Gemmi Pass to Leukerbad and the valley of the Rhone, and so to Chamonix. Our route must be the railway which skirts Lake Thun and reaches Lake Geneva at Lausanne by Berne and Fribourg, — a somewhat roundabout journey in distance but not in time. Splendid bridges in either of the latter cities span the affluents of the Rhine on which they lie. The heraldic emblem of Berne is the bear; and bears inanimate and fantastic you meet at every corner, with shield and banner, sword and helmet, and every conceivable device. From the clock-tower each hour's approach is proclaimed by the crowing of a cock,

followed by a troop of bruins who march out in jolly procession around a sitting figure. The federal legislature of the twenty-two Swiss cantons sits here at their capital; and the affinity of the country with its two great neighbors is shown by the use of both French and German in its debates. The land is indeed bi-lingual in its transactions, and dual in many of its prevailing tastes, occupations, and characteristics (four-sided, if we include the Austrian and Italian frontiers, and this applies to religious as well as to secular affairs). The French boundary is here outlined by the Jura Mountains, that make an impassable watershed to the west of Lake Neuchâtel. The Oberland terminates at their feet in the plateau of "the beautiful Pays de Vaud," where the simple-hearted Swiss naturalist Louis Agassiz, the friend of Longfellow, was born, to whom America owes so much. Of the canton of Vaud, Lausanne is the capital, overlooking beautiful Lac Leman, as the French style Lake Geneva. And one thinks of it as French rather than otherwise, for its environment and associations are of that country, and its aspect is even Italian. Lausanne is by situation much better entitled to the

epithet of "the Naples of Switzerland" than Lucerne, to which latter it is sometimes rather fantastically applied. The lower town at the water-side, connected by a wire railway, is called Ouchy; and here in the Anchor Inn Byron wrote the "Prisoner of Chillon." Neither part is in itself attractive; but we spent a delightful afternoon in the old garden behind the dining-room of the Hôtel Gibbon, where the great historian tells us in his preface that the last words of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" were penned, after the labors of four and twenty years.

The borders of this exquisite crescent-shaped lake, the largest in Central Europe, have long been a paradise for those with delicate constitutions. Its deep-blue waters bearing the lateen sails rarely seen elsewhere except on the Mediterranean, the many varieties of lovely birds that haunt its shores, the southern vegetation of magnolia, vine, fig, and cedar of Lebanon, the soft and equable temperature, the protecting mountains round its eastern end, and the noble outlook to the south make it an ideal home. The northern margin has from time immemorial appealed to writers of many nationalities. In a chateau at Coppet

lived Necker the minister of Louis XVI. and his daughter Madame de Staël. At Vevey are the scenes that Rousseau depicts in the glowing pages of the "Nouvelle Héloïse;" and in old St. Martin's Church lie the bones of the fugitive regicides, Ludlow and Broughton, by the latter of whom King Charles I. of England, heard his death-sentence read. At Clarens Gambetta had his summer home; and Chillon, in whose dungeon the hapless Bonnivard paced his six years' weary round, is close at hand. The railway closely follows the shore, and sweeps directly past the moat of the fine old castle, now an arsenal but still more a shrine for pilgrims. Eugène Sue, George Sand, and Victor Hugo, with hundreds of others, have left memorials on its walls. The little "isle of peace" still smiled as it did on the poor prisoner of the poem, as we passed on to Villeneuve and the valley of the river Rhone, which enters the lake exceedingly turbid, but leaves it at Geneva pure. The lofty peaks become more jagged and are no longer called (in German) *horns*, but (in French) *dents* or *aiguilles;* and sharp teeth and pointed needles they certainly are. With Bex and St. Maurice the alluvial valley narrows, and at the latter

(named for a Theban commander who was martyred here about 300 A. D.) is an ancient hermitage apparently inaccessible on its rocky eyry; and near it a still-occupied Augustinian monastery, said to be the most ancient one north of the Alps. The frightful Gorges du Trient yawned on us to the right in the gloaming, and ere night had fallen we had reached Martigny and made friends with the fair proprietress of the Grand Hôtel du Mont Blanc, who secured for us comfortable seats "pour trois seuls" for the drive to Chamonix.

As we slowly climbed next morning the zigzag mountain road that leads out of the stony lanes of Martigny, many a longing glance went backward over the broad valley, between the Bernese and the Pennine Alps, that we were so long in quitting. It was a disappointment not to go farther by rail, to Sion and Visp and Zermatt, or even to Brieg, whence the great Simplon Road conducts to Italy, and to explore the wonders of the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa. But Zermatt is not easy to reach, and lies in a cul-de-sac, where the weather is apt to conspire with cunning innkeepers to unearth your "uttermost farthing" ere your quest be accomplished, and so we

were fain to allow Whymper's "Scrambles among the Alps" that stand hereabouts to do duty longer on our library shelves as their representative. A large party of the personally conducted and a still larger one of voracious mosquitoes had shared our rations at the inn; but we speedily left both behind in our two-seated carriage, heavily built as befits the demands made upon it, with the fourth place occupied by the driver, a good-natured lad who spoke indifferent French. Two horses drew the load; but the traces of one were of rope and attached independently to the driver's side of the vehicle, while the near horse went between thills as if single. Martigny is also the Swiss railway terminus of the route over the St. Bernard Pass from the Val d'Aosta in Piedmont; and soon we branched off to the right from the entrance to this grand defile, which leads to the hospice of the gentle monks who have for their dwelling the highest inhabited spot in Europe. Between the familiar paintings of the noble breed of dogs on their life-saving mission, and those of Bonaparte the First Consul, who here crossed the Alps for the first time with artillery, the wintry aspect of the pass is as familiar as it is forbidding;

but it smiled peacefully that morning, and nothing more formidable than a drove of sheep disputed its passage. Our own route was evidently a much-frequented one, for, as we climbed it at a slow walk, little Alpine children from wretched chalets beset our way with baskets of strawberries and other fruit, that were grown at quite too great an altitude to be worth even the poor pittance demanded. Short indeed is the season for crops in these high mountain regions. Women in nondescript apparel shared equally in the coarser labors of the men by the roadside, even to mowing the stubbly grass that promised such scanty sustenance. It is a pitiful fact that the peasants hasten the melting of the winter snows by several weeks in covering the frozen fields with slaty fragments brought down from above by the rushing streams in the spring.

At our noon relay, where we painfully partook of an alleged lunch at the Col de la Forclaz, on the crest of the divide and a mile above the sea, we discovered the reason for our singularly harnessed pair. Our downward route did not quite "lessen to a bridle-path, dwindle into a squirrel-track, and finally run up a tree;" but it at once became steep and

too narrow for two horses abreast, though still with the uniform grade that always obtains, and even without the annoyance of water-bars ; and he with the rope traces became a led horse behind our chariot, until we reached something better entitled to be called terra firma. At times the forward horse was also led by our careful attendant, the resounding crack of whose whip gave frequent warning in advance of a possible rencontre round some narrow and hazardous turn. Little by little we crept down into the steep defile, and by bold windings and rock tunnelling at last circumambulated the Tête-Noire, a glorious beetling promontory that thrusts itself into the gorge, and nearly stops the flow of the impetuous torrent at its base. Our sumpter-mule had considerately refrained from falling into the carriage; and we were content to allow him to resume his proper place before us, and trundled on as merrily as the highway in these desolate wilds would permit, till a carved inscription on a stone post before a handsome stone bridge proclaimed that we were out of Switzerland into France. Instantly the character of the road bed changed, and from thence to Chamonix we bowled along over a broad

macadamized highway fit for a Roman emperor. Over one watershed after another it wound its white and uniform course, till, by a graceful series of wide and reversed curves, we came swiftly down beside the brawling Arve, and were in the vale of Chamonix. Before us within a stone's throw was the face of the great Glacier d'Argentière as it debouched into the valley, a "motionless torrent, silent cataract" of ice, deeply furrowed by moraines, through the melted hollows of its lowest snows feeding the stream which, as it gathered force, filled the valley with its roar. If other Alpine streams were made of clay, this one seemed at its beginnings to be of chalk or even of cream; and by its side, awed more and more as we progressed by the grandeur of the Aiguille Verte and the magnificent wooded slopes that lead up to the Montanvert and the Mer de Glace, we drove into the little village of Chamonix.

In the yard before the Hôtel Royal et de Saussure, where we alighted, is a most spirited bronze statue representing the great Swiss naturalist who gives his name to the hotel. He stands with bared head in rapt delight, while the noted guide Jacques Balmat beside him eagerly points to the goal of their painful

labors, realized in the first conquest of Mont Blanc made more than a hundred years ago. The guide's good right hand leads the eye precisely to the apex of the awful form that rises, monarch of mountains, through eternal snows, amid shifting cloud-shapes no whiter than itself. It is a mass of mountains rather than a single peak, and the deep sense of mystery that broods over its far-removed and shadowy throne has a greater charm than a more frank revelation. It was the consummation of our Alpine experience; and in the watches of the night, not silent but filled with the roar of mountain torrent and whistling wind, L., even after her lifelong home among mountains and her passionate love of them, found the acute realization to be at times almost oppressive. What words like Coleridge's fitly interpret the total impression?

> "Companion of the morning star at dawn,
> . . . . . .
> Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
> . . . . . .
> Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
> Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven."

The spirit of Chamonix is imprisoned in the statue I have described, and the moods of the mountain-top are a constant study with eye

THE MONARCH OF THE ALPS, FROM CHAMONIX.

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and glass, in the interest of the Alpine climbers with whom the little village, practically inaccessible in winter, is in summer thronged. Donkeys and their riders made merry on every hand, and the market-place was filled with groups of guides around the office of their chief, waiting for the employment that in turn waited on the weather. But these were not the only occupants of the streets, for cows and goats with resounding bells wandered or were driven round our hotel in delightfully primitive fashion, and at hours which made a morning nap an exceedingly difficult achievement. In front of our windows, across the Arve, which flowed close by, rows of washerwomen diligently and volubly plied their craft at the water's edge; and we wondered what sort of a deposit the chalky water would leave upon the fabrics. How long it will be before railways will subjugate the whole of Switzerland, I do not know — not long, I fancy. An ominous line of surveyor's stakes from the west indicated that one was approaching Chamonix (which, by the way, like most of Mont Blanc, belongs to the department of Savoy in France). But it had not yet invaded that wonderful vale, from which we made our exit by diligence to

Cluses, — a three hours' ride by the only way out except that by which we had come. It was a great pleasure to make acquaintance with one of these "prairie schooners" of the Old World, before they pass quite into history. The general effect is much like a circus band-wagon, or, as Peter Ibbetsen was wont to say, "three yellow wagons stuck together." In some of them there is a central open core for passengers over the baggage, with other compartments above that and in front, and a huge tarpaulin or canvas covering all. Ours had twenty-two passengers and five horses, the three leaders abreast, with a uniformed conductor beside the driver, and a horn to keep our track clear and insure us the right of way between precipice and river parapet. A babel of polyglot speech enveloped us, and in it all America held her own. Ere we reached Cluses (which is a large watch-making centre), and took the railway to Geneva, a violent thunderstorm overtook and nearly drenched the diligence; and thus we fittingly bade farewell to the spirits of the Alps.

Geneva is on the French border, and far the largest and most important city of Switzerland; and its canton, which we entered from Savoy,

and which is almost detached from the others, was the last to join the confederation in 1814. A fine allegorical national monument near the quay commemorates the fact. It is by historical association rather French than Swiss, having passed from a town of the Allobroges, when Cæsar conquered Gaul, to be the capital of Burgundy. Since then its history has been varied and interesting. Its bridge of Mont Blanc spans the swift Rhone just as it leaves the lake, the old town lying on the left bank, between which and the modern quarter lies Rousseau's Isle, and on it is the statue of the wild and brilliant sophist, who was born in Geneva. Both the English and American Churches, as well as the Greek Church, maintain chapels in the city. Many votaries of science have here made their home; and it is to-day a chief centre for manufactures demanding delicate mechanism. Here was De Saussure's home, and that of Sismondi and D'Aubigné, the historians. A centre of religious thought and often of religious intolerance, here John Calvin, with almost sovereign power, enforced the revolting doctrines long since abjured by most of his followers; and on a hill near by he burned Servetus at the stake for heresy. John Knox here visited Calvin

and preached for two years; and here was a city of refuge for Huguenots after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. At Ferney, a few miles to the north, Voltaire built the chateau where he long held court as the first scholar of Europe, and furnished intolerance with its natural sequel of infidelity. The godlessness of continental Sundays has no more natural home than in this vicinity. The educational advantages of Geneva have long been of a high order, and its citizens have often been leaders, though not always for the public weal. Its name is indissolubly connected with the Geneva Bible, the Geneva Arbitration between England and America, and the Geneva Convention to alleviate the horrors of war.

There is however little now to detain the ordinary tourist here. The Swiss National Exposition was holding its sessions as we passed through; but its fortunes were impaired by a rainy season in Switzerland. On re-entering France and the district of Western Europe, we regained the hour in time which we had lost when crossing the Belgian frontier eastward, due north from here. Between Geneva and Paris lie some hundreds of miles with comparatively little to delay a rapid transit; and we passed over them in a sleeping-train —

our only experience of night travel. It was a most satisfactory one; the quarters very comfortable and the speed great. French trains of this character are by no means cheap; but privacy is better secured than in our ordinary "sleepers," by closed compartments with berths lying cross-wise of the car, and opening on a long corridor at one side. Our previous passage from the Valais through Savoy had been exempt from customs; but at Bellegarde we turned out again willy-nilly, bag and baggage, for one more exasperating inspection, and then sped northward through the darkness. Even a swift night ride could not conceal the beauty and fertility of rural France, whose enormous resources the milliards of indemnity paid to Germany could not seriously impair. At Culoz near Aix-les-Bains we made junction with the train from Italy by the Mont Cenis route, and at Macon with that from the Riviera and Nice. These cities and Dijon were the only ones of importance on our way, which lay through the heart of Burgundy; and in the gray and prosaic air of early morning we entered Paris by the Gare (station) de Lyon.

VII

PARIS

I

LOUIS QUATORZE, the incarnation of absolutism, said, with a fine burst of modesty, "L'état, c'est moi;" and so now-a-days it is said of the city to whose name the heart of every true Frenchman thrills, "Paris is France." A century ago absolutism brought about its own destruction; but some revival of it under the Second Empire made Paris over into what it is to-day — an essentially modern city; and so the whirligig of time brings in its revenges. As no civilized town has passed through such horrors and suffered such mutilation as Paris, so no city of the twentieth century bears such unmistakable marks of modernity stamped upon the wreck and effacement of her old-world glories. One finds antiquities in plenty in Paris; but they seem to leave little impress on its life, and do not essentially influence its general characteristics. Its very topography is largely changed.

It is no longer even the Paris of Louis Philippe, the Citizen-King. What the Revolution failed to destroy, the reign of the Commune did its best to ruin, and Baron Haussmann, with his magnificent avenues, fairly re-constructed the map. Could the First Consul stand again upon the steps of the Church of St. Roch, where he planted his cannon against the mob of Paris, he would have some difficulty in recognizing the city of his own people. Perhaps it is this element of newness, of the comparative lack of present association with remote events, such as one looks for in a capital as ancient as Julius Cæsar, which is one secret of the air of superficial unreality apparent to the observer. Paris undeniably has its charm; it bears a stamp all its own; in its way it is peerless. If "all good Americans, when they die, go to Paris," plenty of them do not care to wait for death before making the journey. And it is not antiquity which they seek there, but life — such a life as is lived nowhere else. It is this, and not patriotism, which makes the Parisian's love of country. When you are among them you are captivated; but the pace is too rapid to be permanently attractive to one who is not to the manner born or bred. You soon

tire of it, and want rest; and though you may return, and even, as many do, end by fluttering in its brilliancy as the moth does about the candle, it can never be homelike, as many foreign cities are. Its life is passed in public, — the life of the boulevards, the bois, the shops, the cafés, the theatres, cafés-chantants, and bals-champêtres. Retirement is at a discount. It is a question of race. Such pursuits are the recreation of most peoples, their safety-valve; here recreation is itself a most engrossing occupation.

It is strange that, in a city so thoroughly up-to-date (and often considerably ahead of it) as Paris, electricity is not more apparent as a motive-power in the streets, although the automobile, or horseless carriage, driven by stored electricity, naphtha, or steam, is rapidly acquiring its place as a private conveyance, and will soon become a public one. Its early vogue here is another proof of the superiority of the French in mechanical art and skill. The absence of elevated or depressed roads, and of other means of rapid transit, very soon brings keenly home to the visitor the city's vast extent; and the more so that it is not compact, nor its attractions readily reached as

in New York. There is a multiplicity of omnibuses and tramways, whose routes are arranged on a complex system of "correspondances," by which it is easy for the initiated to cheapen fares through a series of exchanges. But to a transient voyager the system does not readily commend itself, for the pace of either conveyance (especially the omnibus), drawn as they both are by horses, is slow indeed to an American's sense of speed. Each of them has a double longitudinal row of seats (back to back) on the top, to which you climb by a steep flight at the rear. Each has its exact complement of passengers, inside and out; and an American sustains a sudden and healthy shock to his habits on being denied admission where there is still plenty of standing-room. As soon as the seats of either part are filled, the conductor has nothing to do but point inexorably to the sign *complet*, and that settles it. But you can easily pre-empt a vacant seat at any of the numerous bureaux along the routes, where you are given a card numbered in the order of your application, and available in that order with the conductor when the next conveyance makes its appearance. The upper seats are cheaper and much more agreeable,

and are always filled in pleasant weather. There is no better way than this to obtain a general idea of Paris externally, when you have abundance of time.

Aside from suburban steam-trains, which are also at times two-story affairs, and the belt-railway line that engirdles the whole city on the line of the fortifications, there is practically no other means of hired locomotion except the *fiacres*, or one-horse open vehicles for two or three persons, of which the city has fifteen thousand or more; and here Paris is exemplified. The horses and carriages are owned by various large companies, of whom the *cocher*, or driver, rents under restrictions; and from this outfit he derives an income which would be somewhat precarious, except that he seems not to pause in his career for such trifles as meals or sleep. At all hours he is whirling through the streets, until early morning finds him and his turn-out jaded and seedy, if not sodden. The pavements are generally of asphalt or wood, and an amazing amount of traffic is carried on with little noise. This has its drawbacks, however, for many of the avenues are of great width; and as carriages have the right of way against the pedestrian, crossings

would be safer of accomplishment if the latter were in a constant course of athletic training. There is no prescribed (or at least enforced) order of progress in any direction, and the "go-as-you-please" arrangement readily degenerates into one rather of *sauve qui peut.* This was illustrated in L.'s experience, who, cautiously watching her opportunity between two *fiacres* passing in front of her at the gait of Roman scythed chariots, was fairly snatched by her companion from the horse-hoofs of a third, not to be outdone round a corner in the rear. In the scrimmage you will get no aid from the police, or *sergents-de-ville,* who have something else to do in a city where humanity is actually fined for obstructing the equine passage. Naturally this does not lessen the *cocher's* sense of irresponsibility; and he is often stupid and reckless, sometimes brutal, and always sternly insistent on his *pourboire,* or drink-money, of twenty-five centimes, to which custom entitles him in addition to his fare. But from the point of view of the passenger alone, when safely bestowed inside, double the amount of sight-seeing can be satisfactorily accomplished in this manner over any other.

The river Seine is rather a poor stream; but

the twenty or more bridges that span it are magnificent, and many of them historic or historically commemorative. It flows in a general direction from southeast to southwest, and bisects the city into unequal portions in a sweeping curve. The core of Paris is the isle of *le Cité* (or of *le Palais*), on which Notre Dame is built, east of what was the ancient palace of the kings of France. The island was originally all there was of Paris, till ecclesiasticism appropriated it entire, leaving the burgesses to overflow to the north or right bank, and learning to the south, where the great University grew up. The palace is gone, and its site is occupied by the *Palais de Justice*, or law courts, for which purpose it was given by Charles VII. in 1431. Fragments of the ancient buildings have almost miraculously survived the wreck of fire and revolution, siege and anarchy. One of the most interesting of these is the Conciergerie on the water front, a political prison famous indeed in the annals of France, whose most famous occupants were Robespierre and the hapless Marie Antoinette, and whose massive, pointed, cylindrical towers confess their great antiquity. Of yet more interest, because of its exquisite

THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE, AND THE CONCIERGERIE.

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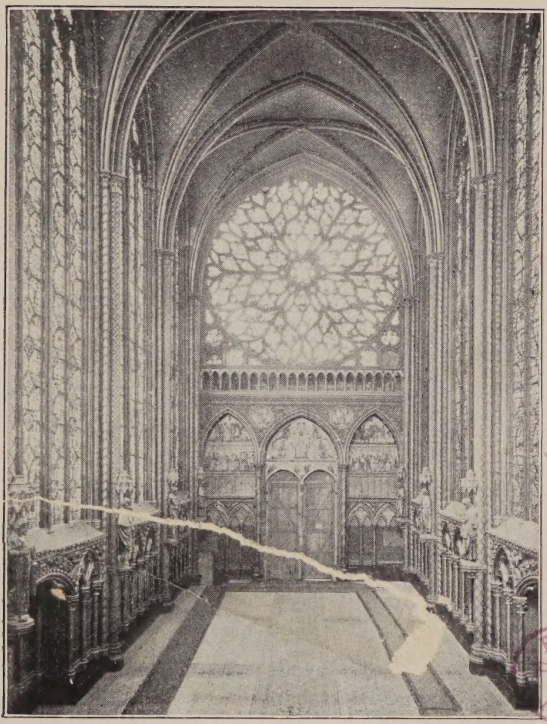

THE INTERIOR OF THE SAINTE CHAPELLE.

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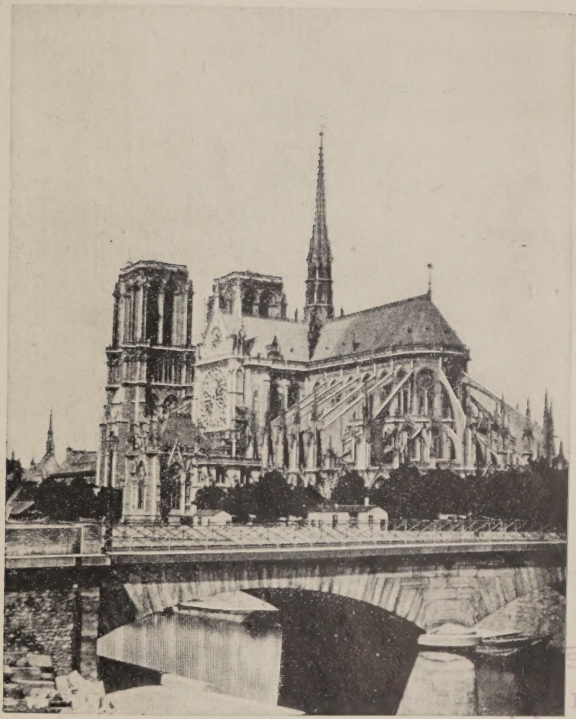
beauty, is the Sainte Chapelle, built in 1245 by Saint Louis, — one of the rarest gems of Gothic architecture, its spire a miracle of delicacy, and, small and dainty though it be, surpassing Notre Dame itself in the glory of its fifteen great windows. It is hidden away from sight in courts behind other buildings, and is preserved no longer for worship, but for its associations and loveliness. Words can hardly describe its superb stained glass of the time of Saint Louis himself, which, with the magnificent enclosing tracery, blend nearly the entire space of its four lofty walls into one vast refulgent window. The oldest hospital in Paris, and doubtless in Europe, was planted nearly twelve hundred years ago under Clovis II. where now on the same site rises the Hôtel-Dieu with its nearly one thousand beds.

Adjoining it is the square on which front the majestic though unfinished towers of the great cathedral, whose façade, devoid as it is of spires, belittled by lofty surrounding buildings, and nearly sunk in soil, which originally fell away from it by a flight of thirteen steps, is still one of the grandest in Europe. It is the earliest of its kind, and after it many others in France have been modelled. Its

three great portals are a mass of sculpture; and across the entire face, midway of its height, surmounted by a superb rose-window, are ranged twenty-eight colossal statues of the kings of France. Restoration has been busy here; for rapine, sacrilege, and even bestial orgies have run riot in the sacred building, and that not only during the Revolution, — when it was saved from destruction only to be profaned as the "Temple of Reason," whose enthroned figure, represented by a ballet-dancer, received the worship of her votaries, — but again in our own day, when Communists after its pillage used it as a depot, and at last actually set it on fire. Architecturally, it belongs to the transition period between Roman and Gothic; and the best description of it is the vivid chapter in the third book of Victor Hugo's great novel of Notre Dame, which he there styles a "symphony in stone." The majestic sweep of its buttressed choir-apse, the vastness and loftiness of its interior, the number and variety of the columns that support its vaulting, and the extraordinary beauty of the wood-carving of its choir and chapels are alike apparent. But the great scene that imagination here involuntarily summons up



THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME

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is of the day when Napoleon, Emperor of France and arbiter of the destiny of Europe, stood at the summit of its long choir, and placed on his own brow the imperial diadem; while Josephine knelt at his feet to receive the circlet of sovereignty, and banners waved, and incense rose, and music breathed the strains of solemn triumph. We were turning our backs on the choir when a funeral procession entered and passed up through the shadows of the south aisle to a side altar where a priest intoned amid the flicker of many candles. In visiting continental cathedrals, it is, indeed, almost the usual experience to encounter a service of some sort in the vast building or in some one of its chapels. The great Bourdon hangs in the south tower, and thoughts of Quasimodo, the hunchback bell-ringer, and of the fair Esmeralda accompanied us up the climbing stair to the exterior gallery where so splendid a panorama is had of Paris. Here is the happy hunting-ground of the gargoyle, and one superlatively delightful old stone demon, with sardonic grin and projecting tongue, held between his hands a scowling visage that seemed to reflect the picturesque and supererogatory wickedness on

which he must have looked down sympathetically for centuries. The Pont-Neuf (not now the new, but, on the contrary, the oldest bridge on the Seine), with its equestrian statue of gallant Henry IV., recast from the original figure of Napoleon on the Vendôme column, spans river and island at its western apex, and the Morgue, with its gruesome immates in full view, is at the other extremity; while farther to the east lies the Isle St. Louis, apparently as unhistoric as it is retired and uninteresting. There is a saying that one cannot cross the Pont-Neuf without meeting a priest, a soldier, and a white horse; but this might almost be said of any of the crowded bridges of Paris.

Though the name survives, the limitations of the ancient Faubourgs do not exist, nor any express indication of what constituted Old Paris. The arteries of traffic are no longer congested, and within thirty years they have been extended to the present fortifications, which lie far beyond the *octroi* of Louis XIV. Very much of picturesqueness in architecture, however, has been sacrificed to the exigencies of progress; and a uniformity prevails in the heavy style of modern French dwellings, with their endless Mansard roofs, that often degen-

erates into a wearisome monotony; and there is none of the spick-and-span appearance about the buildings which a novice might anticipate. Outside of the Faubourg St. Germain, the conservative and aristocratic home of the *haute noblesse*, there are comparatively few buildings in Paris of any sort without shops on the street level. The ground floor is called the *rez-de-chaussée*, and the stories, or *étages*, begin to be numbered from the next floor above. If there be a janitor, he is called the *concierge*, and has a little den near the entrance. If one is to remain a week or more, he will doubtless prefer, as we did, to take lodgings *en pension*, rather than to stay at one of the great hotels. This will not always insure a gain, except to the pocket, and one will need to scrutinize closely; but to us it insured a real home as well, whose privileges I am glad to acknowledge. Our landlady was Madame G., at No. 45 Rue de Clichy, near the Church of La Trinité and north of the Opéra. She has made a delightful centre for American travellers, scores of the best of whom she numbers among her attached personal friends; and it was a pleasure to hear her speak of her approaching trip to the United States as "the dream of her

life." Her spacious home was once that of Victor Hugo, and is typical of many such of the better class. Its entrance is by a covered archway on the street, opening on a paved courtyard around which its four stories are built. The great author's study looked out on the enclosed garden of shrubbery in the rear on which our windows opened, and his presence seemed very near. Here we made many pleasant acquaintances and unexpectedly met home friends who had been cycling through England. English is well spoken in the household, which is a recommendation hardly safe to extend to Parisian shops, where it is often the synonym for extortion. One looks instinctively for good cookery in Paris, and finds it everywhere; but to say no more than this would be to do very imperfect justice to Madame G.'s nectar and ambrosia. I trust these words may not prove inefficacious to some; for it is an easy matter for a stranger to reckon without his host in that city, as we narrowly escaped doing.

The word "boulevard" is a corruption of bulwark, and the old or inner ones, known as the Grand Boulevards, once followed the lines of the city's defences, sweeping around it in a

rough circle. But these limits were long ago overpassed, when, as Hugo says, Paris "burst its girdle," as New York has just done; and beyond a still exterior series of them, suburban areas, or *banlieus*, extend to those of the *enceinte*, which is really a military road. Many "new" boulevards (as they are called) run transversely, having no connection with the ramparts, and these rank with the finest of the avenues. Names of streets are never exactly duplicated, and never numerical. A large proportion of their names are historically commemorative of events or individuals, — perhaps more of them than in any other city, — even to the matter of a historical date, as the "Rue du quatrième septembre." Some of America's greatest names are here thus embalmed. Many of the continental embassies cluster around the present official headquarters of the French government, on the south bank of the Seine, where it flows most northerly within the city limits. At this point is the Chamber of Deputies, known also as the Corps Législatif, or the Palais Bourbon, in the style of a Greek temple of the Corinthian order. Here governments of the nineteenth century have been made and overthrown; and to its

walls, which have resounded with the debates of Gambetta and his fiery followers and rivals, admission is allowed only after an introduction and formalities. This is in the Quartier St. Germain, where blue-blooded conservatism reigns supreme. East of the Chamber and opposite the Tuileries Gardens is the homelike palace of the Legion of Honor, where Madame de Staël held her famous reunions under the Directory; and near it is the beautiful ruin (one of the very few ruins in Paris) of the palace of the Council of State, destroyed by the Commune. On the river bank, still to the east and opposite the Louvre, lies the Palace of the Institute, due to Cardinal Mazarin, which shelters, under the shadow of Voltaire's statue, the famous French Academy of the forty Immortals, and its other departments of learning, that are served by some two hundred members. Next it is the Mint, and near by, back from the river, is the Palais des Beaux-Arts. "Palace" is applied to many buildings which perhaps never were and certainly are not now occupied as such in republican France. This latter is the great school of Fine Arts, whose pupils strive for the "grand prix de Rome," which when bestowed sends them without ex-

pense to the Eternal City for four years of study. Its chief treasure among many is Paul Delaroche's encaustic painting on the semi-circular wall of its Amphitheatre, known as the "Hemicycle," glorifying the art of all ages in an immense historico-allegorical group.

The churches of Paris are very many and full of interest, though not always of good art. This part of the city has its share, among them St. Germain des Prés, one of the most ancient, which once belonged to an abbey of which Hugo Capet himself was the abbot; and St. Sulpice, possessing vast revenues, most imposing dimensions, an enormous organ, and the meridian of Paris traced in its pavement. The two spires of St. Clothilde not far away emphasize the finest modern church in the city. If cheapness and fair dealing, as well as vast transactions, are worthy of record for strangers (and surely they are in Paris), the great Bon Marché establishment (Magazin des Nouveautés), a little further west, should be mentioned by name. To the south Marie de Médicis built the Luxembourg Palace, which was later a temporary state-prison in which Josephine and many others were confined during the Revolution, before it came to be styled

the Palace of the Directory, and of the Consulate. The Senate meets here now, and its Gardens, open constantly to the public, still retain their original Renaissance features. Its famous gallery of paintings and sculpture is small, as the most distinguished productions are generally removed (usually to the Louvre) after ten years from the death of their French authors. Bouguereau, Constant, Gérôme, Isabey, Lefebvre, and Meissonier are among the great names here enshrined in their works, and Rosa Bonheur's "Husbandry in the Nivernais" looks out from the wall with a startling fidelity to nature that we later had the opportunity to prove from observation. Between the Gardens and the Observatory, which latter marks the southern limit of the inner boulevards, stands a most spirited statue in bronze, with flashing sword and the war-cry on his lips, of "the bravest of the brave." Here the charmed life of Marshal Ney, which had survived the horrors of the rear-guard of the Grande Armée amid Russian snows, went out under the bullets of his own ungrateful and dastardly countrymen. The Church of Val-de-Grâce, near by, is part of a nunnery founded by Anne of Austria in gratitude for the birth

of her son, the Grand Monarque. The dome and high altar reproduce St. Peter's at Rome; and here Bossuet preached his famous funeral oration over Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I. of England, who is entombed in the church.

The Latin Quarter is a quite indeterminate term, denoting a general district from the Luxembourg easterly to the Seine, and derives its name from the learned institutions conducted here in that language, founded centuries ago. It is a home for struggling art under those most Bohemian conditions which have been so deliciously immortalized in Du Maurier's masterpiece; but he who seeks to locate definitely the haunts of Trilby, Little Billee, Taffy, and the Laird is doomed to disappointment. The Panthéon is approximately its centre, near the tomb of Sainte Genevieve, the patron-saint of Paris, on the highest land on the Seine's left bank. Louis XV. began the great, empty building with its colonnaded portico and lofty dome, which recalls the Pantheon at Rome, and stands for about the same pagan ideas here as there. It has been thrice consecrated to religion, and thrice secularized as a national memorial temple,—the last time at the funeral

of Victor Hugo, whose ashes repose in its vaults. These have a serener fate than befell those of Mirabeau, Marat, Rousseau, and Voltaire, which once were here as well, but are now scattered in unknown places. The very noblest of contemporaneous French art is rapidly covering its vast wall-spaces with allegorical and historical paintings by Puvis de Chavannes, Bonnet, and others. At a corner of the Place is the late Gothic Church of St. Étienne du Mont, which contains the actual tomb of Sainte Genevieve, and a *jubé*, or rood-loft, of carved marble pillars around which twine spiral marble staircases of exquisite beauty. Northward is the Collége de France, and the University of the Sorbonne, originally a religious nucleus established by the confessor of Saint Louis, whose name (Robert de Sorbon) it still bears. The greatest of all cardinals crystallized it into a home of scholastic theology, and the greatest of the tombs which its church contains enshrines "the indomitable heart of Armand Richelieu." Just here was the original residence of Frankish monarchs, even anterior to their occupation of the adjoining Île de la Cité; and the Hôtel and Museum of Cluny are full of the rarest of

THE SHRINE OF SAINTE GENEVIÈVE.

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mediæval curiosities. This section of the city terminates at the east with the Bridge of Austerlitz and the Jardin des Plantes; the latter the repository of most Parisian institutions of natural science, founded by Richelieu, and receiving enormous contributions from Humboldt. Subterranean quarries of limestone anciently undermined the whole of this quarter, and for a hundred years they have been converted into vast catacombs, lined with human skulls and bones, which extend far and wide in a series of galleries, having entrances in some sixty different localities. This charnel-house, however, is merely utilitarian and modern, having none of the tragic religious charm which invests the hiding-places of the early Christians at Rome.

VIII

PARIS

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FAR more interesting than the catacombs are the sewers of Paris, excursions through which are of frequent occurrence, admission, however, requiring previous application to the authorities. They need and have often received detailed description, but I shall only note that their sanitary operation is perfect where the population is more dense than in any other large European city, and that their combined length cannot be much less than one thousand miles. The best guide-book to them is Hugo's matchless description of Jean Valjean's heroic and hapless journey through them. Near the Hôtel de Ville on the north bank is the usual entrance for visitors, and toward the east and north of here are many haunts familiar to the readers of "Les Misérables." Here lies much of the elder portion of Paris, perhaps even now less disturbed than others. Around two historic

THE GRAND COURT OF THE LOUVRE.

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centres hereabouts most of the tumults of Paris have raged, — the Tuileries to the west, now destroyed by mad Frenchmen themselves under the Commune of 1871, and the Hôtel de Ville, the headquarters of the municipality. Nothing remains of the Tuileries except its splendid gardens, — which are in truth "the paradise of nursemaids and children," — and the easterly wings which once united it with, and now form part of, the Louvre. In the enormous court formed between these wings is the Place du Carrousel, where equestrian tournaments were once held. On one side of it is a spirited monument to Gambetta, and on the other the Arch of Triumph built by Napoleon, which once upheld the four bronze horses of St. Mark brought by him from conquered Venice. It imitates the Arch of Severus at Rome; but the huge buildings since erected about it make it look like a toy, as does also the equestrian statue of Joan of Arc near by, which, outside the Panthéon decorations, is her sole memorial in the city she died to save. A labyrinth of narrow streets occupied this site as late as the days of Louis Philippe, and the work of its reclamation was not completed till the third Napoleon finally

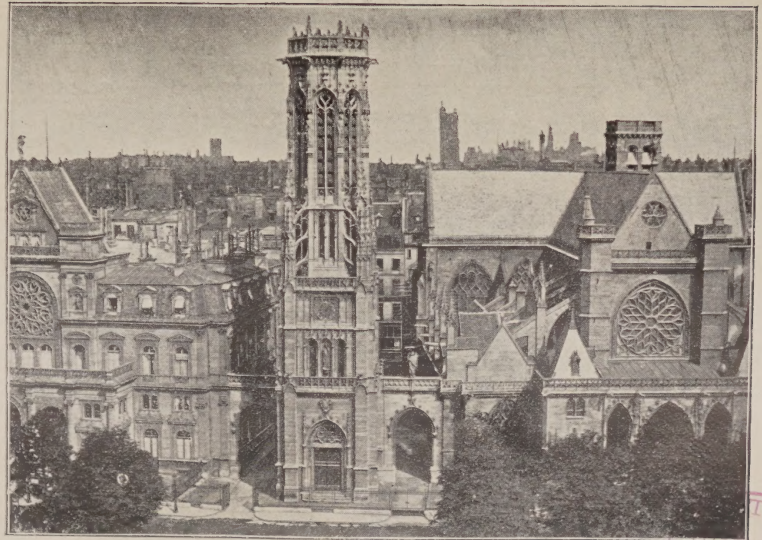
established in the finished Tuileries the court of the Empire. The palace's career, however, had long been historic. Hedged about with meaner buildings, and close to the most disorderly elements (even deriving its name from the tile-kilns which occupied its site before Catharine de Médicis founded it), it witnessed the installation of the hapless Louis XVI., when forcibly brought by the fierce "Dames de la Halle" from Versailles, and his ignominious flight when the brave Swiss Guard perished before the infuriated mob in its defence. Napoleon I. lived here, and Louis Philippe; but its career as a palace was brief, though magnificent, especially during the spendthrift and dissolute days of the Second Empire, and its star set on the day that the fair Empress Eugénie bade it farewell forever, after Sedan.

But a nobler palace than that of royalty remains, — the free palace of art, once the Louverie, a hunting chateau in a wolf-infested forest, now the shrine of all that is loftiest of its kind in France, and the most extensive museum in Europe. Its enormous proportions are not only imposing and delightful to the eye, especially on the long river front,

but heart-breaking to the muscular and nervous forces in their hopeless endeavor to cope with all its attractions. Without the exercise of strict prudence and good judgment in the husbandry of one's strength, the delights of any great gallery, and the Louvre above all, will soon pall through sheer weariness, till it makes little difference to the exhausted sightseer whether the finest picture have its back or its face against the wall. This is no more than fair warning to the enthusiastic and inexperienced. The human retina can all too soon become saturated with form and color, and remain powerless to absorb more, till the recovery and identification of the individual impression appears altogether hopeless. And the victory is to him who has on his side the auxiliaries of time and mood wherewith to reinforce his powers. All forms of art are collected in the Louvre in endless profusion; that of the French race of course pre-eminently, but with acquisitions from all other European peoples, and from America's beginnings as well, acquired whether by purchase or legacy or conquest. The Revolution was the great centralizer of the treasures already in France; and Napoleon despoiled half

of Europe to augment them. On the construction of the older buildings to the east, Francis I. and Henry IV. and Louis XIII. and XIV. left the impress of their powerful hands; and Napoleon the Great restored them all. Huguenot chieftains stood round Margaret of Valois when on this spot she wedded King Henry of Navarre, and — irony of fate — here, a short five days after, the order was given which caused the bell of the ancient church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois across the way to sound the fatal signal for the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Except on Monday (the usual cleaning day in great museums) this wilderness of art is usually free to every comer, rich or poor; and the study of the treasures on wall and ceiling may often be rivalled by that of nature, as afforded in the crowds of the common people who avail themselves of the inestimable privilege, and in the work of reproduction constantly going forward through the patient labors of artists oblivious of all but their art. Two thousand paintings and more line these mazes of picture galleries, in which it is easier to be lost than found. Many masters can be studied satisfactorily only here. The antiqui-



THE BELFRY OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE.

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ties, curiosities, furniture, the arms, music, gems, vases, statuary, industrial arts, and mechanical reproductions of well nigh every country of the Old World make any effort to catalogue, or to grasp a catalogue when made, a task indeed hopeless. Let us at once abandon such an attempt, and barely speak of a few of the very chiefest works. Titian has many portraits here, — of himself and his mistress, of the "Man with the Glove," and of Francis the First, who never gave the great painter a sitting, — and these quite overshadow others of the Venetian school. Paul Veronese brings into his immense "Marriage at Cana" the portraits of Mary of England, Charles V. with the Golden Fleece, Tintoretto, and Titian, as well as of himself and many other courtly figures. Rembrandt best represents the Dutch school and the later Protestant spirit by his "Carpenter's Family at Nazareth," his "Christ at Emmaus," and by his own portrait with the gold chain. Rubens is, as everywhere, astonishing in production, having covered enormous wall-spaces by twenty scenes or more in the career of Marie de Médicis and her son, Louis XIII., most vigorously, but at the same time fulsomely and allegorically treated, as if for

hire. Of Raphael, the Louvre has more examples than exist in any other gallery. His great "Holy Family of Francis I.," and the Madonna known as "La Belle Jardinière," are so dramatic and exquisite in finish as almost to reconcile one to the absence of his "Transfiguration." Almost equally famous are his "Apollo flaying Marsyas" and "Saint Michael conquering Satan."

Leonardo da Vinci never finished his portrait of the Florentine Madonna, the wife of Giocondo; and time has dealt harshly with it, so that much must be left to the imagination. But the wonderful smile of Mona Lisa is still there, as it is in other portraits by Leonardo, — not witching in its beauty, but weird in its mystery, the witchery of the sphinx or of one of the Fates in portraiture. The famous Salon Carrée, which enshrines most of these creations, as it does Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," is a marvel indeed among the high marvels of art, and perhaps, as a whole, has no superior. It seems little less than absurd to allude no further to the deathless work of the brush here. The galleries of sculpture do not, as a whole, rival those of Italy; but this sketch must not be dismissed without at least

naming two which live imperishably in the memory, when once seen. Midway of the grand staircase is the "Niké, or Winged Victory of Samothrace," reconstructed at infinite pains from fragments found on that island in our own day. Headless though the goddess be, it is hard to realize that she is not in life and motion, as she almost floats off the wide stair. If, as is supposed, she commemorates an ante-Christian naval victory, there could scarcely have been anything more broadly dignified and majestic in early Hellenic sculpture. I have kept the best till the last. The Venus of Milo, the chief treasure of the Louvre, is first seen down a vista in a darkly-curtained room, in which, as is fitting, she is regnant and alone. Her powerful and majestic form is known the world over as the perfect type of woman the goddess. From the countless familiar reproductions, you may at first be unprepared for the slight imperfections in the material figure which time and exposure long ago wrought, for she has, herself, been subjected to some necessary restoration. But after you leave her, you must needs return, summoned imperiously by the matchless blending of beauty, youth, and dignity which you

seek in vain elsewhere; and it will be strange, indeed, if this Aphrodite does not abide with you as the loftiest expression of the innate nobility of essential womanhood.

The Rue de Rivoli is a most noble street of great *magasins*, the latter full of everything conceivable in those articles called distinctively "*de Paris*." Its great arcaded shops oppose the whole length of the Louvre and Tuileries on the north, and extend far beyond their eastern extremity. Opposite its centre, where the Avenue de l'Opéra meets the Rue St. Honoré, still stands the old Palais Royal, cheek by jowl with the Théâtre Français, greatest of all French theatres. Molière practically founded the theatre, and Richelieu erected the palace, and here may be called the gay city's central geographical point. The shades of Corneille, Racine, and Molière, and their great interpreters, Talma, Rachel, and Mars, are present with every sympathetic lover of the French drama, as he passes the Doric vestibule, to be delighted with the very acme of modern acting on the same lofty level as was theirs. But, alas, the neighboring palace, which was left by the great Cardinal to be tenanted next by Anne of Austria and her

sons, has undergone greater vicissitudes, and now is quite degenerate. Philip of Orléans, regent for Louis XV., and his grandson, Philippe Égalité, led infamous lives here. Camille Desmoulins on this spot called to arms the populace whose "National Guard," the second day after, captured the Bastille. And Louis Philippe and his court here danced over the volcano which burst in the Revolution of 1848. Its ground floors are now filled with the gaudy shops of swindling jewellers, and it is but the faded wreck of its former self. The National Library, probably the largest in the world, which, like many other great works, owes its origin to the sumptuous Francis I., lies behind its gardens, and on the site of the old palace of Cardinal Mazarin. Near by, adjoining the Place des Victoires, with its equestrian statue of Louis XIV., is the Bank of France, which alone can issue bank notes in the republic; and a little to the north is the Bourse, or Exchange, which imitates the Temple of Vespasian, but which Hugo contemptuously dismisses as being "square, and costing so many million francs." The centre of finance is not far removed from those of correspondence and of provisions, the General Post-Office,

and the enormous Central *Halles*, whose market women have derived present occupancy by heredity from the days of the Revolution. Between the two latter is old St. Eustache, where the funeral rites of Mirabeau were celebrated. On the way, and near to the Hôtel de Ville, is the Tour St. Jacques, with its statue of Pascal, who experimented on its summit, now little more than a landmark. The Communists burned the old Hôtel de Ville with the Tuileries, treating royalty and municipality with great impartiality. But buildings do not long stay destroyed in Paris, and the present superb City Hall is worthy of the traditions and dignity of the French capital. In this square Louis Blanc proclaimed, in 1848, the institution of the republic, and in the magnificent building the republic of a very recent year of grace has welcomed royalty.

To the east and north of here lie the densely populated Faubourgs of St. Antoine and the Temple, the busy hives of the blue-bloused workmen, whose manufacturers sedulously cater to the rather frothy tastes of Jacques Bonhomme. Follow the Rue St. Antoine beyond that of the Rivoli, and before you, at its end, rises the slender, bronze Column of July,

crowned with its graceful Genius of Liberty, so lightly poised upon a globe. The column serves a double purpose. It is inscribed to the citizen patriots of "the memorable days of the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, 1830;" but it stands on a heavy circular course of marble, on which Napoleon I. intended to place a great bronze elephant, half as high as the column: for the square in which you stand is the Place de la Bastille, and at the demolition of the fortress in 1789, the "third estate" had decreed a commemorative column where once proudly rose that hoary stronghold of ancient and tyrannous cruelty, part of whose stones now fitly form the upper courses of the Bridge of Concord. We are on the Great Boulevards at their eastern extremity, whence they sweep northerly in a grand curve, through the subdivision called Beaumarchais to that of the Temple. A stronghold of Knights Templar was built near the latter early in the thirteenth century (for the Boulevards, then and long after, formed the city ramparts, with their outlying towers), and therein, on the site where now is a heterogeneous market, the Dauphin and Dauphiness were imprisoned before execution. Louis Philippe narrowly escaped assassination,

by Fieschi's infernal machine, near by in 1835, on one of those cheerfully recurrent occasions when mercurial French blood suddenly and unexpectedly boiled over in bloodshed.

One had better miss most other Parisian sights than Père Lachaise cemetery, which lies easterly on the outer line of Boulevards and quite near the Prison de la Roquette. In this prison-yard the brave and pure Archbishop Darboy suffered martyrdom at the gory hands of the Commune, — a worthy comrade of brave old Admiral Coligny with the hoary hair. Père Lachaise was the Jesuit confessor of Louis XIV., and the cemetery chapel is built on the site of his country-seat. The expression "city of the dead" is a poetic figure; but here it is invested with seeming reality in cold stone and metal. We speak of the "narrow house," but without conception of the actual mimicry of houses which here densely cover more than a hundred acres, strangely adding to death the mockery of life as their semi-pathetic, semi-grotesque little façades stand over the graves of twenty thousand dead, whose strange last resting place is at times visited by five times that number of the living at once. Many of the characteristics of a more southern Campo

Santo obtain here, — likenesses of the dead in profusion, passionate personal addresses on every hand, mottoes, emblems, and wreaths, all made of metal, horse-hair, or beads, imperishable and often of immense size and in most execrable taste. But this is the secondary impression, the first being that of narrow, shaded, serpentine avenues, labyrinthine in their windings, and almost without outlook, because thickly bordered, not so much with monuments and headstones, as with little tombs set very closely together, and these encumbered with countless iron railings, and often assuming the form of little columned or windowed houses. These sometimes actually reveal a microscopic interior arranged as if vainly to copy a lost domestic life, since it were charity to assume that the intent is not mere tawdry show. Verily, these departed folk are more closely crowded in death than even in life. And the apparent poignancy of grief at funerals, with hired mourners and treble suits of woe, if it be sometimes superficial, is at least reverently regarded by the passer-by, which cannot always be said of the Anglo-Saxon. It is again a question of race; and the childish features of mortuary

commemoration have commended themselves for generations to all sorts and conditions of Frenchmen. For, of the great ones of the past, there lies within these precincts all that is mortal, among actors and dramatists, of Molière, Talma, and Scribe; among warriors and statesmen, of Ney, Masséna, Thiers, and Casimir Périer; among writers, of Balzac, Michelet, La Fontaine, and Béranger; among scientists, of Arago, Laplace, and Cuvier; among musicians, of Cherubini, Chopin, Bellini, and Auber; among painters, of Ingres and David. The common tomb of Abelard and Héloïse appeals to every lover, and is the shrine earliest sought by most pilgrims. Rachel the great *tragédienne* lies with her race in the Israelite section. Lafayette is buried in the little Cemetery of Picpus to the south, among the Montmorencies and other old families of France.

The Avenue de la République brings one back to the inner Boulevards at the Place of that name, one of the widest and finest squares in Paris, and a radiating point for many great avenues, containing one of the most impressive monuments in a city where statues are most numerous and splendid. Past events are

THE TOMB OF ABÉLARD AND HÉLOÏSE.

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THE GATEWAY OF SAINT DENIS.

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well kept in mind in Paris by scores of official tablets affixed to many of the scenes of her history. The broad and splendid Boulevards, under many names, sweep hence away westward to the Church of the Madeleine, perhaps for its whole extent the most busy, fashionable, and crowded concourse of blended lowly industry and high life to be found in Europe. Theatres besprinkle well its northern margin, and two famous triumphal arches, the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin, still remain, once giving egress northward through walls long ago destroyed. Around them both many a scene of sanguinary conflict has raged, and beneath the latter the allied armies entered Paris at the first abdication of Napoleon. The smooth, broad avenue grows more animated, and the throngs denser and more fashionable, fine trees and shrubbery make the scene beautiful by day, and a blaze of lights, as on most Parisian thoroughfares, make it splendid at night. Scores of newspaper kiosks, like little pagodas, give shelter on the sidewalk to the venders of the multifarious and nondescript journals of a city which supports some fifteen hundred rival sheets. The world is literally in the streets; the most elegant of restaurants

and cafés overflow upon the pavement at little tables where privacy is shared with the multitude beneath the gay awnings; the shops are a pandemonium of color and glass and gilding; and no excuse is needed if total bewilderment attend one's first arrival at the Place de l'Opéra, where the Boulevards des Italiens and des Capucines meet.

Here is the home of the well-dressed lounger, and the rendezvous of the club-man. Here the world of fashion supplies its wants; men of the world and exquisitely-attired dames jostle flower girls and artisans; and the theatre-goer is in his element. The scene is especially brilliant and attractive on an opera night; and these occur in the summer (when "no one is in town," but when the vast building is equally well filled as if society were here) as well as through the winter season. The magnificent avenues which surround the Grand Opera House and lead up to it are, like the building itself, mainly the work of the Second Empire; and the result is the making over of this part of Paris from a congeries of mean and crowded houses into its present magnificence. This is especially the case with reference to the Avenue de l'Opéra, which blazes its broad, symmetri-

cal course straight to the Théâtre Français, and so unites the two great dramatic institutions of France. They are both heavily subsidized by the republic, and this endows them with a quasi-governmental status. Squads of picturesque cavalry surround the Opera House on the evenings of the play, and a detail of soldiery is stationed around its interior. The edifice is magnificent in material and decoration, unquestionably the finest in the world of its kind; and all Europe has been laid under contribution to accomplish it. Two or three great play-houses seat a few more people, but none can vie with it in its area, its marvellous appointments, or its sumptuousness of adornment. Two indications of its imperial parentage cling to it, — the great dome in shape of a crown, and the broad spiral ascent at the west side, by which the Emperor was wont to drive directly to the imperial box. The grand staircase, and the lofty and resplendent foyer, into which half the auditorium empties itself and promenades in gorgeous attire between the acts, till the resonant warning again summons to the play, have no equal of their kind. Full dress is *de rigueur* in certain localities, and demi-toilettes in others. Of these regulations

you are informed when you purchase tickets. The odious paid *claque* prevails, and makes itself unblushingly evident by having a central section assigned to it in a body near the orchestra. The stage effects are stupendous, and the enormous choruses magnificent. We heard Gounod's "Faust" and Verdi's "Aïda," and were disappointed in the soloists, whose work was fine but not great. The Metropolitan Opera House in New York, on the exterior at least, resembles a bakery more than a temple of art; but the great singers who minister there eclipse those of Paris.

At the numerous theatrical offices about the city, much more assiduous attention than with us is given in assisting purchasers of tickets to make a selection. You are there shown complete models of the auditoriums of all the theatres, — a plan about twice as satisfactory as to struggle with a partially decipherable chart, — and are actually allowed time to master them, and intelligently helped to make up your mind. This advance choice costs a little more either here or at the theatre itself, but it is well worth it. The earliest distribution of seats for an operatic week is had on Sunday morning; but this does not cut much of a

figure in a city where horses-races and circuses have a sabbatarian vogue. The theatre and kindred topics get more attention than politics in Parisian newspapers. About one in twenty of them exist for the sake of the latter; and of these, the "Figaro" itself, which has the largest circulation, is less political than literary. "Galignani's Messenger" was once the great foreigners' paper; but Americans will now look rather to the Paris edition of the New York "Herald," which is one half the size of the parent sheet, but has all the news, though condensed. British papers may be had; but they are but a poor resource to a citizen of a republic greater than France, who hungers for full and reliable news from far-away home. Much of the bulk of French journalism consists of little insignificant sheets whose contents are the cheapest of possible (or impossible) novelettes and scraps to match, often as immoral in tone as they are shamelessly sold and widely read.

Northern Paris culminates in the heights of Montmartre (the hill of the martyrs), where Saint Denis, the first Bishop of Paris, and his companions, suffered martyrdom in the third century. The delightful legend is localized here

of the carrying of his head under his arm by the saint after decapitation, and his proceeding with it for some distance before expiring, giving rise to the equally delightful Gothic witticism, "It is only the first step that costs." But the present Bohemian conditions of Montmartre are very far removed indeed from the spirit of martyrdom. The gypsum quarries in the hill furnish "plaster of Paris;" and from its summit and the majestic Byzantine Church of the Sacred Heart there building, perhaps the finest panorama is to be had of the wide city. Westward lies the Parc Monceaux, in one of the finest residence quarters, once the most fashionable of resorts, when Philippe Égalité gave brilliant fêtes in it. It is small, but extremely elegant; and quite near it is the Place Malesherbes, where Dumas *père* has a fine statue, with the group of the Three Musketeers and D'Artagnan. Victor Hugo is without a statue in Paris, but a great avenue is named for him. Equally near the Park is the Russian church, small in size and built on the equal arms of a Greek cross, with gilded domes and rich, heavy Muscovite architecture. We attended the service of the Greek Church there on a Sunday morning, and found it most im-

pressively reverent. The worship was entirely choral, and the vestments gorgeous, though the single usher was in full evening dress! There are neither aisles nor pews; and the small congregation of worshippers stood or knelt, at times prostrating their foreheads to the floor, but were never seated. The choir, a small one of men and boys, was partly concealed in an alcove, and not vested. Organs are never used in Greek worship; and the intoning and responses were absolutely unaccompanied, and lasted a full hour, possessing a purity, harmony, and resonance that were altogether matchless, with all the effect of a perfectly-attuned instrument, having the vox humana as its dominant chord. The ecclesiastical surroundings are much warmer in tone than the American Church of the Holy Trinity, where we worshipped the same afternoon; the latter, though spacious and costly and having the familiar service, being cold and unrelieved in interior architectural effect. The old cemetery of the Madeleine, which lies on the way to the church of that name, is now the Expiatory Chapel, in memory of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, who were here first interred before their removal to the royal vault at St. Denis.

The Place de la Madeleine is converted twice a week into a lovely flower-market, beneath the fine trees with which it is planted. The church itself, a splendidly beautiful, Greek-Roman temple, standing apart on a lofty basement structure of many steps, and deriving its light from the roof, has, like many ecclesiastical buildings in Paris, passed through its vicissitudes. Its construction embraced the long period from Louis XV. to Louis Philippe, and it had to be converted into a "Temple of Glory" before it was reconstituted a Christian church. Its array of noble Corinthian columns on all sides, and especially its exquisite façade, with the great group in its tympanum, whose central character is Christ the Judge, make it one of the loveliest visions in Paris. And that majestic Figure looks straight down the Rue Royale, where Communist outrages were most hideous and wanton! Had we approached the Seine from the Opéra, through the Rue de la Paix with its dazzling shops, we should have come under the shadow of the Vendôme Column. Napoleon named the Place in which it stands after the ducal owner of a former palace here, and built the famous column out of twelve hundred Russian and Austrian can-

non which he caused to be recast into a great spiral band of bas-reliefs depicting his campaign of 1805 from Boulogne to Austerlitz. His own statue in imperial robes surmounted it then, and surmounts it now; but in the meantime a gigantic fleur-de-lis, and his own figure in greatcoat and three-cornered hat, have at one time and another taken its place, to say nothing of the overthrow of the column itself by the Commune, and its re-erection from scattered fragments. The waggish suggestion, that such columns in France should hereafter be made with a hinge at their foot for convenience in raising and lowering, does not seem entirely out of place. In the Rue St. Honoré near by, Madame Julie de Récamier herself once passed through the aisles of fashionable St. Roch on a high festival, to carry the offertory plate for alms, thus making her own fascinations the priest's powerful ally.

IX

PARIS

3

AND now we reach the Place de la Concorde, indubitably the finest public square in Europe, than which few spots stir to more profound reflection. Its proportions are grand, and its great open space, bounded on four sides by some of the most representative and striking buildings and gardens in Paris, is broken by but few, and these most impressive, objects. When the wedding festivities of Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin were in progress, twelve hundred people were killed and hundreds more injured in this square by a causeless panic. It was called the Place de la Révolution when the Dauphin himself became the first-fruits of the awful work of the guillotine, which here, in the brief space of a little more than two years, drank the blood of nearly three thousand victims from all conditions of society. Chateaubriand successfully opposed the erection of a huge

fountain where the guillotine had stood, since no amount of water could cleanse the square of its ineffaceable blood-stains. The two enormous fountains now at the north and south sides typify respectively the seas and rivers, with the fish, fruitage, and flowers which they contain or nourish. But Providence itself furnished a fitting central decoration (impersonal, and once unique but now having sister monoliths in the modern capitals of London and New York), when the Viceroy of Egypt gave Louis Philippe the Obelisk of Luxor. Aside from the rostral columns and immense candelabra that bear the brilliant lights which here turn night into day, this is all, except eight majestic, allegorical, sitting statues in stone, two at each corner, that typify at the nation's capital the fame of the chief contributory cities of the empire,— Strasbourg and Lille, Bordeaux and Nantes, Rouen and Brest, Marseilles and Lyons. But Alsace and Lorraine years ago became German soil; and, ever since that vengeful day, Strasbourg's statue has been half-buried under the imperishable emblematic wreaths, varied at times by actual mourning decorations, which Frenchmen so well know how to produce.

How well this illustrates the Gallic nature! An educated young Parisian, who answered my query concerning this custom, added, with a flash of the eye, that at intervals a memorial service was held in front of the statue; "like what you do when you go to the cemetery," he added. Strasbourg is thus deemed the dead daughter of France; but hearts burn and fingers itch to effect her resurrection, and avenge the bitter and undying quarrel with hated Germany. And yet in Paris, aside from the infatuation for her own gay and eager life, I know not how much real love of country exists, as that sentiment is felt by the Anglo-Saxon. The bright, intelligent young man I have just quoted entirely disavowed for himself the sentiment of patriotism as an abstract idea, but added that no bribe could tempt him to live away from his own city. Excitement and change are the normal food of the Gallic constitution, and life is flat and vapid to these people without them. I doubt their abiding attachment to any form of government, and utterly distrust their love for a republic as such. "Bread and circuses" (especially the circuses) are of the essence of their enjoyment; and, ancient tyranny or

Napoleonic despotism to the contrary notwithstanding, I believe that when the time is ripe, and the Bourbons or the Bonapartists (it intrinsically matters little which) produce a born ruler and not a graven image; when the man and the hour strike together, and the man knows how to govern, — France will again establish a monarchy — and perhaps overturn it again in time.

Whether one views the magnificent vista in its whole vast length from either extremity, or stands at its centre in the Place de la Concorde and looks east through the Tuileries Gardens and the Carrousel Arch to the Palace of the Louvre, and then turns to the long incline of the Champs Élysées where the noble proportions of Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe are outlined against the western sky, there is no such superb stretch in the whole world wholly devoted to the purposes of display, diversion, and dissipation. For one includes, as part of the same impression, the beautiful acres of the Bois de Boulogne, which is approached by this drive through the avenue of the same name, and which is the great pleasure park of Paris. First on the right of the Place westward, and buried among the trees,

is the Palace of the Élysée, the official residence of Monsieur the President of the Republic, whence there is not far to go across the Seine to communicate with the Chamber of Deputies. Madame de Pompadour, Marshal Murat, Napoleon I., and his brother Louis, Alexander I. of Russia, and Napoleon III. have in turn lived there; and the British and American Embassies are convenient thereto. On the south side of the avenue opposite was the Palace of Industry (lately removed to make room for nobler buildings), where the fortunes of artists were held in the balance at the famous annual spring Salons, when their works are exhibited. The rest of the spectacle in the foreground (in the open air beneath the elms and limes, or under gaudy booths and in brilliantly-lighted restaurants and concert halls) is a kaleidoscopic moving array of marionettes, jugglers, loungers, fiacres, diners-out, dancing-women, buffoons, flower-pedlers, swindlers, splendid equipages, *incroyable* toilettes, absinthe drinkers, jocularity, effrontery, and all that makes direct, seductive, and unmistakable appeal to the lusts of the flesh and of the eye and to the pride of life. Bohemianism, democracy, aristocracy, all file past through

the widest of all avenues flanked by noble buildings, and all the elements are present that make up Vanity Fair. A heterogeneous fair it is indeed even on ordinary occasions; on fête days, it is a good-natured, many-hued, cosmopolitan, heartless mob. One might ride a camel through it then without exciting special comment.

A mile and a quarter of such progress brings you face to face with the largest of all triumphal arches, that of the Star, on one of the highest spots in Paris, visible everywhere, from which radiate in every direction its star-rays, which are twelve great avenues, named in good part after Napoleon's battles or generals. His victories are emblazoned all over the Arch in noble sculpture and bas-reliefs, which you vastly admire if your tired eyes will allow you, and if the scaffolding of repairers and restorers does not encumber large parts of it, as it sometimes does for months or even years at a time, and as it did when we were there. You drive or walk, not under the great transverse arch, but around it, as the German army did perforce when entering conquered Paris from Versailles to bivouac on the Place de la Concorde; for

the great space was obstructed by barricades which the Germans respected, since the articles of capitulation had provided that nothing should be disturbed. The Bois, a mile further on, lies just outside the line of the fortifications (here disguised) which now render Paris impregnable from a military point of view. Once it was full of holm-oaks, and was the rendezvous of robbers, duellists, and suicides. When it was a crown domain under the First Empire, the Allies cut it in pieces; and the great siege of 1871 damaged it still more. But municipal ownership has made its two thousand acres very beautiful again, though there is a monotony in its smooth surfaces to which our bolder landscape-gardening is a stranger. The Garden of Acclimatation and the training-ground where the President reviews the national troops are a part of the Bois, and so is the still more famous race-course of Longchamps, where the summer season is inaugurated in June by the *Grand Prix*, which is the French Derby-day.

The Trocadéro Palace, named from a conquered Spanish fortress, is the outgrowth of the first Paris Exhibition of 1867. It is an im-

mense oriental building, having great, crescent-shaped wings, with galleries and museums, a huge organ, and a most effective cascade, and is built where Napoleon once thought to build a marble palace for the infant King of Rome. It looks across the Bridge of Jena to the Field of Mars, or what once was such, when in 1790 hundreds of thousands witnessed to the oath of fealty, sworn upon the Altar of the Nation by King and National Assembly. Talleyrand, the quondam Bishop of Autun, with hundreds of clergy robed in white, officiated at that altar; but the constitution thus to be protected dissolved in blood almost before the ink was dry. Great military pageants have been held on this plain, from Napoleon the Great on; and here three great Universal Expositions have been held, with a fourth in preparation for the year 1900. A part of this preparation is the new and splendid Pont Alexandre III., which spans the Seine in this direction, as the extension of the Avenue Nicholas II., which sweeps grandly down from the Palace of the Élysée. The laying of this bridge's corner-stone by the Czar of all the Russias formed a much-advertised episode in his visit to the French capital soon after our departure. The chief remaining token

of the last great Fair is, of course, the beautiful Eiffel Tower, which all the world knows. I have called it beautiful, rather than by a more utilitarian name, for, as we drove beneath the enormous spread of its curving steel supports, immovably buttressed and anchored in stone, and felt the soaring lace-work of its countless girders vanish upward into the blue, it was not bulk nor strength, but beauty and grace that made their powerful impression, — an impression that is not easily derived from any pictures of it. But marvellous strength and bulk is there; for at the first landing stage, higher than the summit of the towers of Notre Dame, the platform for a small village is stretched across in air, and a full-fledged theatre and restaurant is comfortably housed and gives nightly entertainments upon it the year round. We made the ascent from here to the summit by elevator, in a drenching rain-storm; but not all the discomfort which it entailed could diminish the grandeur of the heavenly artillery that pealed around us on every side. It had almost the effect of a battle above the clouds, for it chanced to be just the noon hour, and the thunder found a rival in the midday salvo from the guns of the Invalides close at hand.

THE DOME OF THE INVALIDES

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We have now circumambulated Paris, and have almost arrived at our starting-point as we reach the Hôtel des Invalides, which Mansart built for Louis XIV. The vast hospital is but sparsely filled now, as there are but a few hundred occupants on an area of thirty acres, which could accommodate perhaps as many thousands. These are the soldiers of the later days of France, for if there linger a *vieux moustache* of Napoleon's wars, he would now at best be nearing a century of life. A great arsenal and military museum of all nations furnishes occupation and interest to many officers and attendants, as well as instruction to its numerous visitors. When the allied armies approached Paris in 1814, there were some fifteen hundred flags here that Napoleon had captured, but which those armies were not to find; for the night before, in the Court of Honor, they were stacked and burned, and with them was destroyed the sword of Frederick the Great, which Napoleon had brought from Potsdam. The Church of St. Louis connects the hospital and the great dome, directly beneath which latter repose the ashes of the Emperor, "on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom he loved so

well." What conflicting emotions strive for the mastery in the lifeless presence of that tremendous genius, mighty alike for good and ill! The problem of the Man of Destiny scarcely becomes disentangled as yet, after three-fourths of a century. Egyptian sands and Russian snows alike invaded; a revolution quelled, an empire created; his own brethren seated on thrones of vassal kingdoms, a complete code of jurisprudence formed for France from the wrecks of mediæval misrule; the most profound strategist of the ages denounced by nations as "the disturber of the peace of the world;" violating the marriage law of God and man; himself a dwarf in height, and lowering the physical stature of a generation of his countrymen through the frightful carnage of wars undertaken largely for his personal aggrandizement; succumbing in the moment of final victory to insidious disease; twice expatriated, dying in exile, his body brought home in triumph, across the seas, after twenty years; in life the idol of a race, and the detestation of the rest of a continent; and now a handful of dust, his spirit in the presence of its Maker! What must have been the reflections of the young and thoughtful successor of Alexan-

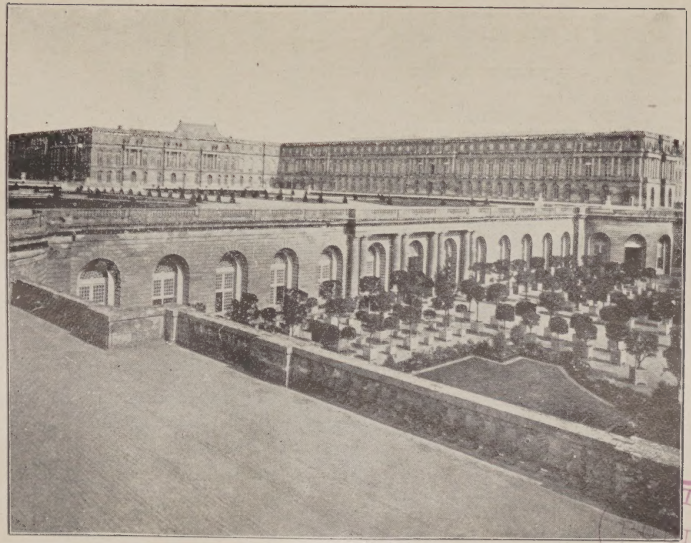
der I. on the throne of Russia, when but lately he also, for the first and only time that a Muscovite monarch has been the guest of the French republic, stood before the great porphyry sarcophagus of him who said that all Europe must in the end be Republican or Cossack! These are great thoughts, and they are stimulated before his tomb by the adventitious aids of most impressive sculpture and painting, and the simple majesty of inscription. Bertrand and Duroc, his lifelong friends, sleep before the imposing portals of the crypt, over which the words of the Emperor's will, disposing of his own ashes, are carved. Its sombre depths, into which you look but do not penetrate, are lighted by faint, bluish rays admitted from above. The monuments of Vauban and Turenne, engineer and marshal of an earlier age, are in chapels at either hand; and on each side of the main entrance to the church lie his brothers and brother kings, Joseph and Jerome. A golden glory suffuses the high altar, and directly over the laurel-wreathed mosaic on which the Emperor's mausoleum rests, surrounded by scarred battle-flags and colossal caryatides, typifying victory, rises for him alone one of the few great and perfect domes of Christendom.

The interest of Paris does not all lie within its walls. Its environs are extremely interesting and important. Most of those down the Seine to the west can be, at least partly, approached by steamboat; but these open-air craft we did not find specially attractive, nor the scenery through which they passed, and, moreover, we often appeared to be in danger of running aground. We did not visit the ancient royal chateau at St. Germain, where James II. of England was an exile, and near which, at Marly-le-Roi, Louis Quatorze spent many of his last days. Victorien Sardou lives at the latter place now, in a villa which Madame Dubarry once owned. Near Malmaison, where poor Josephine died, and whither Napoleon repaired for a brief space after her death and his own defeat at Waterloo, is the little church at Rueil where her body and that of Queen Hortense now repose. We passed St. Cloud and Sèvres on our way to Versailles. The former was nearly destroyed in the bombardment of Paris, and its park is the chief attraction left. Sèvres is very old, and the fame of its wonderful porcelain, manufactured by the government, is world-wide. At Versailles we were fortunate in our escort, and had the ser-

vices of the only English-speaking guide there, — a resident for many years at the Hôtel de la Chasse close to the gates. All guides do not have the complete *entrée* to the palace, and we saw parties conducted about in a way to miss many of its salient features. To attempt to see it without a guide would be a vain endeavor, and result in possible suicide; and to see it at all is a tremendous strain on one's endurance. Our guide was a transplanted Englishman, and his loquacity speedily revealed the true Briton's undying scorn for the French character; but he piloted us everywhere and with great intelligence. Our first sight of the great chateau built by Louis XIII. (with apartments for Richelieu close by), and added to by every succeeding monarch down to the Revolution, gave a cogent hint of what lay before us; for the façade towards the gardens alone is a full quarter of a mile in length, and is pierced by nearly four hundred windows. The Revolutionists plundered and the Communists ransacked it, while Napoleon preferred to live elsewhere, and even thought of demolishing it. The restored Bourbons scarcely prevented its decay, and their tenants hung their linen out of its windows to dry, and even

installed goats upon its roof. Its restoration to a vast historical picture gallery is due to Louis Philippe. It has not been tenanted in any complete sense since it was sacked by the knitting market-women, after poor Marie Antoinette and her helpless husband left it for their short-lived occupancy of the Tuileries. Voltaire was wont to refer to it as the "abyss of expenditure." It once supported ten thousand inhabitants of all sorts, who lived beneath its roofs under a severe and most complicated system of etiquette. The Grand Monarque alone spent a thousand million francs upon the estate; forty thousand laborers and six thousand horses were employed at one time on the works. So vast were its storehouses of accumulation that it is still not only in area the largest palace in the world, containing I know not how many hundred rooms, but it is probable that it shelters a full dozen linear miles of costly paintings. Fancy what this means to a sight-seer who has a tolerable conscience and only an every-day constitution!

It witnessed the rise, the zenith, and the decadence of the reign of Louis XIV., here born in the purple, the longest in all history. Not well adapted by nature for a park, its splendid



THE CHÂTEAU, FROM THE ORANGERIE.

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gardens, which lead to enormous grounds stretching away from the terraces past the lovely *Tapis Vert*, and as far as the eye can reach, were in good part created by art. And the water of the beautiful lakes, cascades, and fountains with which it is covered was, every drop of it, artificially brought in from a great distance at an almost fabulous expense. To ask why some great share of this could not have been sold for much and given to the poor, is to raise a problem the answer to which was written at last in blood and fire. The stiff and prim angularity and monotony of the gardens is as fascinating as it is strange. Like the heavy and formal architecture of the age of Mansart, of which Versailles is only one, though the most important, example, it accords well with the ideas of Lenôtre, the royal landscape-gardener, of whom it has been well said that he sought "to subject nature to the laws of symmetry and to practise geometry upon it." To enumerate the statues, fountains, and grottoes which peep out at every turn amid the magnificent groves of every imaginable species of shrubbery which can survive the climate, would be only to exhaust time and patience. The Grandes Eaux alone, the larg-

est fountains in the world, around which sixty thousand people can gather, are only allowed to play for an hour or two on two Sundays in each month, from May to October. It costs nearly ten thousand francs each time to do this, and half Paris comes out a dozen miles to see the spectacle. But the Most Christian King was wont to have them play for his personal delectation whenever he passed by!

It is even alleged by those who ought to know that there are paintings stored away here out of sight sufficient to furnish any dozen galleries in America; and that venality is rampant in their disposition, and in other ways about the estate. It is some satisfaction to reflect that James Gordon Bennett, a private citizen of America, which word meant little more to Louis XIV. than his own fortress of Quebec with its surrounding aborigines, has now purchased the shooting over large tracts of that monarch's vast preserves at Versailles.

After Louis in his seventy-second year had at last deigned to expire, and demonstrated that so theatrical a personage could, like his fellows, pay the debt of mortality (though he left larger ones for posterity to settle), and

after his great-grandson and successor, the fifteenth of the name, was sufficiently grown to choose evil rather than good, the influence of Madame de Maintenon was supplanted by that of Pompadour and Dubarry, and profligacy and licentiousness ran riot, till the very constitution of society became unhinged. We were driven to the Grand Trianon, a retired one-story villa with exquisite gardens, where shameless orgies had this king's open sanction and even participation; and saw, among the gorgeous state-carriages of France and the sedan-chairs of earlier royalty, the sledge of Madame Dubarry, on which she was drawn in summer through the avenues of Versailles, over an artificial substitute for snow made of salt and sugar, and so bent majesty to the whim of a courtesan. Napoleon and Josephine lived happily at the Grand Trianon, as Madame de Maintenon had done before them. Farther on is the Petit Trianon, with its exotic trees of exceeding loveliness, its dainty Temple of Love, and its delicious little imitation of a Swiss hamlet, where great court ladies once played at being shepherdesses and milkmaids, while the match was being set to the magazine; and where, pure among the dissolute, Marie

Antoinette loved to spend the happy days of which so few were vouchsafed her.

Just outside the great gates on the Place d'Armes is the historic tennis-court, now a museum, where the seven hundred members of the Third Estate met in 1789, swearing never to dissolve till the constitution of the realm was firmly established, and organized the National Assembly. In the Boulevard du Roi is the other historic site where in our day Bismarck and Jules Favre concluded the capitulation of Paris and the preliminaries of peace with Germany. Five great courts in the palace separate the different series of its enormous buildings, each one a palace in itself. The chief of these is the paved Court of Honor (to which one is first admitted), lined with statues, with Louis XIV. on horseback in colossal bronze in the centre. Architecture is jumbled here to a degree, owing to the numerous additions and changes made in the original plans. The same may be said of much of the internal arrangement and decoration. Many of the great pompous halls of marble and gilded bronze which the Grand Monarch affected, and which were trod and feasted in by Bossuet, Fénelon, Corneille, and Racine, were destroyed

under Louis Quinze, and superseded as well as added to by others in the lighter and more elegant taste of his day, where all was mirrors and white-and-gold adornment. After his death here in 1774, the ideas of the school of David prevailed, and the result was the imposition of a debased Greek style with columns and pediments, on those exterior portions which face the courts. The chapel, one of its finest parts, was earlier erected, and suggests the Sainte Chapelle on the outside, except that great numbers of ecclesiastical statues surround its roofs. There are three full stories over the entire palace, and the succession of its hundreds of gorgeous rooms seems interminable. From most of them the furniture has been long ago removed and scattered, Heaven knows where, and one's very soul cries out at times for a bench on which to rest. The paintings are unrivalled of their kind; but it must be remembered that Versailles is a historical museum, and that the paintings are almost entirely of that character. There are almost no old masters; and the pictures, which were brought from the Louvre at different periods, have been supplemented by large contributions from living artists. This is far from alleging mediocrity

of them; but conspicuous genius is nevertheless often found side by side with equally conspicuous inferiority. In such a collection it would be well-nigh impossible to cite examples. Over twenty rooms are occupied with a complete gallery of monstrous canvases depicting the entire history of France. There are many Halls of the Crusades even more vast; and another sumptuous series called the Gallery of Constantine; in addition to the modern subjects which are treated in perhaps three-score rooms besides, under the names of Galleries of the Empire and of the Admirals, Constables, and Marshals of France. Let these few words suffice where there is a world to tell. It seemed to us that the expression "embarrassment of riches" might well have had its original suggestion in the palace once dedicated "to all the glories of France."

The Theatre was the creation of Louis XV., and it can be used as a great and beautiful banquet hall as well. But the actual seat of government was established at the palace two centuries ago, and, after the lapse of a century of disuse as such, the National Assembly, at the end of the Franco-Prussian War, occupied this room for some years. It is still reserved

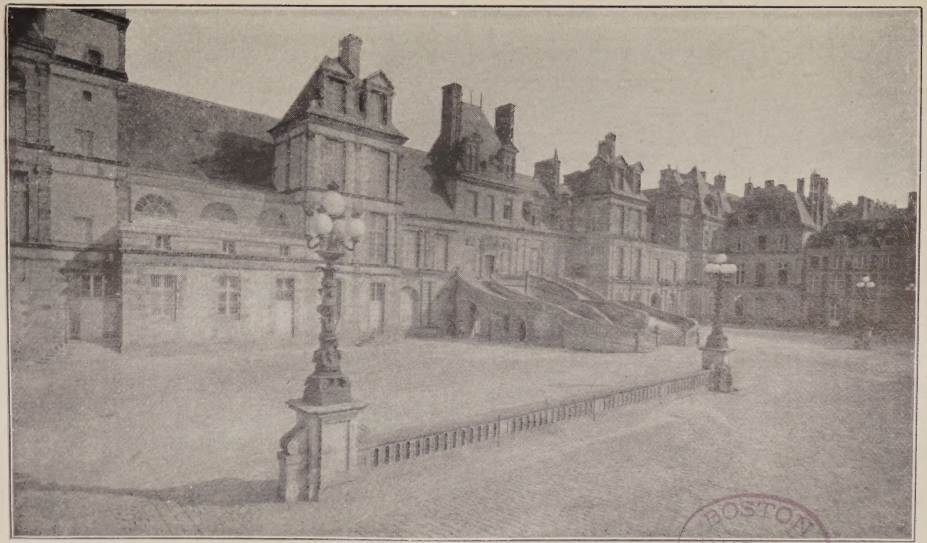
for the use of the Senate, if the Chamber shall at any time return to Versailles. In the central part of the palace are the royal apartments, where Queen Victoria was the guest of Louis Napoleon. The Salon of Hercules leads to that of Abundance, where the king held brilliant soirées thrice a week. The Salon of Apollo was the Throne Room, where foreign ambassadors were received. Louis Philippe built the Gallery of Battles; but Louis XIV. had a Salon of War and one of Peace, — all of these being miracles of decorative art of the different periods. I must pass over all mention of the lovely private apartments of the queen, and of the acknowledged mistress, and only call attention to those of the king. In the room known as the Bull's Eye (or Œil-de Bœuf) Molière once acted as valet to Louis XIV.; and afterward it became a nest of intrigue, when it was converted into an antechamber, next the royal bed-room, where servile and quarrelsome courtiers awaited the monarch's rising. Buhl, the maker of the tortoise-shell and gilded bronze furnishings of the king's apartment, has given his name to work of this character. Here the Grand Monarch died, and the high chamberlain broke his

wand of office upon its balcony as his public announcement of the fact to the world. The same balcony saw another sight when, seventy-four years later, the Dauphin and his fair wife stood upon it, promising the howling mob that they would follow to Paris. When absolutism was at its height, the noblest room in Versailles, the Grand Galerie des Glaces, must have been one of altogether unparalleled splendor. Apparently everything there which could then be made of silver was of that material; but the terrible wars of Louis forced him long before his death to melt these things down into money. The apartment is still magnificent, with its seventeen huge windows, and equally huge mirrors where windows are not. The text "The King governs by himself" is emblazoned across the width of the lofty vaulting; but it became a grim satire when Kaiser Wilhelm, after long occupancy of the palace, caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of Germany under this very text in 1871. Of the magnanimous conqueror, it is said that no single personal memento of this august occasion went back to Berlin, except the table on which the articles of peace were signed. But the iron entered into the soul of France, and

the gates of Versailles are always closed on the eighteenth of January.

Fontainebleau is nearly forty miles south-east of Paris, and we had come through it on the way from Geneva. The trip thither was made in a third-class railway carriage, among French *ouvriers* and *bourgeoisie*, all very cleanly and comfortable, and exceedingly loquacious. The forest is the most beautiful in France, and it is some fifty miles around it. Like Versailles, the town is nothing without the palace, and town and palace are close together at some distance from the station. It is far older than Versailles, and was brought to great magnificence by Francis I., and added to by Henry IV., Leonardo da Vinci and Benvenuto Cellini contributing to its design. These monarchs and Louis XIV. each had distinct suites of apartments which still bear their names; and the latter signed here the infamous Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This segregation of rooms makes it much easier to retain a clear impression of each period. Louis Philippe did much to restore it after the neglect of the later Bourbons; and one of his additions is the quaint Gallery of Plates, whose walls are lined with exquisite porcelain plaques, bearing views

of the royal residences. Louis XIII. was born in the palace; and in its chapel Louis XV. was married, and Napoleon III. was baptized. Madame de Maintenon and Marie Antoinette each had beautiful apartments here; and there are also shown those of the queen-mothers, which have been successively occupied by Catherine de Médicis and Anne of Austria, and lastly by Pope Pius VII., who was Napoleon's illustrious prisoner in these rooms for a year and a half. The buildings are low and broad, and exceedingly home-like, as palaces go. They have been a favorite home for many a monarch, and especially of Napoleon. One seems to be brought almost into his presence; for here he labored with his secretary; here is the suite of rooms containing study and bed-chamber, as well as salon and throne-room; and the keystone of his greatness fell when he cruelly divorced his true wife Josephine in these precincts. Down the massive horseshoe staircase of stone he came, into the great paved court still called the Court of Adieux, when he parted from the grenadiers of his Old Guard; and in this same court he reviewed them again on his return from Elba, and before going to Paris. His apartments are small and



THE COURT OF ADIEUX.

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almost cosey, with little of the stately grandeur of Versailles. In one of the smallest of them stands a little, unpretentious round table with a folding leaf, whose under side bears an inscription in brass that on its surface he signed his abdication. Beneath the windows of the great chateau is a pond full of monstrous and greedy carp, which Francis I. is said to have planted there centuries ago. Dynasties and kingdoms rise and fall, and the map of Europe has been many times recast, but the fat carp are spared the knowledge of these things, have other interests than they, and go on breeding undisturbed!

It is said that by the canalization of the Seine, Paris is ere long to be made a seaport, as becomes so mighty a capital. The cleanliest of cities, and the most superficially attractive, she is also a model in household economy. Here nothing is thrown away, everything is utilized. The prodigal waste of America would supply the needs of frugal France. The thousands of resident artists from all nations (there are perhaps ten thousand all told in what is known as the American Colony), and the hundreds of thousands of foreign travellers who make Paris their Mecca, contribute gener-

ously to her wealth and fame. She is, moreover, a city of officials, who thrive on what visitors from other countries leave behind them. Paris can hardly be called truly great either in manufactures or commerce. What she actually produces is largely for the gratification of her own peculiar tastes. The highest science and the supremest art alike are hers, it is true. But her most powerful ministries are, after all, to the æsthetic sense, to the appetites, and to luxury. To accomplish this, no service of the intellectual faculty or of manual skill is too great to render.

We passed through St. Denis, five miles away, on our journey to England, but could not tarry there. It had a chapel in 275 A. D., and its cathedral has long been the burial-place of the kings and queens of France. The fair Maid of Orleans hung up her arms here; but her ashes were scattered to the winds by an alien race. Death itself has not been inviolate even in this ancient fane. The Convention of 1793 ordered the desecration of the royal tombs; and the illustrious dead of a thousand years were snatched from the crypt and thrown into a common ditch. Napoleon I. restored them, and intended that his own remains should

be buried here. He sleeps now in a far nobler tomb; but Napoleon III., who designed a special repository here for himself and his race, is buried, with the ill-fated Prince Imperial, in English soil, at Farnborough in Kent. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* At Amiens we had but a glimpse of its wonderful cathedral from the railway; and soon at Abbeville we began to get distant views of the English Channel. The plains of old Normandy lay all about us, which were fighting-ground between French and English for two centuries and more. Crecy and Agincourt were near at hand, and the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold. Then Boulogne was passed, and Calais came in sight, the last of all English possessions lost to France; and we ran swiftly through the old city, whose name Mary Tudor, when dying, said would be found written on her heart. At the pier lay the steamer "Empress;" and in an hour we had left the Continent behind us, made a smooth and bracing passage (though some passengers could find the heart to be seasick even then), passed the customs, and Dover was again before us, with passing sails of many hues, as we crossed our eastward track when coming in from the ocean. To the left Shake-

speare's Cliff rises where the samphire-gatherers of King Lear's day plied their "dreadful trade;" and behind the harbor the city is almost lost to sight as it fills the narrow valley. The shipping was gay with bunting; for it chanced to be the day of the installation of the Marquis of Salisbury as the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and the Prime Minister was that afternoon the chief guest in Walmer Castle at Deal hard by, where the Duke of Wellington died. It came on to rain before we landed, and the decks of the Ostend boat, which passed in near us, were crowded with drenched passengers. In a soft shower, as was befitting, we first set foot on English soil, and entered a carriage of the waiting train, along which the guard was shouting instructions; and after weeks of deprivation, the sound of our native tongue once more in common speech was music in our ears.

X

CANTERBURY

IN all our continental journeyings England still lay in the background of our thought; and when we reached her island shores we felt that here was to be the culmination of our desires. Our earliest old-world glimpse had been that of Britain from the sea; and the beacon-lights on her headlands had lured us on, even as we seemed to turn from her. Now we came from varied contact with outland folk to tread her pathways, and their first suggestion was that of peace. We had wished to discover Albion by the route over which Julius Cæsar and William the Norman had come, though scarcely with their fell intent. Ours, too, was nothing if not a cathedral pilgrimage, so how should we arrive but by the road from an older civilization (though not from an older Christianity), trodden by the monk Augustine, when, sent by the great Bishop Gregory of Rome, he landed on the neighboring isle of Thanet, ministered to the fair-haired Saxon

heathen, and founded the illustrious line of Archbishops of Canterbury? It is only a half-hour's ride from Dover to Canterbury by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway; and ere we had traversed the lovely chalk downs, dotted with grazing sheep and thatched hay-ricks, and outlined by green hop-yards and greener hedgerows, that lie about the ancient "borough of the men of Kent," we felt that we had reached what Hawthorne well calls "our old home." The ecclesiastical metropolis of all England is an unpretentious little city; but it would be hard to find one more full of historic interest, or more representative of the best in the modern life of rural and scholastic Britain. Close by the station rises the exceeding quaint, obelisk-surmounted tumulus of earth, a part of the still standing city wall, which preserves in its odd name of the Dane John the memory of the donjon which once stood here. In a few moments we had crossed a bit of the Watling Street, the military highway which Roman legions levelled straight on from the sea through London and beyond it to distant Chester, and alighted beneath the archway of the Royal Fountain, our first English inn.

The fly in which we came rattled on into the paved courtyard, where an ostler stood meditatively sucking a straw, and maids in the kitchen looked out of the window. Boots took our luggage (he might have been Sam Weller), and a low-voiced, white-aproned housekeeper said, "Mary, show the ladies to number twelve." In the rambling, low-ceiled passage by our chamber-doors stood a table covered with brass candlesticks for the night. The windows looked into the courtyard, and a great four-poster with snowy pillows gave promise of rest. A door from the archway ushered us into the coffee-room (its very name differentiating it from an American dining-room). Little tables stood by the low windows, and flowers screened us from the narrow street, into which a little stone church opposite thrust its chancel window. Here, with cuts and joints spread out in tempting array on the open side-board before us, we first broke bread in England. It was Dickens come true; and as we looked outside into Mercery Lane, past the corner where once stood the Checquers Inn of the Canterbury Tales, it was not difficult to imagine that we had just arrived on ambling palfreys from the Tabard in Southwark. The

print-shop windows were full of reproductions of the famous Pilgrims jogging along in merry procession. From Christ's Church Gate to the Westgate Without, and to the queer old Falstaff Inn beyond it, with its antique sign on a huge iron standard of scroll-work, the streets were thronged with middle and lower class people, filling roadway and narrow sidewalks alike; and before the County Hotel stood a tallyho coach, with its comfortable load of passengers.

But we must begin at the beginnings of things; and so, turning our backs on this fascinating street-life, we sought out, on a gentle declivity to the eastward, the great cathedral's mother, the little church of St. Martin, oldest of existing Christian churches of the English-speaking race. The young sexton came, and his wife, and with them their babe Bertha, latest of those baptized from the Caen-stone font which has stood just inside the narrow vestibule since Christian Queen Bertha worshipped in this tiny Saxon oratory. Here her Saxon husband Ethelbert welcomed Augustine just thirteen hundred years ago, and received at his hands the same sacred rite. Modern glass and appointments attest the building's

continuous and present use ; but Queen Bertha's reputed stone tomb is shown; and two diagonal openings in the walls on either side were once respectively the penitent's and leper's "squints," through which the disciplined and the plague-stricken might look into the altar precincts, though they might not enter. The walls are of great thickness and very low ; and the square western tower is very large in proportion to what lies behind it. Flint stones compose the structure, and the roof is of tiles; but here and there among the sharp and gleaming stones are set detached, narrow Roman bricks, the fragments of a still earlier Roman nave that once stood upon this hallowed site. Dainty roses in August were blooming all over the place of graves that surrounds the church with Christian crosses, and before the entrance stands a noble yew. Under the latter's shade reposes Dean Alford, the great Greek scholar, whose tomb bears the exquisite epitaph in Latin that any might covet, "the wayside inn of a traveller journeying to Jerusalem." It was the Saturday sunset hour; and in the foreground stood the gabled lych-gate where the body is still wont to rest in its solemn progress to the grave. As our glance swept the low,

swelling hills among which historic Canterbury lies by the banks of the Stour, with the glorious bulk of the great minster filling all the middle distance, the thought of a quiet English Sunday in the little cathedral city descended like the peace of God.

But why should a cathedral city ever be insignificant? Such is not commonly the case among the Latin races on the Continent. With them civilization had crystallized in great and powerful centres before Christianity came to dominate them, and interruptions to continuity in ecclesiastical life have there been comparatively slight. Some strong centres early chosen in England have also grown stronger. Bishops here have often wielded great secular as well as ecclesiastical power, and some have been warriors and well-nigh princes. But the demarcations of English dioceses followed the civil divisions, and these before the Conquest were rather tribal than municipal, so that a bishop was often planted at some vantage ground of political strength, whether the town itself was important or not; and again at some nucleus of missionary advance, where perhaps the municipality afterward had to thank the bishop's chair for even its own existence. And,

after all time's changes, many cathedrals still remain where they were first established, in spots now in themselves unimportant, as here, and at Durham and Ely and Lincoln. The meaning of the word cathedral is the chair or seat of a bishop, from which he governs his see or diocese. Where he sat and nowhere else was a city, be it large or small; and no settlement in England is to-day in the strict sense a city which has not a cathedral of its own. Birmingham and Leeds and Sheffield are enormous hives of industry; but they are in dioceses which bear other names, and are not even cities in the sense of insignificant Southwell or Wakefield, or peaceful Salisbury. It is to one of Augustine's successors in the next century, Theodore of Tarsus, once a Greek monk of Saul's own city, that the masterly policy is attributable which laid the mighty foundations that time has only strengthened. It is largely due to his sagacity that the Church of England is structurally centuries older than the state or kingdom of England. It is the historian Green who writes, "The regular subordination in the administration of the Church supplied a mould on which the civil organization of the State quickly

shaped itself. Ecclesiastical synods led the way to our national Parliament, as the canons enacted in such synods led the way to a national system of law."

Here let me recapitulate certain general facts concerning cathedral development and organization, trite though they be. The bishop's council of administration was and is the cathedral chapter, composed of canons and other ecclesiastics, under the headship of a dean. The cathedral site was often chosen for the obvious advantages which some great neighboring monastery would give it, or perhaps the abbey was planted near the cathedral. Two classes of ecclesiastics grew up around the latter in the course of centuries. If they were monks, bound by strict community regulations and the obedience of the monastic life, they were termed "regulars." If they were merely collegiate in character, living independently, perhaps with wives and children, they were "seculars," though not in the modern sense of demarcation from the religious life. The organization, or "foundation" as it came to be called, was either monastic or collegiate. At the Reformation, Henry VIII. suppressed and despoiled the monasteries, and their coffers

enriched his greedy treasury. The monastic foundations were annihilated, and the buildings devastated, so that in future years their corporate existence began again on a *new* foundation. Organizations which were collegiate and officered by "seculars" were unmolested, having little to tempt the royal plunderer; and their foundations are the same as ever, and are to-day called *old*. Their neighbor may be really as old, or older, either in historic importance or simply as a fabric, but its *foundation* is new, if it were re-established in Henry's time or later. These facts greatly influenced architecture, not only as between English cathedrals themselves, but also as between them and the continental cathedrals, which had no such connection with either collegiate or monastic life. The latter are, moreover, usually set in the midst of great cities, and are often obscured by mean and crowded surroundings. Ecclesiastical architecture there has been practically continuous and uninterrupted in its progress. The actual buildings, or distinct traces of them, furnish well-defined connecting links between our age and every other, back to Roman domination itself.

Not so in England, where the Anglo-Saxon

conquest isolated Britain almost absolutely from the whole Roman world. No architectural continuity is traceable here before the arrival of Augustine in Kent in 597 A. D. Fragments of Roman buildings lie here and there to-day, either by themselves or built into later work, but fragments only. Whatever may still burrow underground, it is practically only Roman works of engineering, such as the meagre remnants of the great wall from Carlisle to Newcastle, that lie above it. And Anglo-Saxon churches were again all rebuilt by Norman bishops and abbots, when, five hundred years later, they yielded in turn to the Conqueror. This change stamped the round Romanesque arch on domestic as well as on church architecture, until the influences which widely radiated from the later age of the Crusades brought in the pointed arch, originally Saracenic, but having less of significance in Eastern lands. Northern architects developed and adapted to it an exquisite treatment and ornamentation of their own, and Gothic architecture (a singularly unmeaning term where Goths had no connection with it, and which was originally applied by its enemies in derision) was born. Between the waning

Norman and the waxing Gothic, came Early English, or Lancet forms, when divergencies began to appear, or rather reappear, between insular and continental ideas. This style is almost peculiar to England, and is architecturally one of her chief glories. The stone vault of the ceiling is gradually succeeded by the timber roof. The apse, the polygonal or semi-circular termination of the chancel or choir, which is a survival of the Roman basilica form, disappears in England, and the square eastern end takes its place universally, except, as at Westminster or Peterborough or Norwich, where the influence of French neighborhood still prevailed.

In France, window tracery had by this time become far advanced; in England a less daring development had expended itself rather on the ornamentation of mouldings. Beautiful geometric work proceeded rapidly, the tracery here became more flowing, and thirteenth-century Early English became what is rather infelicitously called Decorated Gothic. Finally the lines of construction drew closer together, became vertical and parallel, and the Perpendicular style was imposed upon the Gothic, as its latest approved form, and one,

too, peculiar to the English genius. Between each of these developed forms, periods of transition had intervened and often overlapped; but while each lasted there was only one prevailing style. It was always a living style too, everywhere dominant, like the language of the time; and, like that, it became gradually modified into the legitimate successor which had been evolved from it. There was never any thought of eclecticism, as in the spirit of our day, when an architect has but to commune with his own soul, and say, "Go to, let this structure be Romanesque and this one Elizabethan," having no architectural model peculiar to his own age. Finally, with the Renaissance in learning and art that followed the Reformation, came the copying of Italian models in architecture, and the adoption of differing standards in religious development. Old St. Paul's was burned in the Great Fire of London; and this left the great Wren a magnificent opportunity for the exercise of the skill and taste that reared in its place the latest great English cathedral, the sole example in England of an Italian church of the highest rank — built too in a single generation. To his genius is also due the peopling of London with churches in a classic

style, having porticos and columns, — a style perpetuated in parts of America in the colonial days which followed.

France is the true cradle of Gothic art, and in its northern portion stand some of the noblest of earth's fanes. Architecture is temperamental, and expresses racial characteristics and even prejudices. French cathedrals are exceedingly lofty and of great breadth, as at Notre Dame, or even more at Cologne, which latter should be accounted French in character, though a little way removed from her soil. Immense elevation means a free rein given to imagination, and the heightening of the sense of awe and mystery. It involves an audacity which often borders on rashness, and which has its drawbacks in the necessary display of external supports to sustain the structure. But the interior has a unique totality of effect that is not dependent upon, but rather eschews, detail. Conversely the English built their great cathedrals with native self-restraint and caution. These are excessively long, and relatively narrow and low. Yet their internal charm is that of a constant variety, enhanced by the conditions of their slow growth through long

lapses of time. On the exterior the great height of continental naves dwarfed the central tower (often so splendid in England) to a lantern or slender spire; while the western towers seem to take its place of dominance, and become strongly accentuated, as at Amiens and Notre Dame. This is natural, because, built in cities, the entrance is the chief, sometimes almost the only, side exposed, and therefore calls for very dignified and impressive treatment. But the great English shrines usually stand in open spaces, are generally entered at the side, and the monotony of the long sky-line is often grandly broken by lofty and exquisite spires or towers of tremendous proportions, and these either at the junction of nave and transept, or at the west front, or both. Neither French nor English Gothic ever stands for repose, as is the case with the massive Romanesque, but rather for aspiration. But the French denotes daring, almost presumption; the English expresses habitual reserve. While it is true that French vaulting is as plain as it is vast, and that English ceilings are multitudinously elaborated, it is also true, as has been well said, that the culminating forms of English Perpendicular and French Flamboyant

stand respectively for architectural prose and architectural poetry, — the latter the more sensuous and fanciful.

Internal arrangement is, in Great Britain, often confused, sometimes bewildering. Orientation (the chancel to the east) is there invariably the fact, and never merely conventional, as it so often is in American churches. The ground plan is always cruciform, with varying proportions indeed, but with the nave as the long arm, except where the choir occasionally equals it. Some cathedrals have a double set of transepts, an eastern and a western pair, the latter, in that case, being dominant. And to the original plan of cathedral or abbey formation are often added and superadded chapel and cloister, chantry and library, chapter-house and refectory, till a tyro is perplexed to puzzle out the total significance. The choir is normally east of the meeting of the nave and the western transepts, except where, as in monastic churches (for instance, at Westminster Abbey), it thrusts itself forward into the nave. It is always surrounded on three sides by the choir-screen, which becomes the altar-screen, or reredos, at its eastern end. But there are usually surrounding ambulatories leading

to chapels, which often lie still east of the altar, before the limits of the building are reached. On the fourth side of the choir toward the west, the rood-screen indicates its separation from the nave. Often this is of open work, through which vision penetrates through long vistas. In others the division has been solidified into a wall of carven stone or wood, in itself beautiful exceedingly, but, alas! shutting out all possibility of rational communication for ear as well as eye.

It is no slight task even dimly to apprehend the almost superhuman blending of profound science and lofty art which, in an age that we call unlearned, erected such glorious structures without the aid of modern science and machinery. But a cathedral is not the growth of a day; rather, with few exceptions, it is that of centuries. And the patient and consecrated labor of many hands more than made good the lack of appliances. Through such lapses of time styles were modified, and took on new forms faster than the buildings to which they had originally been set; and so one portion may to-day stand side by side with an earlier formation from which it was evolved — at first, in apparent incongruity, but in the whole effect

blended into harmony. It is often not only possible but easy to trace the entire history of English art in its ecclesiastical province while passing from the west façade to the eastern altar or lady-chapel of a single cathedral. There is in them an endless diversity which contributes in each to a marvellous unity, — a unity, too, perhaps totally divergent from that of its neighbor, built under varying conditions and at a different era. The charm never palls, but rather becomes stimulated and enhanced as you progress; and, as so unecclesiastical an observer as Hawthorne pithily says, "It is the only thing in the world that is vast enough and rich enough."

Thus much from the technical and artistically-scientific side of the subject. But, beyond all purely architectural charms, there rises an overshadowing and supreme delight in the sense of hallowed association, of the awe in which these matchless shrines are steeped by ages of devotion, of the consecration which has written its imperishable record on mouldering wall and buttress. The skilled pencil and the realistic camera may bear their eloquent testimony, but these attributes surpass the power of adequate pictorial representation. Too often,

indeed, the crowning charm of age is thereby refined away. Time-stained, worn, weather-beaten, scarred by grievous wounds of man's making, sometimes in parts a ruin, but nursed and guarded now at every point, the subjects of a constant (alas! sometimes an injudicious) restoration, they conserve the sanctity of a troublous past, and supplement it by the earnest purpose of a present ministry in holy things that keeps them the chief glory of England.

The bells were chiming as, early on Sunday morning, we passed into the cathedral close beneath the fine Late-Perpendicular Christ's Church Gate; for every cathedral has its own name, though we speak of them by those of their location, and this is the Cathedral of Christ's Church. Quiet knots of two or three moved decorously across what was once the graveyard, but is now only lovely greensward bordered by closely walled homes, to the great "south door" in the western tower, whose massive threshold is half worn away. The western doorway itself is insignificant, though surmounted by an immense window which holds together the gathered fragments of stained glass of which the church has been

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sadly despoiled. Most cathedral doors in England are small and low, — a blemish which the French always avoid, suiting the entrance to the height of the façade rather than to that of the individual. The nave of Canterbury is wonderfully light for its tremendous bulk, but bare and lacking especial interest in detail. This portion and the western transepts are those latest rebuilt, and are fine Perpendicular Gothic. Here Cromwell's barbarous iconoclasm spent its greatest fury. Once a blaze of prismatic light and color, and glorious with monuments and carving, he demeaned to the purposes of a stable what the hammers of his fierce and fanatical soldiery spared in this noble fane! But eighteenth-century neglect and insensibility to art and devotion were, both here and elsewhere, even worse in their effects. Whitewash and plaster were pitilessly suffered to cover a multitude of sins, and, when these in turn disappeared, the structural anatomy often had to be scraped to the bone. If we so delight to-day in exquisiteness of form, what must not have been the glory when color and life were present? For the naves of many great cathedrals have little life now save that of the wandering tourist, unless it be on very

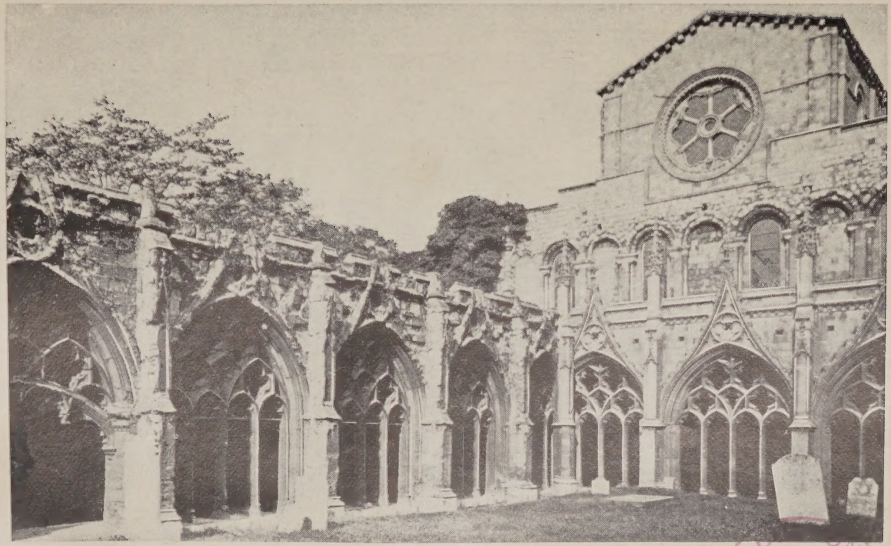
great occasions. Besides constant other offices, a semi-daily service of prayer is said in all English cathedrals on every day of the year, at ten, and at three or four o'clock, and always with the presence of the choristers. To suppose that one has really seen a cathedral without joining in this ceaseless worship of God, and thus entering into its real life, is to overlook its highest charm. For an ordinary weekly service the choirs of most cathedrals afford a superfluity of room, and we worshipped but once in the nave. Here at Canterbury, the longest choir in England is alone a great church, and reached from the nave and transepts by a broad and lofty flight of stone, peculiar to itself. Within its bounds the monastic guardians must once have arrogated most of the privileges of worship to themselves, and left only the nave to the people; and as we passed its massive screen, through the narrow, curtained doorway, we found it filling with the quiet, homelike, worshipping congregation that we had imagined.

The stalls of dean and canons are just within, on either hand; and those of the choristers (respectively termed Decani and Cantoris, on either side) are ranged next to them, with the

great organ overhead and out of sight in the triforum. As in all English choirs, the seats face each other. Dignified vergers in black gowns found places for all, portable seats and chairs (there are no fixed pews in a cathedral) filling all the space up to the chancel-rail, which is still higher by a flight of steps. Choristers in England go to and from their stalls without the processional singing which is almost universal in America. Every word of the service in a cathedral, except the lessons and the sermon, is intoned in a key in which it is easy for the worshippers to join, and with a sustained purity and ease born of long training and constant practice. We were placed just below the archbishop's throne (that day unoccupied), near the opening into the south-eastern transept. Opposite is the pulpit, and the lectern is between, to each of which the officiating clergy are always escorted by a verger carrying his wand, at the proper point in the service. Facing us, and close by, was a tall and spare young worshipper, cleanly but ragged, intensely devout, but evidently in mind a bit irresponsible withal. His motions were as unconventional and unrestrained as those of a child; and somehow he became to us at

once the incarnation of poor Barnaby Rudge. Dean Farrar, so well known to Americans, was absent; and this fact brought us the good fortune of a noble sermon from Canon Mason, then in residence, admired and beloved in both hemispheres for the beauty of his character and the profundity of his sacred learning. Still another flight of steps raises the altar above the rail to a height unique in England, and exceedingly impressive; and the Eucharist, which followed Morning Prayer, was for us a welcome thanksgiving for the blessings that had followed us hither.

Sight-seeing in English cathedrals is forbidden on Sundays; and we spent a happy afternoon in wandering about the lovely precincts, which it is impossible adequately to describe, — the imposing Benedictine monastery of Augustine, where his body was interred, now a missionary college; the many connected fragments of the beautiful cloisters and infirmary, hammered to pieces during the Commonwealth; the ruins of the archiepiscopal palace; the chapter-house, library, and deanery, — all mantled on walls and floor and roof with a wealth of thick and glossy ivy such as grows nowhere out of this delectable little



THE LIBRARY, AND RUINED CLOISTERS.

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island. And then through the Dark Entry of the Ingoldsby Legends to the Green Court, once quite enclosed by monastic buildings, and still possessing on one side, having communication with the town by gateways of its own, the King's School, refounded by Henry VIII., where Marlowe and Harvey studied, and doubtless played about its beautiful external Norman staircase, the only one left in England. And everywhere the superb high-piled mass of the great Perpendicular Bell Harry tower looked down on us benignantly, while E. read Becket's fascinating story from "A Cathedral Pilgrimage," and the warm summer sunlight lay on leaf and stone and mossy turf. Amid all this treasure, now in pensive and premature decay, Ruskin's wise words from the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" acquire a double pathos and impressiveness: "Watch an old building with an anxious care; . . . count its stones as you would the jewels of a crown; . . . bind it together with iron where it loosens; stay it with timbers where it declines; . . . do this tenderly and reverently and continually, and many a generation will still be born and pass away beneath its shadow."

To our intense gratification, in response to

kind letters we had brought, Canon Mason robbed himself of precious time, and voluntarily gave us the great benefit of his personal escort and interpretation through all of the great fane which the service had not revealed to us. In the Warrior's Chapel in the southwest transept, half within and half without the wall, in a great stone coffin, the great Archbishop Stephen Langton lies, to whom England, and America as well, owes so mighty a debt for his service in completing what Becket in a sense began, and wresting Magna Charta from King John. Thence we passed eastward to where the beautiful Early English work of the two Williams (the Frenchman and the Englishman) spared the older towers of St. Andrew and St. Anselm, left standing after the fire which consumed the "glorious choir of Conrad" soon after Becket's death. The present cathedral is the third upon the site; and Lanfranc's Norman work, of which adaptations are still present, was continued in the Lancet-pointed style. But the characteristic French apsidal arrangement was added; and behind the altar arose Trinity Chapel, which became Becket's matchless shrine. Blazing with jewels, and for centuries the Mecca of Christian pil-

grims of all nations, even of the great Charles V. of Germany, Erasmus writes of it that "gold was the meanest thing to be seen." But the itching cupidity of Henry VIII. swept all this away to baser uses, and now naught remains of it but the pavement, worn away by the knees of the devout. The only royal tomb here is that of Henry IV., which stands at its northern side; but, just opposite, and equally near what was once deemed Britain's most hallowed spot, the recumbent figure in brass of Edward the Black Prince, the Bayard of Britain, with his shield, helmet, and gauntlets hanging above him, appeals more powerfully to every heart. Eastward of all, never completed as to its roof, and dominating the long high-piled ascent of "church upon church," rises to a still higher level the unique apsidal tower known as the Corona, or Becket's Crown. Its sole furnishing is what was once perhaps the Purbeck-marble throne of the ancient Kentish kings, which has been for at least seven hundred years the patriarchal chair of Saint Augustine, in which his successors have been seated at their enthronement.

Thence, past the effigies of later incumbents of the exalted see, from that of Cardinal Pole

close by, the last archbishop imposed on England by Roman Catholic usurpation, to that of Archbishop Tait of our own day, we returned down the north aisle, the famous pathway from the great shrine to the Transept of the Martyrdom. The latter lies just north of the choir-screen, and before the entrance to the noblest crypt, perhaps, in England. In one of the chapels of the crypt the Black Prince was married; and Huguenot refugees, the descendants of those Frenchmen whom he conquered, to whom Elizabeth granted protection, were allowed to manufacture silk in these recesses. A division is still hospitably set apart here for the use of their French Protestant successors, the strains of whose service uprose on that Sunday afternoon. It is a wholesome and striking contrast to the long silence that brooded over the neighboring St. Gabriel's chapel, which was close walled up here for five hundred years. Rising loftily eastward from the huge Norman columns, whose core was doubtless the work of Roman days, the Chapel of the Undercroft, to which we came last of all, is rather a church than either chapel or crypt. Here Henry II. came wearing sackcloth, and doing grievous penance over the grave of the prelate whose

murder he had procured; and here Becket's bones, re-collected after desecration, lie until the resurrection morning.

There is neither space nor need to recall his story, which all the world knows. Of proud, imperious, erring human clay, he was yet saint and martyr; and, like Samson, he slew more in death than in life: for it is his exalted fame that has preserved Canterbury, not only as the mother-church, but as the most honored see in England. St. David's in Wales is doubtless an older see, Glastonbury a more ancient site, — both of them shrines set up by the hunted adherents of Celtic Christianity, which was older than the Saxon, but which, from lack of organization, was able at first to contribute less to civilization. And, but for Becket, the archbishopric would have gone to ancient and royal Winchester or to London, when Kent was reduced to a mere province of the united kingdom. A proud title is Canterbury's, and will so remain, — the ecclesiastical primacy of the English-speaking race, even though for centuries the official residence of its bishop has been in London. Lambeth indeed gives its name to the decennial Conferences which have been held in its library by bishops from all the

world, who, under God, lead the destinies of the Anglican Communion. But it is in Canterbury that they assemble, and from its patriarchal chair that they are welcomed by its illustrious occupant. I have given large space to this typical cathedral city, the earliest remaining English shrine of the pure faith, and our own earliest spring of refreshment on her soil. And so we went from Canterbury to London. Promotion reverses this order; and the blameless statesman Benson, who that day presided in the Church of England, now lies in yonder crypt; while Temple, his vigorous successor, has been enthroned at the age of seventy-five, after enormous service as the bishop of England's capital. The latter appointment of the queen well illustrates both the quality and the rewards of intellectual labor in England, which may truly be called the country of "grand old men."

The way to London lies through Chatham, the great military and naval station whence the troops for India embark. Closely contiguous is dull, staid, cathedraled Rochester, where James II. took his unwelcome self out of the kingdom in disguise. It is the Cloisterham of Edwin Drood, and one of the scenes of Pick-

wick. A short walk takes you to Gad's Hill, where dauntless Falstaff encountered his men in buckram; and, near the inn where his valor was exploited, stands the old red brick house where Dickens lived and wrote and died. At nine in the evening we reached Herne Hill in the southern suburbs of the metropolis, and thence northward, through Camberwell and Southwark, we pierced straight to the heart of mighty London town. Borne high above the gleaming lights of the city, we crossed Father Thames at Blackfriars Bridge, and the great dome of St. Paul's sprang out of the darkness as we left the railway carriage and were speedily whirled along the splendid Victoria Embankment to lodgings in Norfolk Street, midway alike between the river and the Strand, and between Somerset House and the Temple.

XI

LONDON

I

THE atmosphere of our lodging-house was that of gentility in gentle decay. Our landlady was most obliging, but rarely visible; and her housekeeper, whom we surnamed "the widow," was Mrs. Gummidge come again. But we were little dependent on their ministrations, having pleasant and exceedingly quiet rooms, and taking only the breakfast meal beneath their roof. Distances in London are too nearly endless for ordinary travellers to do otherwise; and we found our location, near the great hotels of which the Cecil is the latest and finest, to be quite perfect in point of convenience for rapid transit to objects of interest, — much more so, I should suppose, than the British Museum and Cavendish Square districts, where so many Americans congregate, and which seem in themselves to be dulness itself by comparison. "When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is

in London all that life can afford," said the metropolis-loving Doctor Johnson, though this did not prevent his journeying to Edinburgh and the Hebrides. How shall one expect to grapple with so hopeless a problem as its sights? Every day we looked across and up and down the Thames, the source of London's supremacy. It is, though not imposing, a far nobler stream than the Seine, and sweeps through the city with much the same broad curve as the latter describes in Paris, though in the opposite direction. Let us glance along its banks.

Its bridges begin on the west at Battersea, and end with the huge new bridge just below the Tower, whose floors are elevated like folding leaves, by powerful machinery, to admit the passage of river traffic, leaving London Bridge as the head of actual navigation from the sea. But river steamboats ply merrily under them all, lowering their smokestacks at some; and many of them make delightful daily excursion trips up the river to Kew Gardens, Richmond, and Hampton Court, though reaching the latter is sometimes problematical when the tide is not propitious. These excursions are the delight of London on a summer Sunday;

for Hampton Court and its galleries is almost the only resort of the kind available on that day. Its low, wide-spreading, red brick palace was built by Wolsey, and lived in by the Stuarts and the early Hanoverian kings. Its great Black-Hamburg grape-vine is, as all the world knows, rather a wide-spreading tree than a vine, being nearly a century and a half old, and having a stem a foot in thickness. On the way thither, we have passed Fulham, the old-time country residence of the Bishops of London, and steamed over the watery race-course from Putney to Mortlake, where Oxford and Cambridge agonize yearly for the mastery. The scenery is picturesque and luxuriant. At Kew are the magnificent Botanic Gardens, and opposite lies quiet old Brentford, celebrated in verse as the official seat of London's own County of Middlesex. Richmond, with its great park and famous Star and Garter Inn on the terrace, is lovely on the leafy river. At this royal estate Queen Elizabeth breathed her last, and Twickenham and Strawberry Hill are close at hand, and also the scene of Jeanie Deans's immortal interview with Queen Caroline. Pope's villa is gone; but Walpole's still remains.

The Thames bridges are not so ornate as those on the Seine, — some being indeed quite ugly, and others being made for railways, as is not the case in Paris; but many are very noble. Westminster Bridge is the widest in the world, and a fitting spot, with its magnificent surroundings, for Wordsworth's sublime sonnet:

"Earth has not anything to show more fair."

From hence up the river to Vauxhall Bridge extends the Albert Embankment, reclaiming a squalid river front; and at this point also stretches away in the opposite direction the yet more splendid Victoria Embankment, which boulevards the shore eastward as far as Blackfriars, parallel with the whole length of Whitehall, the Strand, and Fleet Street. Near Waterloo Bridge, which Canova thought exceedingly noble, is Waterloo Station on the Surrey side, and Charing Cross Station is just above and opposite. But these bridges are all infants compared with London Bridge, whose antiquity is well-nigh immemorial, whose name is lisped in every nursery, and which was till within a century London's only bridge. It was not even of stone till King John's day, and later a quaint street of houses grew up on it,

and even a chapel, quite screening the river with their picturesqueness. A hundred thousand pairs of busy feet now cross it daily, and below it lies the great Port of London, with its Custom House and forests of masts and rigging. The river takes on queer names in different parts: Chelsea Reach, Lambeth Reach, The Pool, Limehouse, Greenwich Reach, Barking, etc. Near the city's outer limits, at west and east respectively, its waters wash the two great hospitals, — Chelsea for old soldiers, Greenwich for old salts. In the latter most interesting building Henry VIII. and his daughters Mary and Elizabeth were born, and his son Edward VI. died; and in its park stands the great Observatory, which to Englishmen is the centre of time and space. And so down the widening tidal stream which bears the world's commerce, till Tilbury Fort at its mouth marks the spot where Elizabeth, clad in mail, reviewed her troops before the Armada. It will be news to many that Regent's Canal, starting north from Limehouse Reach, and skirting the densely-peopled districts of Stepney and Bethnal Green, still threads the entire northern portion of London, until, beyond Regent's Park, it joins a system that extends to the west of England.

Most of the steamboat piers are on the northern shore, as they are at Chelsea. We reached there by boat at nearly sunset of a misty day. The season was exceptionally bright; and London's famous fogs caused us little inconvenience at that time of the year. But one must reckon at least with mist and light showers in that climate, and one who knows his London well will consider an umbrella almost as necessary a part of his daily out-door apparel as his hat. The mist cleared up, and the late twilight of the latitude gave us time to look about us. At Edinburgh, only a little farther north, though in the latitude of Labrador, one may achieve a considerable economy in sleep, since there is no great difficulty there in reading without artificial light in midsummer till nearly ten o'clock at night. We landed at Carlyle Pier, close to Albert Bridge; and a little to the west on the Chelsea Embankment stands the statue of the great critic. It is a famous neighborhood. Swift, Steele, Addison, Locke, Leigh Hunt, Turner, George Eliot, and Carlyle, — all lived hereabouts; and the three latter breathed their last in Chelsea. No. 21 Cheyne Row bears on its front a memorial tablet to Carlyle. Sur-

rounded by prosaic brick and mortar, it is a desolate spot indeed in which to spend a querulous lifetime, and few but a great genius would willingly have done so, when need did not compel. But poor Jane Carlyle was not a genius (though perhaps something better), and she spent her lifetime here too! It bears the marks of many a pilgrimage; but it somehow made no great appeal to us. I would rather think of them as lying in their bleak native churchyard in Scottish Ecclefechan, where dignity at least is their ally. It chanced that the driver of our hansom cab was once coachman to George Eliot; and he took us to the house of Mr. Cross, her husband, where the great writer died. It is an old-fashioned, aristocratic dwelling in Cheyne Walk, embowered in trees. She sleeps in Highgate Cemetery, at the other side of London, not far from the grave of Coleridge. One of the oldest churches in London is St. Luke's, or Chelsea Old Church, close by, where Sir Thomas More worshipped, and where all that is mortal of him reposes, except his head, which is at Canterbury! We explored the church by lamplight, and with the courteous aid of the organist, who was busy with his young choir-boys on a Saturday night,

LAMBETH PALACE, FROM THE THAMES.

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and had incautiously left a side-door open. One of the few remaining chained Bibles (and a Vinegar Bible at that) is still kept in the church.

The Surrey side of the river (ecclesiastically not a part of London, but in the diocese of Rochester) has almost nothing of historic interest commensurate with the enormous space which its dense population covers. We did not visit the Crystal Palace, nor Dulwich Gallery, which lie far out to the south, — the former the legacy of the first of all World's Fairs. At gray, battlemented old Lambeth Palace, the guard chamber interested us even more than the historic library, as it is hung round with portraits of the Archbishops of Canterbury since Laud's day, including one of Laud himself by Van Dyck, and of others by Hogarth, Reynolds, and Holbein. Some of them are exceeding formal and quaint; and there is a delightful one of Benson, who was, when we were there, the incumbent of the see. The Early English chapel, now six hundred and fifty years old, has a fine window given by American bishops, at a Lambeth Conference, in token, among other mercies, of the bestowal of the Episcopate at its altar-rail on our Bishop

White of Pennsylvania of saintly memory. But the guide, like many of his class, so "darkened counsel with a multitude of words" that we soon incontinently fled. Another very old and massive church is St. Saviour's, Southwark, now the pro-cathedral of southern London, close to the southern approach to London Bridge. It is not quiet and unchanged, like St. Luke's, Chelsea, but set in the midst of most confused and incongruous surroundings. It has been finely restored; and the monuments and memorials to Gower, Beaumont, Fletcher, John Harvard, and the great Bishop Lancelot Andrewes of Winchester are its chief attractions. The trial of heretics under Bloody Mary was conducted in its Lady-chapel. Once the Globe Theatre, which Shakespeare and his fellow-players have immortalized, stood in front of it, somewhere amid the crowded acres over which the great brewery of Barclay and Perkins now sprawls its odorous hive. Strange thought that Doctor Johnson should come into the association here, as the executor of Thrale, and the auctioneer, not, as he said, of "a parcel of boilers and vats, but of the potentiality of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice," — a prophecy apparently well fulfilled. Out-

side the walls, too, on this side the river and close by, stood the Tabard Inn of Chaucer and his pilgrims; and so did the Marshalsea Prison of Little Dorrit. St. Thomas's, Guy's, and Bethlehem Hospitals (from the last *bedlam*) are all in the Borough (the district south of the Thames), and so is the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. George.

Of all the outlying northern district of London, Hampstead Heath and Highgate and Hackney, I cannot speak. They abound in memories of Nell Gwynne, of Keats, of Lord Mansfield, of the "No-Popery" rioters, and of Tom Moore. Sir Francis Bacon died at Arundel House; but the dwelling of the great philosopher has quite disappeared. It was at the foot of Highgate Hill that Dick Whittington heard Bow Bells inviting him to return Lord Mayor. London cemeteries are not interesting as a rule. Kensal Green, far to the northwest, is modern; and within its walls lie Sydney Smith, Kemble, Eastlake, John Leech, and Thackeray,—a noble company. Our farthest eastern expedition was far out Whitechapel and Mile-end Road to the People's Palace, miles away. It must be a boundless benefaction to the poor artisans of that immense

quarter, and strongly emphasizes the value of a seed-thought well planted, in the suggestion original with Sir Walter Besant in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," out of which it grew. Means of recreation and intellectual advancement in every imaginable form, as well as material well-being, are put before the denizens of these forlorn regions at merely nominal cost; and, judging by the interested and well-behaved swarms of poor folk that filled the great enclosure that day, and had stocked it with handiwork of their own, the unselfish generosity of its promoters is appreciated. On the way thither in the rain, we turned aside to Toynbee Hall in Commercial Street, where Oxford and Cambridge graduates live and carry on University Extension work among the East End poor. Oxford house in Bethnal Green is affiliated in this beneficent labor. Close by, in St. Jude's Church in the same street are some of Watts's beautiful (and here quite apposite) paintings, "Love and Death," "The Good Samaritan," etc. Squalid, wretched, crime-infested, — all these Whitechapel undoubtedly is, and a wise man will go under police escort, if he visits its dens after nightfall. But even over these worst purlieus

of the Old World's capital, the east-side of modern New York has a sad pre-eminence in the density of its awfully congested population and the heterogeneousness of their nationality.

Time was, and that not so very long ago, when Westminster was an island city by itself, and Lambeth an isolated suburb, while London proper was then only the narrow "city within the walls." Then the "city without the walls" was annexed, and Southwark and Lambeth came under consolidated municipal control; but not till Queen Anne's time did Westminster lose its suburban and independent character. Except the great highway over London Bridge, all communication between these detached districts was by water, so that "Father Thames" is no fanciful appellation. Where Lambeth Bridge now is, James II., when fleeing the kingdom, dropped from his boat into its waters the Great Seal of the realm. Strange as it may seem at first thought, there are few very ancient buildings of importance in London. The Great Fire of 1666 swept them nearly all away, so that London is far less mediæval in appearance than its almost unknown antiquity would seem to demand. Not more than a dozen churches

remain which were built before the reign of Charles II. The Tower was unharmed, and the Temple Church, and the Abbey and Westminster Hall, — these are substantially all the great public buildings that are left from beyond two centuries ago. The City itself was always small, not much over a mile from Temple Bar at the west to the Tower on the east, and half a mile from London Wall, just north of the Guildhall, to the Thames. The Strand, now a part of the West End, was a river-side road outside the walls leading to Westminster, with gardens between its aristocratic mansions and the river.

"The City" still survives as a time-honored municipality whose head is the Lord Mayor, and which once compelled the recognition of the sovereign; for the citizens of London have from time immemorial had a will of their own, and often had their way as well. It has been called the purse of England, though neither its brain nor its conscience. Its dense population is decreasing, and half its buildings are empty after dark; but by day it is a very Babel of commerce, having thirty denizens then to one at night. Its administration no longer possesses significance beyond its own concerns,

save such as attaches to picturesque tradition and the semi-mediæval ceremonies of Lord Mayor's Day. The "Greater London" is governed by the County Council, — a powerful and able representative body of over fifty members, to which the City proper sends but four. Like Paris, it is best viewed as a whole from its northern heights, and has, as well, a great southern area of secondary importance, beyond the river, though never, like Paris, enclosing it with walls. And, in both, their eastern portions are made up of the most turbulent elements, while the advance of wealth and aristocracy, of parks and recreation, has in each been to the westward. Some one has said that east of the Temple is the money-making quarter of London; while west of it the money is spent, the laws are made, and fashions regulated. Fragments of walls, once doubtless Roman, crop out here and there in the City, principally at the north; but practically all that denotes that London was once a fortress is the survival of such street names and localities as Ludgate, Newgate, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, Moorgate, Bishopsgate, and Aldgate, once openings, in this order from west to east, in walls as old as the

Emperor Constantine. Billingsgate, the famous fishmarket, whose foul language has added a name to the vocabulary, was also a gate on the river near London Bridge; and a little way below it stands the Tower, where the fortifications met the river at its most exposed point, and hard by what was anciently Eastminster, the Cistercian Abbey of St. Mary, in much the same relative location as the Bastille. First a royal palace and stronghold, occupied in turn by Stephen, Henry III., and Edward II., it has passed from a great prison of state to become what it is to-day, a royal arsenal and museum of the past.

We reached it on a Monday afternoon, without reflecting that it was a show-day with free admission. It seemed as if all London were there; and nothing saved our plans from ruin but the stalwart and intelligent escort of a hired ex-policeman, once one of the Tower guardians, who piloted us everywhere in safety, though we were sometimes nearly swept off our feet. Just outside, on Great Tower Hill, is the site of the scaffold where those fell who were beheaded here under true or false imputation of treason,

except four only, who suffered within the walls. Instead of one tower, there are fifteen, bearing many dates, enclosed within lofty ramparts which in their day must have been impregnable, though they would make but a sorry defence now. It was once "liker a town than a tower," for it was a fortress of the "concentric" class, and has served also in turn as a mint, a menagerie, and an observatory, as well as a factory for gunpowder in the far distant days of Crécy; while Chaucer, Thomas More, and Walter Raleigh have here added to the world's literature. The Conqueror built on a yet earlier foundation in the centre the great four-square White Tower (sometimes called Cæsar's); and the Iron Duke in our own day was one of the latest Constables of the fortress. The Traitor's Gate yawned beneath the waters of the Thames to admit by boat the passage of hapless victims fresh from their judgment at Westminster Hall, — even the future Queen Elizabeth being for a time a traitor in this sense. It is only picturesque now. Behind it rises the Bloody Tower, where perished the infant princes who stood in Richard's path. In the White Tower, Richard II.

gave up his crown to Bolingbroke, and Anne Askew and Guy Fawkes were tortured; in the Bowyer Tower, the unfortunate Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of malmsey; and in the Wakefield Tower, Henry VI. was murdered. In this latter tower, behind steel bars, are now kept the crown jewels, temptingly displayed in full view of the populace. The Koh-i-noor diamond is kept at Windsor Castle; but the queen's crown here bears a ruby worn in the helmet of Henry V. at Agincourt. The absence of the former does not appear to interfere materially with the appeal to the commercial sense, for these glittering bawbles would, without it, make us all comfortable for life, being inventoried at fifteen millions, and not much doing in thrones and regalia at that! To us the arms were as fascinating as the jewels, — armor of nearly every known period, for horse and man, and of all the races over which Victoria rules; chamber after chamber lined, walls, ceiling, and sometimes floor, with every imaginable device and pattern in which detached parts of ancient or modern arms can be arranged, roses, fleur-de-lis, stars, crosses, sunbursts, *et id omne genus*, and accompanying this a

THE CHAPEL OF SAINT JOHN, IN THE WHITE TOWER.

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vast museum of all the paraphernalia of the art of war. What a relief to think that, at least between the branches of the English-speaking brotherhood, all these things are fast becoming obsolete!

The walls of the Beauchamp Tower are inscribed with many a sad record of despair. The words are few; sometimes there is but an emblem; but the simple name "Iane," carved by Guildford, husband of Lady Jane Grey, needs no further illustration, though it was traced there three centuries agone. Two chapels stand in these precincts, — that of St. John, on a floor of the White Tower, being one of the very purest examples of Norman architecture extant. Within its walls Bloody Mary was betrothed to Philip of Spain, — an association strangely foreign to its present use as a chapel for Wesleyans. Next to the place of execution in the courtyard rises by itself at the northwest the aptly named Chapel of St. Peter-in-Chains. Its interior is not shown; and perhaps it is as well, for Macaulay's words, "there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery," always arise at thought of it. For there (he further says) "death is associated with whatever is darkest in human nature and

destiny." Three fair queens, — Anne Boleyn, Katharine Howard, and Jane Grey, — five dukes, two earls, and some of lower degree, having faced the fatal axe, were brought dismembered here, the victims of royal hatred or ambition. It is time we left the place, haunted by the ghosts of an age long past and never to return, the witness of "man's inhumanity to man." It is well that the Tower attendants are the famous Beef-Eaters, in the garb of yeomen of the guard under Henry VIII., whose impossible apparel, and still more impossible customs, — such as the nightly turn-out of the guard with the oddest formalities to receive "Queen Victoria's Keys," — serve at least to furnish "inextinguishable laughter" for modern throats, and so to temper a little the too chill and cheerless atmosphere.

In turning westward into the great city's maze, there are many little knots of famous places, easily seen together and easily described, interesting patches which may be embraced in a single rapid glance at the great map. But the tremendous network of connecting streets may well be left to the imagination, as one must leave it to the skill and experience of

"cabby" when on the spot. How great that skill is must be seen to be appreciated. While pedestrians pass to the right, the rule of the road for carriages is in the opposite direction, and progress must be made by them as near to the left-hand curb as possible. Little oases occur in the shape of platforms around lamp-posts in the centre of wide streets; and there the cabs are drawn up in a long single file up and down between them, while vehicles pass each other at either side. But in narrower or more crowded thoroughfares, as in the city proper, this is not attempted; and then steps in the supreme majesty of the law, in the persons of the police, to maintain absolute order. There is nothing equal to their methods in Paris or New York. Wherever the human and equine jungle is most inextricable, there a tall, helmeted, and blue-frocked "Bobby" steps quietly into the thickest of the fray, never seeming to reflect that quadrupeds at least may fail in respect for his uniform and trample him down, raises a single gloved hand, and the turmoil ceases as if by magic till the disorder is unravelled and the currents flow free again. No posturing, no objurgation, only universal

respect extorted for rightful and necessary authority. There is no furious driving here as by the Jehu cab-drivers of Paris; and, though the steady crush is sometimes nearly unbearable, apparently little of the desperate and feverish craze which consumes the toilers in the greatest business centres of New York and Chicago. Omnibuses push their steady way along the curb, not with reluctant recognition of the pedestrian's call, but generally with a hospitality and good nature on the part of driver and conductor that marks the true public servant. As in Paris, their tops are provided with the best seats, and, better still, these all face forward in the direction to be traversed. But for freedom, rapidity, and security of view commend me to the hansom-cab, — built for two, but good for three ordinary occupants, — whose *deus ex machina* is out of sight altogether. Wooden pavements appear to be the rule in London, and it is evident that they do good service under the enormous traffic, and relieve the human tympanum of a great strain as well.

Coming down Great Tower Street, you are at once in Eastcheap, and before you, where King William Street crosses to go down to

London Bridge, is the monument to that little-noted monarch, the fourth of the name. We could well exchange it (and the monarch too) for a sight of Falstaff's Boar's Head Tavern, which was once served by Dame Quickly on this exact site. *The* Monument (it has no other designation) raises its flaming gilt urn close by on Fish Street Hill, to commemorate the Great Fire which so greatly benefited London, as well as the spot in Pudding Lane where it originated. Keep straight on down Cannon Street a little way, and your right hand may touch, in passing St. Swithin's Church, London Stone, the central Roman milestone which rebellious Jack Cade smote, saying, "Now is Mortimer lord of the city." Turn down Queen Victoria Street, toward Blackfriars Bridge, and on the right you pass Herald's College, where your pedigree and armorial bearings, if you chance to have them, may be verified, or eke a new coat-of-arms be procured. Doctor's Commons, where David Copperfield served in the intervals of worshipping Dora, stood on the other side of the street till a generation ago; but that ancient office of circumlocution is now at Somerset House in the Strand. A step farther and the "Thunderer" is before you,

as you pass the brick façade of the London "Times." Had we been coming into the city from Whitechapel, past Aldgate, we should have passed a dingy building in Leadenhall Street (sympathetically named) where dear Charles Lamb posted the ledgers of the great East India Company, while the "Essays of Elia" took immortal shape in his brain. Stow, the antiquarian historian of London, is buried in St. Andrew's Undershaft at the corner of the street of Saint Mary Axe (pronounced *simmery ex!*). One might re-people history from a study of the queer corruptions of street names hereabouts.

In Bishopsgate Street Within (it becomes Without at Houndsditch, where it once pierced the wall) one sees in a group the House of the South Sea Bubble, Crosby House and St. Helen's Church. The latter stands back from the street, and was once a very ancient nunnery. Dean Stanley calls it the "Westminster Abbey of the city," and well he may, for Shakespeare himself was once a parishioner of St. Helen's, and a stained window commemorates the fact. Sir Thomas Gresham, who founded the Royal Exchange, and Sir John Crosby are buried here. The latter has given his name to

Crosby House, which he built before America was discovered, and which is now the sole remaining representative in London of the domestic Gothic architecture of Plantagenet days. It has seen strange vicissitudes. More than one merchant prince has owned it; and the eighth Henry's High Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, once lived here. Possibly Shakespeare himself may have visited it when at the Bankside, for he mentions it in King Richard III. It is to that monarch that it looks for its chief fame, for it became his palace when he was only the scheming Gloster, after Crosby's death, and it was then the finest house in London. In the course of its fortunes it has been Lord Mayor's House, prison, meeting-house, warehouse, and lecture-room in turn; and it is now fitted up from top to bottom as a capital restaurant. Much of the interior has been well preserved or carefully restored, and we were shown through its council chamber and banqueting hall, hung with paintings of past scenes, to dine in state in its throne room, for a consideration! With light falling through noble escutcheons in stained glass, it was great comfort, even if it be a degenerate palace, to be well served by comely damsels, in a city

where good meals do not come at your call so unfailingly as they do in Paris.

Bishopsgate Street contributes its current to the vortex that forever seethes around the Duke of Wellington's equestrian statue in front of the Royal Exchange a few blocks away. Lloyd's, the greatest shipping agency in the world, is quartered in the quadrangle behind the Exchange's Corinthian portico; and the latter bears the inscription, exceptionally appropriate to these surroundings, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." On an opposite angle of this triangular space rises the massive official residence of the Lord Mayor, known as the Mansion House; and on the longer side, covering an entire block, stands the dark, low, irregular pile, covering four acres, windowless toward the streets, known the world over as the Bank of England. Alone in London it has the power to issue its own bills; and no one of them ever passes over its counter a second time, they being always redeemed by fresh issues. All the operations of the exchequer of Great Britain are here performed; and its architecture seems as solid as its boundless credit, which reinforces the kingdom's very life. It is perhaps the most

striking example of the difference between commercial buildings in the metropolis of the Old and in that of the New World. London's endless streets are lined with gray, ponderous warehouses, banks, and office buildings, with little (not even sufficient sunshine) to relieve their dull and depressing uniformity. But labyrinthine as are its highways, there is plenty of surrounding country which the monster, as it expands, may absorb into its digestion. So that the untold values of land in circumscribed New York do not obtain in London, thousands of employees do not have to climb or be hoisted high in air, and our western "sky-scrapers" are here a thing unknown. As we drove up before the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," as it is jocosely styled, a highly respectable, plush-liveried footman of the Bank came out and escorted us within, leaving us at the entrance to one of the interior courts, whence all the light is derived, and where flowers and fountains were visible. A major-domo-like figure, wearing sufficient gold lace and bear-skin cap for a drum-major, permitted us to pass unmolested within; and there, at a wide counter without the protection of a railing, after writing name and address across its back,

we successfully achieved the exchange of a five-pound note into sovereigns. With due deliberation these were shovelled at us in a brass scoop, and so we made our escape, awed but unharmed.

St. Mary-le-Bow, or Bow Church, is in this vicinity, and only a few steps from the Guildhall. He is *porphyrogenitus* who is born within the sound of Bow-bells, — a true-born Cockney. Two of this number were also born to immortality almost beneath its shadow, — John Milton in Bread Street (where also stood the Mermaid Tavern of Ben Jonson's club) and Sir Thomas More in Milk Street across the way. The "big bell of Bow" resounds over all the din of Cheapside, in the midst of which the church stands, as does our own Old Trinity at the head of Wall Street. It well represents Wren's churches, whose fine spires are sprinkled liberally, as from a pepper-pot, over the city of his day. The Twelve Great Companies, or Guilds, of London, were the chief among a hundred trades, of which, though many are extinct, doubtless one half still exist, — some with only an ancient charter, others having their own halls and peculiar customs, and many possessing great estates, revenues, and power.

Their histories are fascinating, and they have exercised a powerful influence on the city's political history, — which influence they still retain in the election of the Lord Mayor through their representatives. The Ministry of the realm for the time being has long been wont to give expression to its policy at the Guildhall, when, once a year, the Prime Minister sits down there with a distinguished company at the Lord Mayor's banquet. For two hundred years two nondescript wooden giants, Gog and Magog, the guardian genii of London, have looked down like owlish wiseacres on these proceedings; and I suppose the flocks of pigeons which circle about the Guildhall courtyard, many of them one-legged survivors of shooting matches, know as much of England's state policy as those at St. Mark's do of that of Venice.

Straight north of the Bank, and a little beyond Finsbury Circus (the Latin word still denotes a circular or oval expansion of the roadway), lies Bunhill Fields. For many a year there have been no fields within miles. It is a thickly sown, but now disused, cemetery, straight through which constantly passes a crowded procession of pedestrians over a

narrow paved and fenced pathway. On either hand lie multitudes of non-conformists, the sweet singer Isaac Watts, the mad artist William Blake, and Richard Cromwell, son of Oliver, among them. Across the street stands John Wesley's statue, with the characteristic inscription, "The world is my parish;" but even more impressive are two tombs in the cemetery. Not far apart stand that of Daniel Defoe, simply inscribed "The author of Robinson Crusoe," and that of John Bunyan, bearing two opposing bas-reliefs, Christian setting out from the City of Destruction, and losing his burden at the foot of the Cross. It was raining as we drove thither, past the general Post-Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and the blue-coat boys of Christ's Hospital, with an imaginary Lamb or Coleridge among them; and as we returned by the Charterhouse (or what once was such) and old St. Bartholomew's Hospital and Smithfield Market, it poured steadily enough to put out the fires that Bloody Mary lighted here for the improvement of heretics. We thought of noble Sir William Wallace, of John Rogers, and of Wat Tyler, who here met their fate in various manner outside the city wall, long before Tyburn, far out

in Marylebone Road, was heard of. But still more we thought of the old boys of Charterhouse School, before it was moved down to Godalming in Surrey, and lost the touch of intimate association with the haunts of Barrow and Blackstone and Wesley, and above all with the creator of Henry Esmond and Colonel Newcome.

We had stopped at St. Giles, Cripplegate, which is close to the "Grub Street" of Pope. The beadle had gone to his lunch; but it was pleasant to find his simple-mannered young daughter there in his stead; and in her modest company we traced, in the crabbed handwriting of the antique parish registers, the records of the burial of Defoe and of the marriage of Oliver Cromwell. The memory of the latter's secretary, John Milton, is here honored by a memorial window given by our countryman Childs; for in a house in this parish "Paradise Lost" was written. Our little tour that day was ended with the outside of Newgate, — a prison here since 1200 A. D., whose grim walls have confined those precious scoundrels made picturesque by romancers, — Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, and Jonathan Wild. It is now little used; but from its low doorway the death

march was wont to be set towards distant Tyburn. The square tower opposite the prison is St. Sepulchre's, where Captain John Smith and Roger Ascham, Lady Jane Grey's tutor, are buried. The wretched criminals from Newgate used each to receive a nosegay as they passed its steps; and its bells, which tolled their funeral dirge, are "the bells of Old Bailey" in the nursery rhyme, this famous criminal court being situated within the limits of the ancient bailey of the city wall.

XII

LONDON

2

AT Canterbury we were in England's mother-church; and here in London we are at a bound before the latest built of all her cathedrals. Where the Watling Street comes over the hill from London Bridge towards Ludgate at the west, the highest ground in London is fitly crowned by the Cathedral of St. Paul. Aside from the elevation on which it rises, and which indeed is not great, it is not unlike Notre Dame in its relative situation in the city, though the latter stands on an island. Nothing can be finer than the majestic impressiveness of its dome, in its proportions the finest in Christendom. It stands, like continental cathedrals, at the very heart of the city proper, and strikingly illustrates the superior value of the dome-form for dominance, as its towering bulk surmounts the world's greatest aggregation of humanity. The best

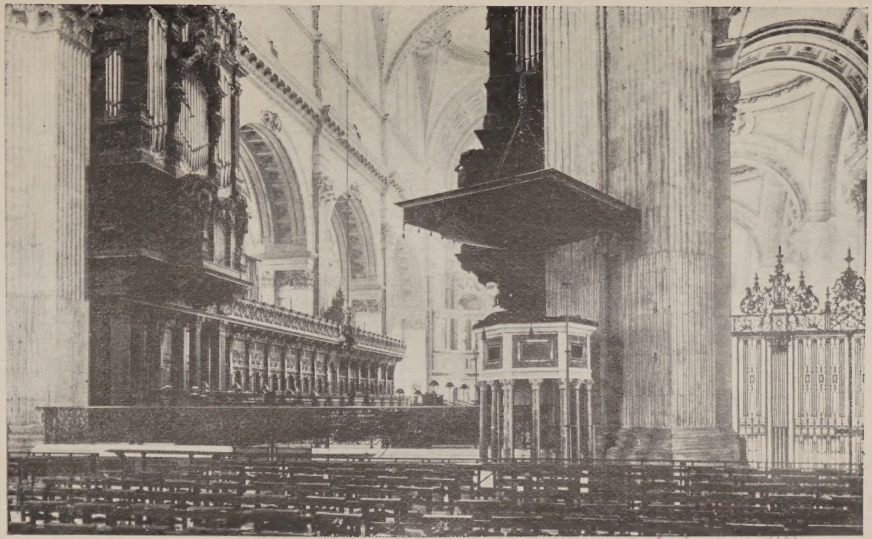
view of this, the largest non-Roman church in the world, is had from Blackfriars Bridge, though its upper portions loom up grandly for a long distance over Fleet Street and the Strand. There are incongruities in its western façade, but in spite of them it is finer in effect, with its lofty flanking campanile towers and its double tier of Composite and Corinthian columns carrying the pediment which tells the story of Saint Paul's conversion, than the front of St. Peter's at Rome. Its whole first story is black with the smoke of sooty London, and broad marks of grime are over the whole great fabric, but somehow one would not have it otherwise. It seems to indicate the touch of familiarity with the hive about it. Until a comparatively recent period it was surrounded on three sides by its churchyard, and the street that takes its place still bears the name "St. Paul's Churchyard." It is greatly hemmed in by commercial buildings, and the tide of traffic up Ludgate Hill to Cheapside flows close beside the leafy railed oasis in which it stands. Its chapter-house cuts but a small figure, being almost lost in Paternoster Row, the paradise of booksellers. London House, the bishop's former palace, once stood near it, and hard

by Newgate Prison, into which it could well-nigh look.

It must have been confusion worse confounded when Paul's Walk in the old cathedral lay straight through the church itself from transept to transept, and was a common "house of merchandise" for hucksters and loungers. Falstaff says that he bought Bardolph in this den of thieves, while at the same time "heretics were made to recant and witches to confess" before Paul's Cross, — the famous open-air pulpit whose site is marked in the pavement a little to the northeast. In the southwest tower the Lollards, or followers of Wycliffe, were confined. The present magnificent temple was struck out at a single heat, in the lifetime of one architect and one master-mason, during the single episcopate of Bishop Compton. King Charles II. laid its corner-stone, and Queen Anne witnessed its completion; and the latter's statue before it commemorates her frequent thanksgivings here for Marlborough's victories. After having been constantly hampered in his creative plans, the result of which is sometimes painfully manifest, it was the base ingratitude of the next king, George I., that finally deprived Wren of his place, and suffered

him to die in an extreme old age of dignified retirement. His epitaph, in Latin, inscribed over the inside of the north door, "If you seek his monument, look around you," ought to furnish compensation sufficient in the world of spirits, even for lack of favor here with a Hanoverian prince. And he sleeps in the crypt, grand enough for any monarch, though no royal tombs are here, nor has any coronation ever been solemnized within the church's walls since that of Canute the Dane. These were reserved for Westminster.

London is singular among the great cities of the Old World in never having been the seat of an archbishop. One of her Celtic bishops was present at the Council of Arles in France as early as A. D. 314. The roll of her bishops is not greatly pre-eminent, although among them are Dunstan and Bonner, Ridley and Colet, and Laud and Tait and Temple, — the first and the last three afterward becoming Archbishops of Canterbury. The present incumbent, Dr. Creighton, is well known in America by his work as a historian. Some of her deans and canons have been the equals and even superiors of her bishops, as, in recent times, Milman and Church (who declined the pri-



THE PULPIT OF SAINT PAUL'S.

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macy, and was one of the very greatest teachers of our time), and Sydney Smith and Liddon,— the latter in very deed a defender of the faith. For his burning eloquence has given to the world such a profound store of consecrated wisdom as to make the pulpit of St. Paul's known and honored as far as is the cathedral itself. One great function of a cathedral is that of select preaching: in some cases, indeed, the work of scholastics delivered on stated occasions, perhaps before small congregations, and relying for its influence rather on the publisher than the pulpit; in others, as here, grandly popularized to thrill and uplift great masses of listeners, and that not rarely, but with a regular frequency that, as with Saint Paul himself, who labored in cities, tends to consume the preacher's very life. Of the latter class was the work of Henry Parry Liddon, greatest of modern preachers; and sorely we regretted that he had gone to his reward ere we sat beneath his pulpit on a Sunday afternoon. We had come thither at noon from All Saints', Margaret Street, a modern church in a fashionable quarter, where the custom prevails, which obtains also in many cathedrals, of men and women sitting apart on opposite sides. We had come

down Oxford Street and High Holborn, and over the Viaduct, that great highway under many names which winds its course, the longest street in the world, from Kensington across the whole breadth of London to Stratford. And we found it practically deserted, with a stillness over it which seems impossible to so great a city, and is so different from our western experience. And when we came to Newgate Street and Cheapside, there was positively nothing in sight or hearing but the omnibus on which we rode. We had stopped awhile at the Mackonochie Chapel, and at St. Alban's with its beautiful Great Rood-cross uplifted among the humble poor, and it was nearly time for the afternoon service at St. Paul's, — held at the hour of a quarter past three for two hundred and fifty years.

Nave and choir are of equal length, and the transepts alone are short, so that the church does not fulfil the conditions of a true basilica, and the interior effect of the dome loses in consequence. The constant uplift which is the peculiar and crowning lesson of Gothic architecture is, of course, absent, and symmetry and majesty take its place, — the symmetry of great round arches and tremendous wall-spaces, left bare for cen-

turies of the decoration for lack of which they suffer, and which Wren would doubtless have supplied had he been allowed a free hand. But even thus its great arcaded and colonnaded interior is magnificent. The most beautiful adornment of Wren's own time is the exquisite carving of Grinling Gibbons on the choir stalls, now thrown open with a simple gateway, where, in his day, to box it all tightly in, arose a huge organ choir-screen bearing Wren's epitaph. The organ is now high up at the northwest corner of the choir where Wren would have had it. The Latin inscriptions on the stalls are very curious, and tell much concerning ecclesiastical usage as well as history. The immensity of the spaces is revealed by examination in detail of the superb Renaissance reredos, in marble and alabaster, erected in our own day at the end of the long vista, it being one hundred feet in height and having the proportions of a triumphal arch. It is profusely sculptured with events in the life of Our Lord, and bears across its frieze in Latin the text "God so loved the world, etc."

The many pretentious monuments with which nave and transepts are surrounded are chiefly those of military and naval personages, and,

without challenging the desert of the heroic dead, are sometimes in a taste sufficiently flagrant to cause them a posthumous shudder. Wellington's is the most ambitious, rivalling, if not surpassing, those of the Doges in Venice; but its lofty, marble-canopied sarcophagus, with the recumbent bronze figure, is not as effective as Flaxman's statue of Nelson, which is simply but profoundly treated. Lord Melbourne's angel-guarded tomb and the bronze effigy of "Chinese" Gordon are very striking, the more so for us that Li Hung Chang, the great Prime Minister of the Flowery Kingdom, had personally left a wreath, still fresh, that day upon the latter. John Howard and Hallam, Sir Astley Cooper and Sir William Jones, bring great service in even higher fields to share the meed of fame; and Dr. Donne's grotesque figure in his shroud still stands, the only monument which the Great Fire strangely passed by and left uninjured. The southern ambulatory and aisle contain the memorials, among others, of Bishop Middleton, the first in India, of the poet-bishop, Heber of Calcutta, and of Dean Milman the historian; while Dean Church, by his own desire (which should not have been respected), has none whatever.

In the Jesus Chapel, behind the choir, is a beautiful recumbent marble figure of Canon Liddon, bearing on its pedestal a paraphrase of part of the Nicene Creed, which his Bampton Lectures on Our Lord's Divinity so magnificently defended. He personally brought, on his return from the Holy Land, undoubted fragments from Calvary and the Temple, which he caused to be enshrined in the south wall.

The great nave and the still vaster rotunda were rapidly filling as we entered; and then came the simple, stately service, with two thousand worshippers beneath the great dome. Doctor Martin, the organist, sat in his seat, made not more famous by Sir John Goss and Stainer before him; and Evening Prayer was perfectly intoned by one of the minor canons. But the music! Gounod has said that St. Paul's choir produces the most beautiful sacred vocal music on earth; and who shall gainsay him? The purity, the shading, the phrasing, the verve, were alike wonderful, and fairly swept one for the moment out of the limitations of the flesh, as the buoyant boyish carol rose and hovered for still higher flights of praise and thanksgiving among the awful spaces of the dome. It is more than any single

voice can do, be it even Canon Newboldt's strong sonority, to wrestle with full success with the reverberations of that great vault. Even Liddon's penetrating tones were sometimes unheard even in the transepts, so that the boasted superiority of Renaissance churches over Gothic is not a closed question, even on the vantage-ground of audibility. But we enjoyed a noble sermon of an hour's length, which held the close attention that it deserved, and would willingly have listened longer. And then a like good fortune befell us as at Canterbury. Letters previously presented brought us a kindly invitation from Canon Newboldt to take tea with him immediately at the canonry; and thither we repaired down Paternoster Row to Amen Court, where Amen Corner and Ave Maria Lane meet. As the genial canon soon told us, while we were standing with his sweet daughters in Liddon's own study, it would be possible to frame most of the Creed out of the quaint street-nomenclature hereabouts!

We had not yet seen the crypt; and, hearing this, nothing would do but that this most simple and hearty of Englishmen must forget his own fatigue and insist on taking us back to show

it to us himself. At the time of rebuilding, it was occupied as St. Faith's Church, and its mighty piers, which uphold the dome, are like the supports of the lasting hills. Sir John Millais had been buried there on the Thursday before, and the entire Painters' Corner in which he lies, by the side of Reynolds and Lawrence and Turner and West and Landseer and Opie and Leighton, was smothered in beautiful flowers whose fragrance had not yet ceased to fill the crypt. Doctor Johnson has a memorial; and Christopher Wren reposes very near by, — typical, world-famous Londoners of them all; and Liddon is buried, as he should be, beneath the centre of the choir. The Iron Duke lies directly west, in the line of the nave, in a huge sarcophagus of porphyry; and at the extreme west end, beneath the main entrance, stands his hearse and its trappings, cast from guns captured in his victories, and so heavy that droves of stout brewers' horses could not prevent it, forty years ago, from sticking fast in the mud of London streets. Precisely under the centre of the dome is the black marble sarcophagus made for Cardinal Wolsey, in which, with brave Collingwood near by, intrepid Lord Nelson

reposes, though he asked for "Victory or the Abbey." But England's twin modern heroes are better where they are. Then, as if this were not sufficient pleasure to give to strangers, we were taken by the canon up many winding stairways in the stone, till we had mounted to the very ceiling of the lofty choir and stepped out on the scaffolding, in actual touch with the glorious glass mosaics by which the vaulting of that portion of the cathedral is now nearly covered. It is the reproduction, on even grander lines, of mediæval work like that of St. Mark's in Venice, now, for the first time, by the labor of English workmen, in material all made in England, and under the designs and superintendence of Richmond, the English architect. Gigantic figures of angels and saints make the roof to burn and glow with lovely life and flashing color, and in time this work may be extended to the spaces of the dome itself. If so, this will no longer be the dim and smoky recess into which Wren looked with dismay; but will be clothed, as it should be, with such airy and soaring beauty as carries the delighted eye aloft at the Chapel of the Invalides. As we descended and reluctantly said good-bye to our gracious and

THE GUARDIAN OF THE CITY, AT TEMPLE BAR.
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distinguished host on the steps where the queen later made her great Thanksgiving, the lights were being kindled for Evening Service, and we felt that our day had indeed been memorable.

Fleet Street is short, but its surroundings and associations are brimful of interest, chiefly of a literary character. Londoners are not likely to forget Queen Victoria hereabouts. A statue of her stands in the street at its eastern end, where it meets Ludgate Hill; another of Her Gracious Majesty was removed from old Ludgate, that once bounded the city at that point, to stand over the east door of St. Dunstan's in the West (where Richard Baxter preached) in the same street; and a third is coupled with that of the Prince of Wales on a pedestal surmounted by the City Griffin, in front of Child's Bank, as the only remaining memorial of Temple Bar. Statues of earlier monarchs — Elizabeth, the first James, and the two Charleses — adorned the Bar itself in the days when the sovereign obtained the Lord Mayor's permission before passing it, and when a garland of criminals' heads was wont to festoon its summit. Queen Victoria herself has paused here for admission; and the actual Bar stood

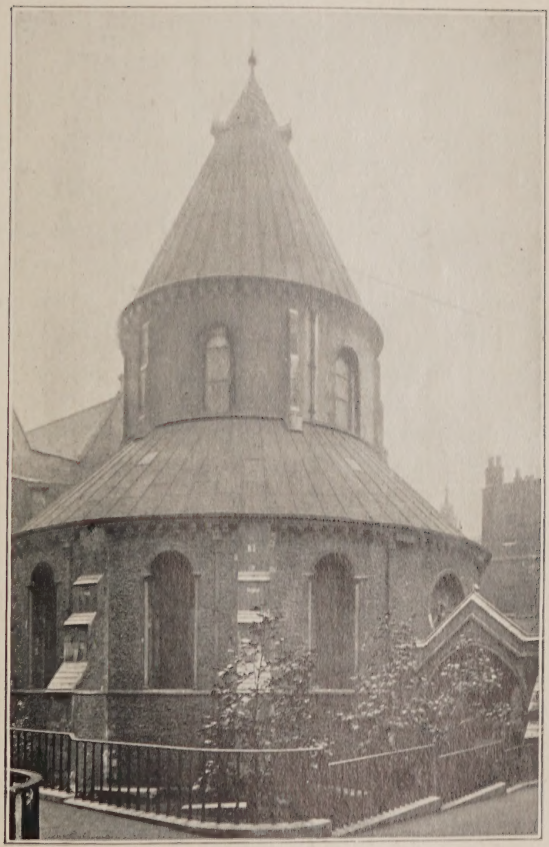
here for two hundred years after Wren built it, and was then carried down to Waltham Cross in Hertfordshire, to adorn a park. The offices of "Punch" and of the "Daily Telegraph" are in Fleet Street; and just off it are old St. Bride's, and Bolt Court and the Cheshire Cheese and the Mitre Tavern, where Johnson and Goldsmith and Boswell toiled and dined. The old Fleet Prison for debtors stood here till within a half-century; and off Chancery Lane, which leads north to Holborn, we sought out in the New Record Office the Domesday Book of the Conqueror. It is shown under glass, in the midst of many other treasure-relics, of which it is the cynosure, and with it the quaintly massive, iron-bound chest which was wont to contain it. Ancient missals by monkish hands did not absorb all the clerkly faculty of mediæval days, for the chirography is as beautiful as theirs, in these great twin volumes whose statistical survey is the basis of half the title-deeds of the realm. But ghosts walk hereabouts, and these not only of dead authors but of their creations, — for a good deal of Dickens' land lies near by. Mr. Tulkinghorn's dignified old house, where John Forster really lived, and Dickens visited, is still

to be seen near Lincoln's Inn Fields, substantially unchanged. Tom-all-alone's and Krook's rag-and-bottle shop are to be identified in Bishop's Court; and it is only lately that the Sol's Arms was demolished. All these are, or were, not far north of St. Clement Danes, into which we strolled on our first morning in London, to sit in the gallery pew with the brass tablet, near the pulpit, where Doctor Johnson used to sleep out the sermon.

These scenes of Lady Dedlock's forlorn career are near High Holborn too, off which Sairey Gamp lived in Kingsgate Street; and the quarter has still a good bit of the old London houses of Elizabethan times to show, in the precincts of the fascinating Staple Inn. Beneath the deep archway of Gray's Inn the immortal "Novum Organum" of Lord Bacon was written. It would be too much to insist that the Old Curiosity Shop still stands in Portsmouth Street, though thousands of tourists believe it, and a picturesque old rag-shop at a corner boldly makes the claim by an inscription on its face. Mr. Micawber had certain relations with the officers of the King's Bench Prison in this district, where more of the scenes from Dickens are veraciously located than

elsewhere in London; though Dolly Varden's home was in Clerkenwell to the north, and the affectionate Mr. Daniel Quilp lived on Tower Hill, while Captain Cuttle's haunts, and the warehouse of Cheeryble Brothers were in the City and near the Bank. Scott's genius too has illuminated Fleet Street. David Ramsay, jeweller to James I., had his shop here; and his apprentices, after the manner of the time, challenged custom with their cries to passers-by of "What d'ye lack?" And romance becomes history as we pass down Bouverie Street into the district near the river once named Alsatia, where law had but precarious authority in the roistering days that Scott has immortalized in the same story of "The Fortunes of Nigel." Parliament used once to meet in the Black Friars' Monastery that stood near here as long ago as 1276 A. D., and has given its name to the locality. In it Cardinal Wolsey sat in judgment on poor Catharine of Aragon, and on its site Shakespeare wore the sock and buskin in Playhouse Yard. Bridewell Palace, afterwards a famous prison, once also stood by the riverside, and in it the great dramatist has located the great third act of King Henry VIII.

At Temple Bar was the division which



THE TEMPLE CHURCH OF SAINT MARY.

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brought the Inner Temple within the city precincts, and separated it from the Middle and Outer Temple. The first two of these, with Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn on the other side of Fleet Street, are the great Inns of Court for barristers, to which others of the kind were formerly subsidiary, being colleges for the study of law. It will be remembered that Mr. Thomas Traddles of the Inner Temple distinguished himself here. The buildings of the Temple, which lie in a delightful network of narrow and tortuous alleys, were derived from the Knights of Saint John in the fourteenth century; but before that they were crown property, and earlier yet a lodge of the Knights Templar in the twelfth century. Its only companion in Europe as a semi-monastic establishment was the Temple in Paris, now destroyed, where the Dauphin was immured. When Baldwin was King of Jerusalem, the old Temple Church, or St. Mary's, was built in the Norman style. At first it was round, like the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and not unlike a huge canister in appearance; and this part is still so, there being but three others like it in England. Its tiled pavement bears the Templars' heraldic emblem, the *Agnus Dei*, or

Lamb with the cross. Low lying on that pavement are beautiful recumbent figures in dark marble, full armored, and some with the crossed legs that mark the crusader.

> "The Knight's bones are dust,
> And his good sword rust;
> His soul is with the saints, I trust."

It is all intensely interesting, and the more so because, when lawyers acquired its possession, they were wont to meet their clients here and administer counsel over the graves of the defenders of the Holy Sepulchre, one of whom was the Regent Pembroke, and another a signer of Magna Charta. Before these days of desecration the Early English rectangular choir was added, which contains Selden's tomb. Both parts are almost tiny in size, and lie below the level of their surroundings, and both have been restored to the fulness of their interest in the present century. Only members of the Temple corporation may worship in the choir, and the incumbent is known as the Master of the Temple. The choristers are noted for their lovely music; and the pulpit is one of the most influential in England, having once been filled by the "judicious Hooker," and in our own time by Dean Vaughan, as saintly as learned.

All about outside are narrow passages, or little paved courts; and in one of the latter, almost under its northern wall where once was the churchyard, we chanced on a spot of gravel on which is a plain, raised longitudinal slab bearing this simple inscription, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith." Poor Oliver! accustomed as he was on this spot to the hard fate of penury in the midst of an unfeeling city's roar, his gentle frame should have been laid to rest in some green lane where song-birds would carol over it. A few steps towards the river, and we had passed beneath Blackstone's chamber window (with Goldsmith's directly over it, from whose irregularities he suffered such annoyance), and were before the sumptuous Inner Temple Hall, beautiful indeed, but powerless to detain us long when close by is the great Gothic dining-hall of the Middle Temple, three centuries older. A most glorious old open ceiling spreads above it, and the same true English heart of oak is delicately carved all over its gallery and entrance. The windows are emblazoned with the escutcheons of such of the peerage as once were members or benchers here. And from those windows one may look directly into the lovely Temple

Gardens, now mostly greensward, where little children were playing that morning, — a precious oasis now rapidly becoming more and more circumscribed. They should still rear white and red roses from its soil, if London smoke will permit; for here it was that, in the day of Henry VI., Plantagenet and Somerset plucked those badges of the rival houses of York and Lancaster that graced many a helmet in the long and bloody civil wars that followed. The morning was one succession of fascinating memories; and not the least of these, ecclesiastical, civil, military, and literary, was the thought that beneath this glorious roof Shakespeare himself may have looked on at the performance of "Twelfth Night," which was certainly played here in his lifetime.

We are passing from the old London to the new, and are now in the West End. The magnificent pile of the Royal Courts of Justice rears its Gothic front close to St. Clement Danes, and the latter and St. Mary-le-Strand form the opposite ends of a narrow island of buildings in the middle of the traffic of the street. The great Maypole stood on the site of the latter church, as late as the reign of Queen Anne. The Courts of Justice are the

permanent consolidation of the business of common law and chancery, venerable tribunals which, up to a score of years ago, were lodged at Westminster Hall and Lincoln's Inn. Our temporary home was in the midst of the short streets between this point and the Thames, whose names — Norfolk, Essex, Howard, Arundel — perpetuate the memory of the mansions of the nobility which formerly stood here, somewhat as Venetian palaces still line the Grand Canal. Peter the Great once lived in Norfolk Street, and William Penn in the same house after him. King's College is a part of Somerset House, — a great gloomy quadrangular structure a century old, swarming with hundreds of government officials, erected on the site of the Protector's palace, which in its latter days was the consecutive home of three queens, those of James the First and of the two Charleses. Cross Wellington Street and you see before you, though almost smothered by surrounding buildings, the royal Chapel of the Savoy, which Henry VIII. built on the site of the ancient palace of that name, the residence of old John of Gaunt; and the chapel itself was the scene of the famous Savoy Conference after the Restoration, on the revision of the

Prayer Book. Garrick died in Adelphi Terrace behind it, where now one overlooks from the statue-adorned hotel gardens of the Savoy the chief embellishment of the Victoria Embankment, Cleopatra's Needle. With its mate in Central Park, it stood in Heliopolis long before David and Solomon reigned in Judea; and after fifteen hundred years they both came to Alexandria, to grace the city of Cleopatra. The London obelisk stands on the outer margin of the Embankment, and its impressiveness is enhanced by two splendid bronze sphinxes which crouch at its base. When Edward I. brought to Westminster, from Lincoln in the north, the body of his dearly-loved wife Eleanor, he erected at each halt a cross to mark his sad sojourn there. The last stopping-place was hereabouts, and Charing Cross preserves its memory. The cross itself is gone; but a model of it, a fine lofty Gothic monument with canopied niches, stands next the Strand in front of the Charing Cross Hotel, hemmed in by all the incongruous surroundings of a huge hostelry, a railway station, and a hack-stand! Only two of the others now remain in the kingdom, one at Waltham and the other at Northampton.

Passing and repassing this way every day, it all became very familiar ground to us. Hereabouts lie many of London's great hotels, and here breaks the crest of the outer wave of the social and club life of the city. It is the domain of the silk hat among the men, as indeed what part of London is not, when their glossy surfaces blacken the foreground as one looks down from the top of an omnibus? The American soon finds that his soft chapeau will give him away, even if he be otherwise proof against the suspicion. The theatre and music-hall district lies along the opposite side of the Strand, and so around behind Trafalgar Square and westward and northward, from the Gaiety with its admirable restaurant, and the Lyceum of Henry Irving, and Exeter Hall, beloved of dissenters, to Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, the Criterion in Piccadilly, and the Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street. In a cluster a little to the north lie Covent Garden with Italian Opera, and Drury Lane Theatre and Covent Garden Market. Crime comes cheek by jowl with nature where Covent Garden's unbounded display of fruit and flowers looks blushingly across narrow Bow Street on the criminals brought here, to the most im-

portant police station of the great metropolis, within hearing of strains of ravishing music. And Bow Street recalls Dryden, and the kindred spirits who made Will's Coffee-house their rendezvous. We wished to have a glimpse of the boards trodden at Drury Lane by Garrick and Mrs. Siddons and Kemble and Kean; but everything was closed except our own Daly's, dainty and tasteful and well-managed as in New York, where the Japanese tea-girls of the Geisha disported themselves to our enjoyment.

The great Foundling Hospital of Captain Coram and the British Museum are not far apart. The latter had its foundation laid as far back only as the Georgian period, and the present building belongs to the Victorian. One walks a little way to reach it, as its great, gloomy, granite colonnade of Ionic columns, behind lofty iron railings, fronts on Great Russell Street, — a quiet and retired spot where no omnibuses pass. Its treasures are free to all nearly every day in the year, and its various sections comprise books and manuscripts, drawings, coins, and above all antiquities of every age. We saw there Assyrian baked cylinders, covered with hieroglyphic inscrip-

tions, as old as the date which Archbishop Ussher once assumed in the margins of our King James's Bibles for the creation of the world. We puzzled out a bit of the uncial Greek manuscript called the Alexandrian Codex, one of the three most ancient and authoritative texts of the received New Testament, the others being in St. Petersburg and Rome, thus strangely distributing these treasures impartially with Greek, Roman, and Anglican Christianity. We read the signatures at least of priceless autograph letters by most of the sovereigns of England, and of half the great names in European history since the Reformation. Near them, in the King's Library, which George IV. gave to the nation, are such sumptuous illustrations of illumination and of the art of printing as are hardly to be matched elsewhere. Natural history must be sought at the South Kensington Museum, and so must departments of sculpture; but ethnography, from the life of North American Indians to the mummies of the Pharaohs, is illustrated here with surprising fulness.

In the realm of sculpture, however, I must hasten to note the department of the antique (Archaic, Roman, and Etruscan), with its wealth

of architectural remains, including many fragments of the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians, and the remains and a restoration of the famous pyramidal tomb of King Mausolus, of Halicarnassus, which has given us the word "mausoleum." Above all rivalry are the glorious Elgin Marbles, in bringing which safely to England, Lord Elgin, the British ambassador, at least equalled the higher honors of diplomacy. As one looks about, confounded by classic masterpieces of Phidias himself, and realizes that before him are large sections of the structure of the Parthenon (a bit of which may no longer be removed from Athens without penalty), he is puzzled which to deem the most worthy of wonder, the short-sightedness of Greece in losing such witnesses to her golden age, the good fortune of England in obtaining them, or the generosity and high purpose of Lord Elgin. In so vast a collection one is liable unwittingly to overlook mention of whole departments which at the time impressed him very strongly. Ceramics, vases, and bronzes of every known (and unknown) description conspire to tire the eye, and among them the exquisite Portland Vase, broken to bits by a madman, but most skilfully restored.

Egypt, dark mysterious Egypt, lends her fascinations. Thebes has yielded up Memnon, and Karnak and Memphis many of their colossi. Most precious of her contributions is the famous Rosetta Stone, a flat tablet like a gigantic slate, triply inscribed in the hieroglyph or priestly character, in popular writing, and in Greek, through whose key Champollion deciphered the sacred language of ancient Egypt.

We lunched well in the British Museum (Refreshment Department, as our menu rather whimsically stated); and when we rose, it was to pass forth into the august presence of nondescript Assyrian deities of stone, of huge winged bulls from Nineveh, of strange cuneiform inscriptions from the palaces of Sennacherib and Sardanapalus, and of all the grotesque wealth, as from another planet, which Layard brought from Nimroud. By their side is a cast of the Moabite Stone, whose original is in the Louvre, and which has cast such substantial light on the sacred record. All these were certainly not skeletons at our feast; but they are as certainly not calculated to stimulate a weak digestion with the lights turned low. At the centre of all the treasures of the

Museum lies the great cylindrical hall, known as the Reading Room, lined with two million volumes on iron shelves, eighty thousand of which are in sight, the remainder being ranged around the square within which its circular walls are inscribed. It is crowned with the world's largest dome, made of iron and glass, the interior having a fine effect. Happily the exterior, being of the same contour, and not adapted to architectural display, is not visible from without, as it must resemble a huge pudding. The catalogue alone fills two thousand volumes, and forms a circular tier of cases around the superintendent, who sits, like a beneficent spider at the centre of his web, with aisles radiating to the seats and desks by which he is surrounded, at which, with every faculty for uninterrupted research, may sit as many readers as there are days in the year, like him busily spinning the tissues of thought. As we came away, it was a great satisfaction to remember our own unrivalled Library of Congress (which should be called the Library of the United States), as yet inadequately supported indeed, but no longer a national danger and discredit, and the adequate and indestructible enshrinement of knowledge at the national capital.

We were wont to shop on Oxford Street, where everything merchantable is sold, in every imaginable form of building, and where we bought our chiefest treasure to bring home, — the violin for the dear boy in America. The leisurely habit of Englishmen extends to the customs and hours of business. I promenaded half the Strand one morning in vain search for an open fruit stand, of which the shutters of many were visible, till the desired oranges were finally forthcoming at half-past nine! At this rate, when offices are likely to be open passes conjecture. Bond Street and Regent Street are very famous avenues for shopping of the better class, — the former the paradise of jewellers and the abode of the Doré and Grosvenor Galleries. Both lead up from the south to Oxford Street, Regent Street leaving Piccadilly Circus in a fine broad curve or quadrant, as it is called, and extending beyond Oxford Circus to Langham and Portland Places, and so to Regent's Park and the Zoological Gardens far to the north; near to which latter, on Marylebone Road, Madame Tussaud long ago encamped in her Chamber of Horrors surrounded by her famous wax-works. Two squares among many hereabouts ought to

have mention: Hanover Square, before St. George's Church, which so many fashionable weddings have made famous, and Leicester Square behind Charing Cross, where Reynolds and Newton once lived, and duels used to be fought, but which is now a French quarter, originally populated by refugees, and adorned with a statue of Shakespeare. Piccadilly and Pall Mall are parallel, close together, and run westward from the vicinity of Charing Cross. Piccadilly is the longer, skirts the northern border of Green Park, and ends at Hyde Park Corner; while Pall Mall (so named from an Italian ball game played by the aristocracy in the eighteenth century) is cut short by Green Park itself. Both of them, and their connecting streets as well, are lined with palatial club-houses, of which the Athenæum, the Carlton, the Reform, the Conservative, and the Army and Navy are perhaps the more important, while the Albany recalls the memory of Byron and Macaulay. The Royal Society and the Royal Academy are on the north side of Piccadilly; and on a morning, as we were passing Burlington House, where they are lodged, Sir John Millais was borne forth to his burial at St. Paul's. Regent Street connects these

great avenues and ends in Waterloo Place, in which the Crimean Monument rises at the centre, and the Duke of York Column in Carlton House Terrace at its southern point, where the Waterloo Steps descend to St. James's Park.

The broad and nobly shaded Mall separates from the lawns and winding waters of St. James's Park the mansions to the north (chief of which are Marlborough House and St. James's Palace), and leads directly to the front of Buckingham Palace. The palace gardens and royal mews, or stables, lie behind the latter; and the queen's splendid horses and state-carriage are shown here at certain hours, for which we had tickets which we were obliged to abandon. What the inside of Marlborough House may be, I can only guess; but its exterior is not as prepossessing as befits the town-house of the popular Prince of Wales and his gracious princess. It possesses the association of the death of the lamented Princess Charlotte, whose taking away left the throne to Queen Victoria. Wren built it for the great soldier-duke whose name it bears, and whose widow Sarah held such high court here as quite threw into the shade

the doings of "neighbor George" at St. James's across the way. Where the latter's rather low and irregular, but picturesque, brick pile stands (or what is left of its former proportions), there was once a leper hospital. It is the ancient palace of the Tudors, Henry VIII. having built and first used it, Queen Mary having died here, and Charles I., after being brought from Windsor, having walked hence to Whitehall on the morning of his execution. His two sons and successors on the throne were also born in the palace. Whitehall had not a long life; and after it was burned, William and Mary, Anne, and the four Georges made St. James's the chief palace of the Hanoverian dynasty, and for so long a time that we still speak (and that officially) of the "Court of St. James." Fire has played great havoc here as well; and the Chapel Royal, where the queen and Prince Albert were married, as well as William and Mary, and their successor Queen Anne, is the building of most interest. Levees are still held at St. James's by the queen (either personally, or by her deputy the prince); but her drawing-rooms are at Buckingham Palace. This, the queen's London residence, though she has personally

concerned herself little with life in her capital, and has but rarely honored it with her presence, has been owned by royalty since George III., but was not much occupied until Victoria's accession. It forms a huge, yellow quadrangle, impressive from its great size, rather than handsome.

If we follow out Constitution Hill, where attempts on Her Majesty's life were made early in her reign, we shall soon be before Wellington's statue, in front of Apsley House, his old home, and the elegant entrance to Hyde Park. The colossal statue known as Achilles also commemorates the great duke, and stands just within the gateway. Hither all the fashionable world comes, as all the rest of the world knows, — equestrians early, and carriages later, in the afternoon. No finer equipages or more superb horsemen and exquisitely dressed horsewomen parade anywhere on the planet than on the track here singularly styled Rotten Row (a corruption of Route du Roi), or on the drive called the Ladies' Mile, by the side of the water known as the Serpentine. No cabs are allowed to enter; but the populace are admitted to bathe in the Serpentine at very early and

very late hours in summer, and to skate upon it in winter. Reviews and popular demonstrations are common in Hyde Park. Our Central Park considerably exceeds it in extent; and the Bois de Boulogne is four times its size. Between Apsley House and the Park's northeast corner at Cumberland Gate, or the Marble Arch, extends Park Lane; and the charmed district to the east is known as Mayfair. To live within its limits is inferentially to possess all that makes life attractive. The Duke of Cambridge and Baron Rothschild are near neighbors to Apsley House; and Dorchester House, Grosvenor House, and Dudley House, overlooking the Park, are the abodes of a wealth that is almost fabulous. On South Audley Street is the noble mansion where the Earl of Chesterfield wrote his famous letters to his son; and the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Derby, and the Bishop of London have fine houses in St. James's Square. Stafford-, Bridgewater-, Lansdowne-, Hertford-, Devonshire-Houses, and many others which besprinkle this fortunate quarter are filled with every artistic treasure that heart can desire, as befits the members of the proud aristocracy that occu-

pies them during the winter months that constitute the London season. This season terminates with the rising of Parliament, whose quarter of Westminster is hard by and next to be visited.

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